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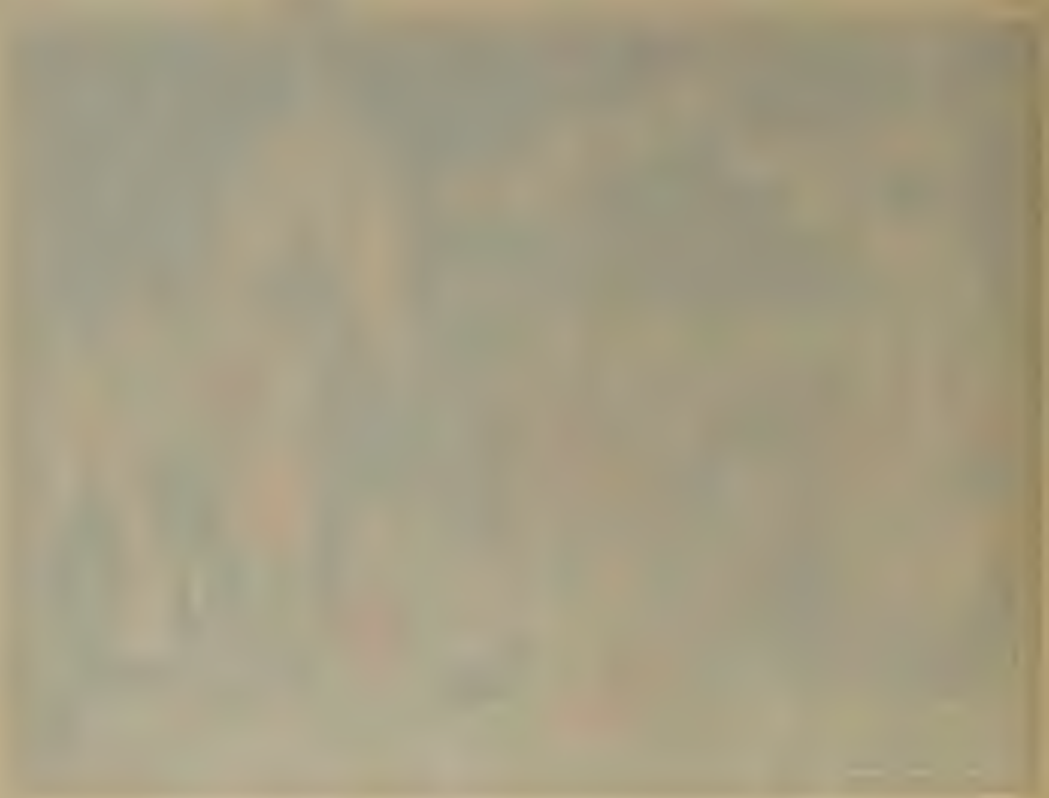


SCENES FROM RICHARD II.'S CAMPAIGN IN IRELAND.

1. Conference of the Earl of Gloucester and an Irish Chief.
2. Ships bringing Provisions to the English Host.

MS. Harl. 1319.





MS. Harl. 1319.

EDITION DE LUXE

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SELECTIONS FROM THE WORLD'S GREAT WRITERS, ANCIENT, MEDIÆVAL AND MODERN, WITH BIOGRAPHICAL AND EXPLANATORY NOTES

WITH INTRODUCTIONS BY

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(IK MARVEL)

AND

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FORREST MORGAN AND CAROLINE TICKNOR

Twenty Volumes

VOLUME IV.

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THE CAPTURE OF JERUSALEM.

By EDWARD GIBBON.

(From the "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire.")

[Edward Gibbon, the English historian, was born at Putney, Surrey, April 27, 1737. During his boyhood he lived with his aunt, and at fifteen entered Magdalen College, Oxford, from which he was expelled for his conversion to Catholicism. In consequence of this he was sent to Lausanne, Switzerland, and placed by his father with M. Pavillard, a Calvinistic divine, who reconverted him to Protestantism. Here also he fell in love with Mademoiselle Susanne Curchod (afterwards wife of Necker, the French financier, and mother of Madame de Staël), and would have married her but for his father's opposition. On his return to England he served as captain in the Hampshire militia for several years; revisited Europe (1763–1765); was a member of Parliament for eight sessions, after which he retired for quiet and economy to Lausanne. He died in London, January 15, 1794. It was at Rome in 1764 that the idea of writing the "History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire" first occurred to him as he "sat musing amidst the ruins of the Capitol, while barefooted friars were singing vespers in the temple of Jupiter." The first volume appeared in 1776, and the last in 1788. This monumental work is virtually a history of the civilized world for thirteen centuries, and, in spite of its defects, is one of the greatest of historical compositions. Gibbon also wrote an entertaining autobiography.]

Before the Franks could enter Syria, the summer, and even the autumn, were completely wasted: the siege of Antioch, or the separation and repose of the army during the winter season, was strongly debated in their council: the love of arms and the holy sepulcher urged them to advance; and reason perhaps was on the side of resolution, since every hour of delay abates the fame and force of the invader, and multiplies the resources of defensive war. The capital of Syria was protected by the river Orontes; and the iron bridge, of nine arches, derives its name from the massy gates of the two towers which are constructed at either end. They were opened by the sword of the duke of

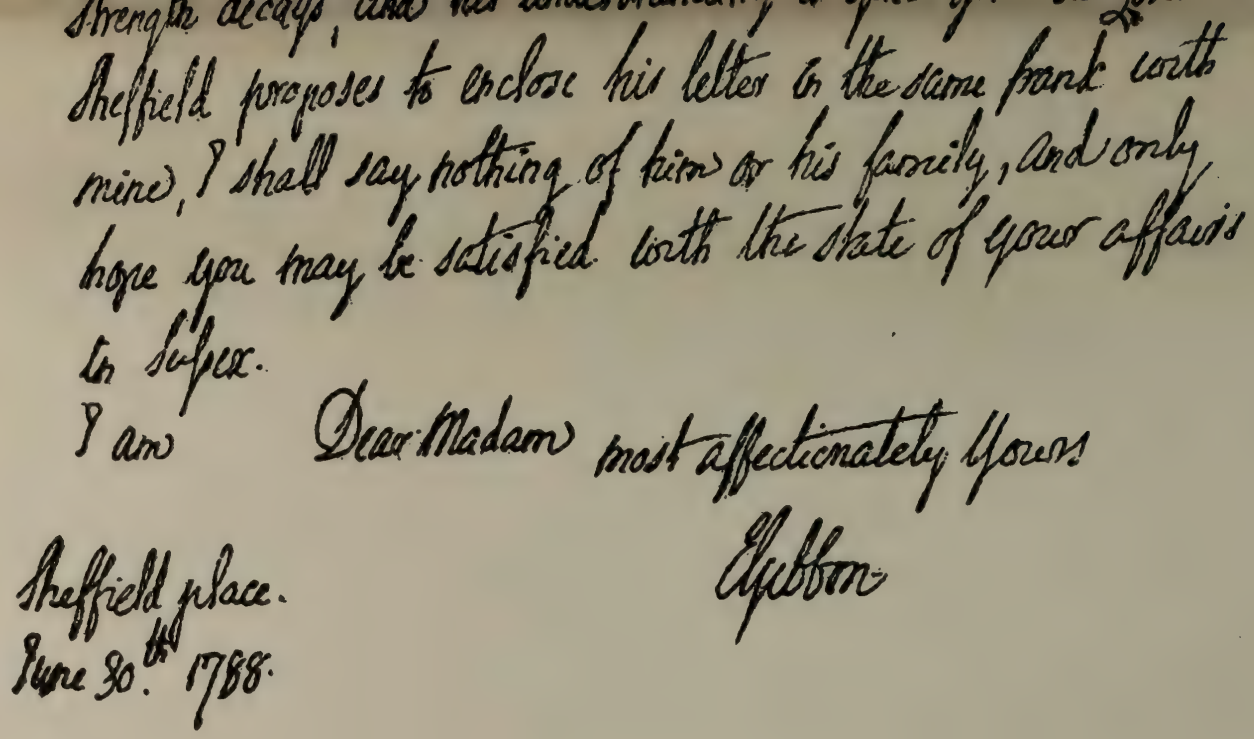
Normandy: his victory gave entrance to three hundred thousand crusaders, an account which may allow some scope for losses and desertion, but which clearly detects much exaggeration in the review of Nice. In the description of Antioch, it is not easy to define a middle term between her ancient magnificence, under the successors of Alexander and Augustus, and the modern aspect of Turkish desolation. The Tetrapolis, or four cities, if they retained their name and position, must have left a large vacuity in a circumference of twelve miles; and that measure, as well as the number of four hundred towers, are not perfectly consistent with the five gates, so often mentioned in the history of the siege. Yet Antioch must have flourished as a great and populous capital. At the head of the Turkish emirs, Baghisian, a veteran chief, commanded in the place: his garrison was composed of six or seven thousand horse, and fifteen or twenty thousand foot: one hundred thousand Moslems are said to have fallen by the sword; and their numbers were probably inferior to the Greeks, Armenians, and Syrians, who had been no more than fourteen years the slaves of the house of Seljuk. From the remains of a solid and stately wall, it appears to have arisen to the height of threescore feet in the valleys; and wherever less art and labor had been applied, the ground was supposed to be defended by the river, the morass, and the mountains. Notwithstanding these fortifications, the city had been repeatedly taken by the Persians, the Arabs, the Greeks, and the Turks; so large a circuit must have yielded many pervious points of attack; and in a siege that was formed about the middle of October, the vigor of the execution could alone justify the boldness of the attempt. Whatever strength and valor could perform in the field was abundantly discharged by the champions of the cross: in the frequent occasions of sallies, of forage, of the attack and defense of convoys, they were often victorious; and we can only complain that their exploits are sometimes enlarged beyond the scale of probability and truth. The sword of Godfrey divided a Turk from the shoulder to the haunch; and one half of the infidel fell to the ground, while the rest was transported by his horse to the city gate. As Robert of Normandy rode against his antagonist, "I devote thy head," he piously exclaimed, "to the demons of hell;" and that head was instantly cloven to the breast by the resistless stroke of his descending falchion. But the reality or report of such gigantic prowess must have taught the Moslems

Edward Gibbon.

Letter to his aunt, Hester Gibbon, on his intended return to Lausanne, and re-assuring her as to his religious opinions, with mention of his maternal uncle, Sir Stanier Porten and Lord and Lady Eliot, the latter of whom was his first cousin. Written at Sheffield Place, Sussex, 30 June, 1788.

Your good wishes and advice will not, I trust, be thrown away on a barren soil; and whatever you may have been told of my opinions, I can assure you with truth, that I consider Religion as the best guide of youth and the best support of old age: that I firmly believe there is less real happiness in the business and pleasures of the World, than in the life, which you have chosen, of devotion and retirement.

Lord and Lady Eliot have passed the winter in Cornwall, but I have seen their sons in town. Poor Sir Standish Porden is still alive; that is all I can say, but his



Sheffield proposes to enclose his letter in the same frank with mine, I shall say nothing of him or his family, and only hope you may be satisfied with the state of your affairs in Sussex.

I am Dear Madam most affectionately Yours

Gibbon

Sheffield place.
June 30th 1788.

EDWARD GIBBON, 1788

BRIT. MUS. ADD. MS. 34,486, f, 31

to keep within their walls: and against those walls of earth or stone, the sword and the lance were unavailing weapons. In the slow and successive labors of a siege, the crusaders were supine and ignorant, without skill to contrive, or money to purchase, or industry to use, the artificial engines and implements of assault. In the conquest of Nice, they had been powerfully assisted by the wealth and knowledge of the Greek emperor: his absence was poorly supplied by some Genoese and Pisan vessels, that were attracted by religion or trade to the coast of Syria: the stores were scanty, the return precarious, and the communication difficult and dangerous. Indolence or weakness had prevented the Franks from investing the entire circuit; and the perpetual freedom of two gates relieved the wants and recruited the garrison of the city. At the end of seven months, after the ruin of their cavalry and an enormous loss by famine, desertion, and fatigue, the progress of the crusaders was imperceptible and their success remote, if the Latin Ulysses, the artful and ambitious Bohemond, had not employed the arms of cunning and deceit. The Christians of Antioch were numerous and discontented. Phirouz, a Syrian renegado, had acquired the favor of the emir and the command of three towers; and the merit of his repentance disguised to the Latins, and perhaps to himself, the foul design of perfidy and treason. A secret correspondence, for their mutual interest, was soon established between Phirouz and the prince of Tarento; and Bohemond declared in the council of the chiefs, that he could deliver the city into their hands. But he claimed the sovereignty of Antioch as the reward of his service; and the proposal which had been rejected by the envy, was at length extorted from the distress, of his equals. The nocturnal surprise was executed by the French and Norman princes, who ascended in person the scaling ladders that were thrown from the walls: their new proselyte, after the murder of his too scrupulous brother, embraced and introduced the servants of Christ; the army rushed through the gates; and the Moslems soon found that, although mercy was hopeless, resistance was impotent. But the citadel still refused to surrender; and the victors themselves were speedily encompassed and besieged by the innumerable forces of Kerboga, prince of Mosul, who, with twenty-eight Turkish emirs, advanced to the deliverance of Antioch. Five and twenty days the Christians spent on the verge of destruction; and the proud lieutenant of the caliph and the sultan left

them only the choice of servitude or death. In this extremity they collected the relics of their strength, sallied from the town, and in a single memorable day annihilated or dispersed the host of Turks and Arabians, which they might safely report to have consisted of six hundred thousand men. Their supernatural allies I shall proceed to consider: the human causes of the victory of Antioch were the fearless despair of the Franks; and the surprise, the discord, perhaps the errors, of their unskillful and presumptuous adversaries. The battle is described with as much disorder as it was fought; but we may observe the tent of Kerboga, a movable and spacious palace, enriched with the luxury of Asia, and capable of holding above two thousand persons; we may distinguish his three thousand guards, who were cased, the horses as well as the men, in complete steel.

In the eventful period of the siege and defense of Antioch, the crusaders were alternately exalted by victory or sunk in despair; either swelled with plenty or emaciated with hunger. A speculative reasoner might suppose that their faith had a strong and serious influence on their practice, and that the soldiers of the cross, the deliverers of the holy sepulcher, prepared themselves by a sober and virtuous life for the daily contemplation of martyrdom. Experience blows away this charitable illusion; and seldom does the history of profane war display such scenes of intemperance and prostitution as were exhibited under the walls of Antioch. The grove of Daphne no longer flourished; but the Syrian air was still impregnated with the same vices; the Christians were seduced by every temptation that nature either prompts or reprobates; the authority of the chiefs was despised; the sermons and edicts were alike fruitless against those scandalous disorders, not less pernicious to military discipline, than repugnant to evangelic purity. In the first days of the siege and possession of Antioch, the Franks consumed with wanton and thoughtless prodigality the frugal subsistence of weeks and months: the desolate country no longer yielded a supply; and from that country they were at length excluded by the arms of the besieging Turks. Disease, the faithful companion of want, was envenomed by the rains of winter, the summer heats, unwholesome food, and the close imprisonment of multitudes. The pictures of famine and pestilence were always the same, and always disgustful; and our imagination may suggest the nature of their sufferings and their resources. The remains of treasure or

spoil were eagerly lavished in the purchase of the vilest nourishment; and dreadful must have been the calamities of the poor, since, after paying three marks of silver for a goat and fifteen for a lean camel, the count of Flanders was reduced to beg a dinner, and Duke Godfrey to borrow a horse. Sixty thousand horses had been reviewed in the camp: before the end of the siege they were diminished to two thousand, and scarcely two hundred fit for service could be mustered on the day of battle. Weakness of body and terror of mind extinguished the ardent enthusiasm of the pilgrims; and every motive of honor and religion was subdued by the desire of life. Among the chiefs, three heroes may be found without fear or reproach: Godfrey of Bouillon was supported by his magnanimous piety; Bohemond by ambition and interest; and Tancred declared, in the true spirit of chivalry, that as long as he was at the head of forty knights, he would never relinquish the enterprise of Palestine. But the count of Tholouse and Provence was suspected of a voluntary indisposition; the duke of Normandy was recalled from the seashore by the censures of the church; Hugh the Great, though he led the vanguard of the battle, embraced an ambiguous opportunity of returning to France; and Stephen, count of Chartres, basely deserted the standard which he bore, and the council in which he presided. The soldiers were discouraged by the flight of William, viscount of Melun, surnamed the Carpenter, from the weighty strokes of his ax; and the saints were scandalized by the fall of Peter the Hermit, who, after arming Europe against Asia, attempted to escape from the penance of a necessary fast. Of the multitude of recreant warriors, the names (says an historian) are blotted from the book of life; and the approbrious epithet of the rope-dancers was applied to the deserters who dropped in the night from the walls of Antioch. The emperor Alexius, who seemed to advance to the succor of the Latins, was dismayed by the assurance of their hopeless condition. They expected their fate in silent despair; oaths and punishments were tried without effect; and to rouse the soldiers to the defense of the walls, it was found necessary to set fire to their quarters.

For their salvation and victory, they were indebted to the same fanaticism which led them to the brink of ruin. In such a cause, and in such an army, visions, prophecies, and miracles were frequent and familiar. In the distress of Antioch they were repeated with unusual energy and success: St. Am-

brose had assured a pious ecclesiastic, that two years of trial must precede the season of deliverance and grace ; the deserters were stopped by the presence and reproaches of Christ himself; the dead had promised to arise and to combat with their brethren ; the Virgin had obtained the pardon of their sins ; and their confidence was revived by a visible sign, the seasonable and splendid discovery of the *Holy Lance*. The policy of their chiefs has on this occasion been admired, and might surely be excused ; but a pious fraud is seldom produced by the cool conspiracy of many persons ; and a voluntary impostor might depend on the support of the wise and the credulity of the people. Of the diocese of Marseilles, there was a priest of low cunning and loose manners, and his name was Peter Bartholemy. He presented himself at the door of the council chamber, to disclose an apparition of St. Andrew, which had been thrice reiterated in his sleep, with a dreadful menace, if he presumed to suppress the commands of Heaven. "At Antioch," said the apostle, "in the church of my brother St. Peter, near the high altar, is concealed the steel head of the lance that pierced the side of our Redeemer. In three days that instrument of eternal, and now of temporal, salvation will be manifested to his disciples. Search, and ye shall find : bear it aloft in battle ; and that mystic weapon shall penetrate the souls of the miscreants." The pope's legate, the bishop of Puy, affected to listen with coldness and distrust ; but the revelation was eagerly accepted by Count Raymond, whom his faithful subject, in the name of the apostle, had chosen for the guardian of the holy lance. The experiment was resolved ; and on the third day, after a due preparation of prayer and fasting, the priest of Marseilles introduced twelve trusty spectators, among whom were the count and his chaplain, and the church doors were barred against the impetuous multitude. The ground was opened in the appointed place ; but the workmen, who relieved each other, dug to the depth of twelve feet without discovering the object of their search. In the evening, when Count Raymond had withdrawn to his post, and the weary assistants began to murmur, Bartholemy, in his shirt and without his shoes, boldly descended into the pit ; the darkness of the hour and place enabled him to secrete and deposit the head of a Saracen lance; and the first sound, the first gleam, of the steel was saluted with a devout rapture. The holy lance was drawn from its recess, wrapped in a veil of silk

and gold, and exposed to the veneration of the crusaders; their anxious suspense burst forth in a general shout of joy and hope, and the desponding troops were again inflamed with the enthusiasm of valor. Whatever had been the arts, and whatever might be the sentiments of the chiefs, they skillfully improved this fortunate revolution, by every aid that discipline and devotion could afford. The soldiers were dismissed to their quarters with an injunction to fortify their minds and bodies for the approaching conflict, freely to bestow their last pittance on themselves and their horses, and to expect with the dawn of day the signal of victory. On the festival of St. Peter and St. Paul, the gates of Antioch were thrown open: a martial psalm, "Let the Lord arise, and let his enemies be scattered!" was chanted by a procession of priests and monks; the battle array was marshaled in twelve divisions, in honor of the twelve apostles; and the holy lance, in the absence of Raymond, was intrusted to the hands of his chaplain. The influence of this relic or trophy was felt by the servants, and perhaps by the enemies, of Christ; and its potent energy was heightened by an accident, a stratagem, or a rumor, of a miraculous complexion. Three knights, in white garments and resplendent arms, either issued, or seemed to issue, from the hills: the voice of Adhemar, the pope's legate, proclaimed them as the martyrs St. George, St. Theodore, and St. Maurice; the tumult of battle allowed no time for doubt or scrutiny; and the welcome apparition dazzled the eyes or the imagination of a fanatic army. In the season of danger and triumph, the revelation of Bartholemy of Marseilles was unanimously asserted; but as soon as the temporary service was accomplished, the personal dignity and liberal alms which the count of Tholouse derived from the custody of the holy lance provoked the envy, and awakened the reason, of his rivals. A Norman clerk presumed to sift, with a philosophic spirit, the truth of the legend, the circumstances of the discovery, and the character of the prophet; and the pious Bohemond ascribed their deliverance to the merits and intercession of Christ alone. For a while, the Provincials defended their national palladium with clamors and arms; and new visions condemned to death and hell the profane skeptics who presumed to scrutinize the truth and merit of the discovery. The prevalence of incredulity compelled the author to submit his life and veracity to the judgment of God. A pile of dry fagots, four feet high and

fourteen long, was erected in the midst of the camp; the flames burnt fiercely to the elevation of thirty cubits; and a narrow path of twelve inches was left for the perilous trial. The unfortunate priest of Marseilles traversed the fire with dexterity and speed; but his thighs and belly were scorched by the intense heat; he expired the next day; and the logic of believing minds will pay some regard to his dying protestations of innocence and truth. Some efforts were made by the Provincials to substitute a cross, a ring, or a tabernacle, in the place of the holy lance, which soon vanished in contempt and oblivion. Yet the revelation of Antioch is gravely asserted by succeeding historians; and such is the progress of credulity, that miracles, most doubtful on the spot and at the moment, will be received with implicit faith at a convenient distance of time and space.

The prudence or fortune of the Franks had delayed their invasion till the decline of the Turkish empire. Under the manly government of the first three sultans, the kingdoms of Asia were united in peace and justice; and the innumerable armies which they led in person were equal in courage, and superior in discipline, to the barbarians of the West. But at the time of the crusade, the inheritance of Malek Shah was disputed by his four sons; their private ambition was insensible of the public danger; and in the vicissitudes of their fortune, the royal vassals were ignorant, or regardless, of the true object of their allegiance. The twenty-eight emirs who marched with the standard of Kerboga were his rivals or his enemies: their hasty levies were drawn from the towns and tents of Mesopotamia and Syria; and the Turkish veterans were employed or consumed in the civil wars beyond the Tigris. The caliph of Egypt embraced this opportunity of weakness and discord to recover his ancient possessions; and his sultan Aphdal besieged Jerusalem and Tyre, expelled the children of Ortok, and restored in Palestine the civil and ecclesiastical authority of the Fatimites. They heard with astonishment of the vast armies of Christians that had passed from Europe to Asia, and rejoiced in the sieges and battles which broke the power of the Turks, the adversaries of their sect and monarchy. But the same Christians were the enemies of the prophet; and from the overthrow of Nice and Antioch, the motive of their enterprise, which was gradually understood, would urge them forward to the banks of the Jordan, or perhaps of the Nile. An intercourse of epistles and

embassies, which rose and fell with the events of war, was maintained between the throne of Cairo and the camp of the Latins; and their adverse pride was the result of ignorance and enthusiasm. The ministers of Egypt declared in a haughty, or insinuated in a milder, tone that their sovereign, the true and lawful commander of the faithful, had rescued Jerusalem from the Turkish yoke, and that the pilgrims, if they would divide their numbers, and lay aside their arms, should find a safe and hospitable reception at the sepulcher of Jesus. In the belief of their lost condition, the caliph Mostali despised their arms and imprisoned their deputies: the conquest and victory of Antioch prompted him to solicit those formidable champions with gifts of horses and silk robes, of vases, and purses of gold and silver; and in his estimate of their merit or power, the first place was assigned to Bohemond, and the second to Godfrey. In either fortune the answer of the crusaders was firm and uniform; they disdained to inquire into the private claims or possessions of the followers of Mahomet; whatsoever was his name or nation, the usurper of Jerusalem was their enemy; and instead of prescribing the mode and terms of their pilgrimage, it was only by a timely surrender of the city and province, their sacred right, that he could deserve their alliance, or deprecate their impending and irresistible attack.

[A.D. 1098, 1099.] Yet this attack, when they were within the view and reach of their glorious prize, was suspended above ten months after the defeat of Kerboga. The zeal and courage of the crusaders were chilled in the moment of victory: and, instead of marching to improve the consternation, they hastily dispersed, to enjoy the luxury, of Syria. The causes of this strange delay may be found in the want of strength and subordination. In the painful and various service of Antioch, the cavalry was annihilated; many thousands of every rank had been lost by famine, sickness, and desertion: the same abuse of plenty had been productive of a third famine; and the alternative of intemperance and distress had generated a pestilence which swept away above fifty thousand of the pilgrims. Few were able to command, and none were willing to obey; the domestic feuds, which had been stifled by common fear, were again renewed in acts, or at least in sentiments, of hostility; the fortunes of Baldwin and Bohemond excited the envy of their companions; the bravest knights were enlisted for the defense of their new principalities; and Count Raymond ex-

hausted his troops and treasures in an idle expedition into the heart of Syria. The winter was consumed in discord and disorder; a sense of honor and religion was rekindled in the spring; and the private soldiers, less susceptible of ambition and jealousy, awakened with angry clamors the indolence of their chiefs. In the month of May, the relics of this mighty host proceeded from Antioch to Laodicea: about forty thousand Latins, of whom no more than fifteen hundred horse, and twenty thousand foot, were capable of immediate service. Their easy march was continued between Mount Libanus and the seashore; their wants were liberally supplied by the coasting traders of Genoa and Pisa; and they drew large contributions from the emirs of Tripoli, Tyre, Sidon, Acre, and Cæsarea, who granted a free passage and promised to follow the example of Jerusalem. From Cæsarea they advanced into the midland country; their clerks recognized the sacred geography of Lydda, Ramla, Emmaus, and Bethlehem; and as soon as they descried the holy city, the crusaders forgot their toil and claimed their reward.

[A.D. 1099.] Jerusalem has derived some reputation from the number and importance of her memorable sieges. It was not till after a long and obstinate contest that Babylon and Rome could prevail against the obstinacy of the people, the craggy ground that might supersede the necessity of fortifications, and the walls and towers that would have fortified the most accessible plain. The obstacles were diminished in the age of the crusades. The bulwarks had been completely destroyed, and imperfectly restored; the Jews, their nation and worship, were forever banished; but nature is less changeable than man, and the site of Jerusalem, though somewhat softened and somewhat removed, was still strong against the assaults of the enemy. By the experience of a recent siege, and a three years' possession, the Saracens of Egypt had been taught to discern, and in some degree to remedy, the defects of a place which religion as well as honor forbade them to resign. Aladin, or Iftikhar, the caliph's lieutenant, was intrusted with the defense: his policy strove to restrain the native Christians by the dread of their own ruin and that of the holy sepulcher; to animate the Moslems by the assurance of temporal and eternal rewards. His garrison is said to have consisted of forty thousand Turks and Arabians; and if he could muster twenty thousand of the inhabitants, it must be confessed that the besieged were more

numerous than the besieging army. Had the diminished strength and number of the Latins allowed them to grasp the whole circumference of four thousand yards (about two English miles and a half), to what useful purpose should they have descended into the valley of Ben Hinnom and torrent of Cedron, or approached the precipices of the south and east, from whence they had nothing either to hope or fear? Their siege was more reasonably directed against the northern and western sides of the city. Godfrey of Bouillon erected his standard on the first swell of the Mount Calvary: to the left, as far as St. Stephen's gate, the line of attack was continued by Tancred and the two Roberts; and Count Raymond established his quarters from the citadel to the foot of Mount Sion, which was no longer included within the precincts of the city. On the fifth day, the crusaders made a general assault, in the fanatic hope of battering down the walls without engines, and of scaling them without ladders. By the dint of brutal force, they burst the first barrier; but they were driven back with shame and slaughter, to the camp: the influence of vision and prophecy was deadened by the too frequent abuse of these pious stratagems; and time and labor were found to be the only means of victory. The time of the siege was indeed fulfilled in forty days, but they were forty days of calamity and anguish. A repetition of the old complaint of famine may be imputed in some degree to the voracious or disorderly appetite of the Franks; but the stony soil of Jerusalem is almost destitute of water; the scanty springs and hasty torrents were dry in the summer season; nor was the thirst of the besiegers relieved, as in the city, by the artificial supply of cisterns and aqueducts. The circumjacent country is equally destitute of trees for the use of shade or building; but some large beams were discovered in a cave by the crusaders: a wood near Sichem, the enchanted grove of Tasso, was cut down: the necessary timber was transported to the camp by the vigor and dexterity of Tancred; and the engines were framed by some Genoese artists, who had fortunately landed in the harbor of Jaffa. Two movable turrets were constructed at the expense, and in the stations, of the duke of Lorraine and the count of Tholouse, and rolled forward with devout labor, not to the most accessible, but to the most neglected, parts of the fortifications. Raymond's tower was reduced to ashes by the fire of the besieged, but his colleague was more vigilant and success-

ful; the enemies were driven by his archers from the rampart; the drawbridge was let down; and on a Friday, at three in the afternoon, the day and hour of the Passion, Godfrey of Bouillon stood victorious on the walls of Jerusalem. His example was followed on every side by the emulation of valor; and about four hundred and sixty years after the conquest of Omar, the holy city was rescued from Mahometan yoke. In the pillage of public and private wealth, the adventurers had agreed to respect the exclusive property of the first occupant; and the spoils of the great mosque, seventy lamps and massy vases of gold and silver, rewarded the diligence and displayed the generosity of Tancred. A bloody sacrifice was offered by his mistaken votaries to the God of the Christians: resistance might provoke, but neither age nor sex could mollify, their implacable rage: they indulged themselves three days in a promiscuous massacre, and the infection of the dead bodies produced an epidemical disease. After seventy thousand Moslems had been put to the sword, and the harmless Jews had been put to death in their synagogue, they could still reserve a multitude of captives, whom interest or lassitude persuaded them to spare. Of these savage heroes of the cross, Tancred alone betrayed some sentiments of compassion; yet we may praise the more selfish lenity of Raymond, who granted a capitulation and safe-conduct of the garrison of the citadel. The holy sepulcher was now free; and the bloody victors prepared to accomplish their vow. Bareheaded and barefoot, with contrite hearts, and in an humble posture, they ascended the hill of Calvary, amidst the loud anthems of the clergy; kissed the stone which had covered the Savior of the world; and bedewed with tears of joy and penitence the monument of their redemption. This union of the fiercest and most tender passions has been variously considered by two philosophers: by the one, as easy and natural; by the other, as absurd and incredible. Perhaps it is too rigorously applied to the same persons and the same hour: the example of the virtuous Godfrey awakened the piety of his companions; while they cleansed their bodies, they purified their minds; nor shall I believe that the most ardent in slaughter and rapine were the foremost in the procession to the holy sepulcher.



"He saw her fair, and hoped to find her kind"

GODFREY OF BOULOGNE.

By TORQUATO TASSO.

(From the "Jerusalem Delivered": translated by Edward Fairfax.)

[Torquato Tasso, an Italian poet, was born at Sorrento, March 11, 1544, the son of Bernardo Tasso, a poet of considerable distinction. He received his early education in Naples, Rome, Pesaro, and Venice, and in compliance with his father's wish studied law at Padua, but soon abandoned it after the successful reception of his poem "Rinaldo." He then repaired to Bologna, where he studied philosophy, made the acquaintance of distinguished literary men, and worked upon his great epic "Gerusalemme Liberata" (Jerusalem Delivered). In 1565 he entered the service of Cardinal Luigi d'Este and later that of Alfonso II., reigning duke of Ferrara. During the latter part of his life he suffered from attacks of insanity, and finally became so violent in accusing the duke of a design to poison him that he was placed in a lunatic asylum. Having been released at the intercession of Prince Gonzaga of Mantua, he wandered from city to city, broken in health and spirits. In 1595 he was summoned to Rome by Pope Clement VIII. to receive the honor of a public coronation, but fell ill on his arrival, and died April 22, 1595. His chief production, "Jerusalem Delivered," is a heroic record of the conquest of Jerusalem by the Crusaders under the command of Godfrey de Bouillon. Other works are: "Aminta," a pastoral drama; "Torrismondo," a tragedy; and several lyric poems.]

As when the sunbeams dive through Tagus' wave,
To spy the storehouse of his springing gold,
Love-piercing thought so through her mantle drave,
And in her gentle bosom wandered bold:
It viewed the wondrous beauty virgins have,
And all too fond desire with vantage told:
Alas! what hope is left to quench the fire,
That kindled is by sight, blown by desire.

Thus past she, praised, wished, and wond'red at,
Among the troops who there encamped lay,
She smiled for joy, but well dissembled that
Her greedy eye chose out her wished prey;
On all her gestures seeming virtue sat,
Towards th' imperial tent she asked the way:
With that she met a bold and lovesome knight,
Lord Godfrey's youngest brother, Eustace hight.

This was the fowl that first fell in the snare,
He saw her fair, and hoped to find her kind;
The throne of Cupid hath an easy stair,
His bark is fit to sail with every wind,

The breach he makes no wisdom can repair.
With rev'rence meet the baron low inclined,
And thus his purpose to the virgin told,
For youth, use, nature, all had made him bold:

Lady, if thee beseem a stile so low,
In whose sweet looks such sacred beauties shine,
For never yet did Heaven such grace bestow
On any daughter born of Adam's line,
Thy name let us, though far unworthy, know;
Unfold thy will, and whence thou art in fine,
Lest my audacious boldness learn too late,
What honors due become thy high estate.

Sir knight, quoth she, your praises reach too high
Above her merit you commenden so,
A hapless maid I am, both born to die,
And dead to joy, that live in care and woe,
A virgin helpless, fugitive pardie,
My native soil and kingdom thus forego
To seek Duke Godfrey's aid, such store men tell
Of virtuous ruth doth in his bosom dwell.

Conduct me then that mighty Duke before,
If you be courteous, sir, as well you seem. —
Content, quoth he; since of one womb ybore,
We brothers are, your fortune good esteem
T' encounter me, whose word prevaileth more
In Godfrey's hearing than you haply deem.
Mine aid I grant, and his I promise too,
All that his scepter, or my sword, can do.

He led her eas'ly forth when this was said,
Where Godfrey sat among his lords and peers;
She rev'rence did, then blushed as one dismayed
To speak, for secret wants and inward fears;
It seemed a bashful shame her speeches stayed.
At last the courteous Duke her gently cheers;
Silence was made, and she began her tale.
They sit to hear, thus sung the nightingale:

Victorious prince, whose honorable name
Is held so great among our pagan kings,
That to those lands thou dost by conquest tame,
That thou hast won them some content it brings;

Well known to all is thy immortal fame,
The earth thy worth, thy foe thy praises sings,
And painims wronged come to seek thine aid,
So doth thy virtue, so thy power persuade.

And I, though bred in Macon's heath'nish lore,
Which thou oppressest with thy puissant might,
Yet trust thou wilt an helpless maid restore,
And repossess her in her father's right:
Others in their distress do aid implore
Of kin and friends; but I in this sad plight
Invoke thy help my kingdom to invade,
So doth thy virtue, so my need persuade.

In thee I hope, thy succors I invoke,
To win the crown whence I am dispossest;
For like renown awaiteth on the stroke
To cast the haughty down, or raise th' opprest;
Nor greater glory brings a scepter broke,
Than doth deliv'rance of a maid distressed:
And since thou canst at will perform the thing,
More is thy praise to make than kill a king.

But if thou wouldst thy succors due excuse,
Because in Christ I have no hope nor trust,
Ah! yet for virtue's sake thy virtue use;
Who scorneth gold because it lies in dust?
Be witness, heaven, if thou to grant refuse,
Thou dost forsake a maid in cause most just,
And for thou shalt at large my fortunes know,
I will my wrongs, and their great treasons show.

Prince Arbilan, that reigned in his life
On fair Damascus, was my noble sire,
Born of mean race he was, yet got to wife
The queen Chariclia, such was the fire
Of her hot love; but soon the fatal knife
Had cut the thread that kept their joys entire,
For so mishap her cruel lot had cast,
My birth her death, my first day was her last.

And ere five years had fully come and gone
Since his dear spouse to hasty death did yield,
My father also died, consumed with moan,
And sought his love amid the Elysian field,

His crown and me, poor orphan, left alone.
Mine uncle governed in my tender eild;
For well he thought, if mortal men have faith,
In brother's breast true love his mansion hath.

He took the charge of me, and of the crown,
And with kind shows of love so brought to pass,
That through Damascus great report was blown
How good, how just, how kind mine uncle was,
Whether he kept his wicked hate unknown,
And hid the serpent in the flow'ring grass,
Or that true faith did in his bosom won,
Because he meant to match me with his son.

Which son, within short while, did undertake
Degree of knighthood, as beseemed him well,
Yet never durst he for his lady's sake
Break sword or lance, advanced in lofty cell:
As fair he was as Citherea's make,
As proud as he that signorizeth hell,
In fashions wayward, and in love unkind,
For Cupid deigns not wound a currish mind.

This paragon should queen Armida wed,
A goodly swain to be a princess' pheer,
A lovely partner of a lady's bed,
A noble head a golden crown to wear!
His glozing sire his errand daily said,
And sugared speeches whisp'red in mine ear,
To make me take this darling in mine arms,
But still the adder stopped her ears from charms.

At last he left me with a troubled grace,
Through which transparent was his inward spite;
Methought I read the story in his face
Of these mishaps that on me since have light.
Since that, foul spirits haunt my resting place,
And ghastly visions break my sleep by night;
Grief, horror, fear, my fainting soul did kill,
For so my mind foreshowed my coming ill.

Three times the shape of my dear mother came,
Pale, sad, dismayed, to warn me in my dream:
Alas! how far transformed from the same,
Whose eyes shone erst like Titan's glorious beam. —

Daughter, she says, fly, fly, behold thy dame
Foreshows the treasons of thy wretched eame,
Who poison 'gainst thy harmless life provides. —
This said, to shapeless air unseen she glides.

But what avail high walls or bulwarks strong,
Where fainting cowards have the peece to guard?
My sex too weak, mine age was all too young,
To undertake alone a work so hard;
To wander wild the desert woods among,
A banished maid, of wonted ease debarred,
So grievous seemed, that leifer were my death,
And there t' expire where first I drew my breath.

I feared deadly evil if long I stayed,
And yet to fly had neither will nor power;
Nor durst my heart declare it waxed afraid,
Lest so I hasten might my dying hour:
Thus restless waited I, unhappy maid!
What hand should first pluck up my springing flower;
Even as the wretch, condemned to lose his life,
Awaits the falling of the murd'ring knife.

In these extremes (for so my fortune would
Perchance preserve me to my further ill),
One of my noble father's servants old,
That for his goodness bore his child good will,
With store of tears this treason 'gan unfold,
And said, my guardian would his pupil kill;
And that himself, if promise made he kept,
Should give me poison dire ere next I slept.

And further told me, if I wished to live,
I must convey myself by secret flight;
And offered then all succors he could give
To aid his mistress, banished from her right.
His words of comfort fear to exile drive,
The dread of death made lesser dangers light:
So we concluded, when the shadows dim
Obscured the earth, I should depart with him.

Of close escapes the aged patroness,
Blacker than erst, her sable mantle spread,
When with two trusty maids, in great distress,
Both from my uncle and my realm I fled.

Oft looked I back, but hardly could suppress
Those streams of tears mine eyes uncessant shed;
For when I looked on my kingdom lost,
It was a grief, a death, an hell almost.

My steeds drew on the burden of my limbs,
But still my looks, my thoughts, drew back as fast:
So fare the men that, from the haven's brims,
Far out to sea by sudden storm are cast.
Swift o'er the grass the rolling chariot swims,
Through ways unknown, all night, all day, we haste,
At last, nigh tired, a castle strong we fand,
The utmost border of my native land;

The fort Arontes was, for so the knight
Was called that my deliv'rance thus had wrought.
But when the tyrant saw, by mature flight
I had escaped the treasons of his thought,
The rage increased in the cursed wight,
'Gainst me, and him that me to safety brought;
And us accused, we would have poisoned
Him; but descried, to save our lives we fled:

And that, in lieu of his approved truth,
To poison him I hired had my guide;
That he dispatched, mine unbridled youth
Might range at will, in no subjection tied,
And that each night I slept (O foul untruth!)
Mine honor lost, by this Arontes' side:—
But Heaven I pray send down revenging fire,
When so base love shall change my chaste desire!

Not that he sitteth on my regal throne,
Nor that he thirst to drink my lukewarm blood,
So grieveth me as this despite alone,
That my renown, which ever blameless stood,
Hath lost the light wherewith it always shone.
With forged lies he makes his tale so good,
And holds my subjects' hearts in such suspense,
That none take armor for their queen's defense.

And though he doth my regal throne possess,
Clothed in purple, crowned with burnished gold;
Yet is his hate, his rancor, ne'er the less,
Since naught assuageth malice when 'tis old:

He threats to burn Arontes' forteress,
And murder him unless he yield the hold;
And me, and mine, threats not with war, but death;
This causeless hatred endless is uneath.

And so he trusts to wash away the stain,
And hide his shameful fact with mine offense;
And saith he will restore the throne again,
To its late honor and due excellence;
And therefore would I should be algates slain,
For while I live his right is in suspense.—
This is the cause my guiltless life is sought,
For on my ruin is his safety wrought.

And let the tyrant have his heart's desire,
Let him perform the cruelty he meant,
My guiltless blood must quench the ceaseless fire,
On which my endless tears were bootless spent,
Unless thou help. To thee, renowned sire,
I fly, a virgin, orphan, innocent;
And let these tears that on thy feet distill,
Redeem the drops of blood he thirsts to spill.

By these thy glorious feet that tread secure
On necks of tyrants, by thy conquests brave,
By that right hand, and by those temples pure
Thou seek'st to free from Macon's lore, I crave
Help for this sickness, none but thou canst cure;
My life and kingdom let thy mercy save
From death and ruin: but in vain I prove thee,
If right, if truth, if justice cannot move thee.

Thou, who dost all thou wishest at thy will,
And never willest aught but what is right,
Preserve this guiltless blood they seek to spill;
Thine be my kingdom, save it with thy might.
Among these captains, lords, and knights of skill,
Appoint me ten approved most in fight,
Who, with assistance of my friends and kin,
May serve my kingdom lost again to win.

For lo, a knight that hath a gate to ward,
A man of chiefest trust about his king,
Hath promised so to beguile the guard,
That me and mine he undertakes to bring

Safe where the tyrant haply sleepeth hard.
He counseled me to undertake this thing,
Of thee some little succor to entreat,
Whose name alone accomplish can the feat. —

This said, his answer did the nymph attend;
Her looks, her sighs, her gestures all did pray him;
But Godfrey wisely did his grant suspend,
He doubts the worst, and that awhile did stay him;
He knows, who fears no God, he loves no friend,
He fears the heathen false would thus betray him:
But yet such ruth dwelt in his princely mind,
That, 'gainst his wisdom, pity made him kind.

Besides the kindness of his gentle thought,
Ready to comfort each distressed wight,
The maiden's offer profit with it brought;
For if the Syrian kingdom were her right,
That won, the way were easy which he sought,
To bring all Asia subject to his might;
There might he raise munition, arms, and treasure,
To work th' Egyptian king and his displeasure.

Thus was his noble heart long time betwixt
Fear and remorse, not granting nor denaying,
Upon his eyes the dame her lookings fixed,
As if her life and death lay on his saying;
Some tears she shed, with sighs and sobbings mixed,
As if her hope were dead through his delaying.
At last her earnest suit the Duke denayed,
But with sweet words thus would content the maid: —

If not in service of our God we fought,
In meaner quarrel if this sword were shaken,
Well might thou gather in thy gentle thought,
So fair a Princess should not be forsaken;
But since these armies, from the world's end brought,
To free this sacred town have undertaken,
It were unfit we turned our strength away,
And victory, even in her coming, stay.

I promise thee, and on my princely word
The burden of thy wish and hope repose,
That when this chosen temple of the Lord
Her holy doors shall to his saints unclose

In rest and peace, then this victorious sword
Shall execute due vengeance on thy foes:
But if, for pity of a worldly dame,
I left this work, such pity were my shame. —

At this the Princess bent her eyes to ground,
And stood unmoved, though not unmarked, a space;
The secret bleeding of her inward wound
Shed heavenly dew upon her angel's face. —
Poor wretch, quoth she, in tears and sorrows drowned,
Death be thy peace, the grave thy resting place,
Since such thy hap, that, lest thou mercy find,
The gentlest heart on earth is proved unkind.

Where none attends what boots it to complain?
Men's froward hearts are moved with women's tears,
As marble stones are pierced with drops of rain;
No plaints find passage through unwilling ears.
The tyrant haply would his wrath restrain,
Heard he these prayers ruthless Godfrey hears;
Yet not thy fault is this; my chance, I see,
Hath made even pity pitiless in thee.

So both thy goodness and good hap denayed me,
Grief, sorrow, mischief, care, hath overthrown me;
The star that ruled my birthday hath betrayed me,
My genius sees his charge, but dares not own me;
Of queenlike state my flight hath disarrayed me;
My father died ere he five years had known me;
My kingdom lost, and lastly resteth now;
Down with the tree sith broke is every bough.

And, for the modest lore of maidenhood
Bids me not sojourn with these armed men,
O! whither shall I flie? What secret wood
Shall hide me from the tyrant? Or what den,
What rock, what vault, what cave can do me good?
No, no, where death is sure, it resteth then
To scorn his power, and be it therefore seen,
Armida lived, and died, both like a queen. —

With that she looked as if a proud disdain
Kindled displeasure in her noble mind;
The way she came she turned her steps again,
With gestures sad, but in disdainful kind;

A tempest railed down her cheeks amain,
With tears of woe, and sighs of anger's wind;
The drops her footsteps wash whereon she treads,
And seems to step on pearls or crystal beads.

Her cheeks on which this streaming nectar fell,
'Stilled through the limbeck of her diamond eyes,
The roses white and red resembled well,
Whereon the rory May dew sprinkled lies,
When the fair morn first blusheth from her cell,
And breatheth balm from opened paradise:
Thus sighed, thus mourned, thus wept, this lovely queen,
And in each drop bathed a grace unseen.

Thrice twenty Cupids unperceived flew
To gather up this liquor, ere it fall,
And of each drop an arrow forged new;
Else, as it came, snatched up the crystal ball,
And at rebellious hearts for wildfire threw.
O wondrous love! thou makest gain of all;
For if she weeping sit, or smiling stand,
She bends thy bow, or kindleth else thy brand.

This forged plaint drew forth unfeigned tears
From many eyes, and pierced each worthy's heart;
Each one condoleth with her that her hears,
And of her grief would help her bear the smart:
If Godfrey aid her not, not one but swears
Some tygress gave him suck, on roughest part,
'Midst the rude crags, on Alpine cliffs aloft:
Hard is that heart which beauty makes not soft.

But jolly Eustace, in whose breast the brand
Of love and pity kindled had the flame,
While others softly whispered under hand,
Before the Duke, with comely boldness, came:—
Brother and lord, quoth he, too long you stand
In your first purpose, yet vouchsafe to frame
Your thoughts to ours, and lend this virgin aid:
Thanks are half lost when good turns are delayed.

And think not that Eustace's talk assays
To turn these forces from this present war,
Or that I wish you should your armies raise
From Sion's walls; my speech tends not so far;

But we that venture all for fame and praise,
That to no charge nor service bounden are,
Forth of our troop may ten well spared be
To succor her, which naught can weaken thee.

And know they shall in God's high service fight,
That virgins innocent save and defend;
Dear will the spoils be in the Heaven's sight,
That from a tyrant's hateful head we rend:
Nor seem I forward in this lady's right,
With hope of gain or profit in the end;
But, for I know he arms unworthy bears,
To help a maiden's cause that shuns or fears.

Ah! be it not pardie declared in France,
Or elsewhere told where court'sy is in prize,
That we forsook so fair a chevisance,
For doubt or fear that might from fight arise:
Else, here surrender I both sword and lance,
And swear no more to use this martial guise;
For ill deserves he to be termed a knight,
That bears a blunt sword in a lady's right. —

Thus parled he, and with confused sound
The rest approved what the gallant said.
Their general the knights encompassed round;
With humble grace and earnest suit they prayed. —
I yield, quoth he, and be it happy found
What I have granted; let her have your aid;
Yours be the thanks, for yours the danger is
If aught succeed, as much I fear amiss.

But, if with you my words may credit find,
Oh! temper then this heat misguides you so. —
Thus much he said: but they with fancy blind,
Accept his grant and let his counsel go.
What works not beauty! man's relenting mind
Is eath to move with plaints and shows of woe:
Her lips cast forth a chain of sugared words,
That captive led most of the Christian lords.

Eustace recalled her, and bespake her thus: —
Beauty's chief darling, let these sorrows be,
For such assistance shall you find in us,
As with your need or will may best agree. —

With that she cheered her forehead dolorous,
And smiled for joy, that Phœbus blushed to see;
And had she deigned her veil for to remove,
The god himself once more had fallen in love.

With that she broke the silence once again,
And gave the knight great thanks in little speech;
She said she would his handmaid poor remain,
So far as honor's laws received no breach.
Her humble gestures made the res'due plain,
Dumb eloquence persuading more than speech.
This women know, and thus they use the guise
T' enchant the valiant, and beguile the wise.

And when she saw her enterprise had got
Some wished mean of quick and good proceeding,
She thought to strike the iron that was hot;
For every action hath its hour of speeding.
Medea or false Circe changed not
So far the shapes of men, as her eyes spreeding
Altered their hearts, and with her siren's sound,
In lust their minds, their hearts in love, she drowned.

All wily sleights that subtle women know,
Hourly she used to catch some lover new.
None kenned the bent of her unsteadfast bow,
For with the time her thoughts her looks renew:
From some she cast her modest eyes below,
At some her gazing glances roving flew;
And while she thus pursued her wanton sport,
She spurred the slow, and reined the forward short.

If some, as hopeless that she would be won,
Forbore to love, because they durst not move her,
On them her gentle looks to smile begun,
As who say, she is kind, if you dare prove her.
On every heart thus shone this lustful sun,
All strove to serve, to please, to woo, to love her;
And in their hearts that chaste and bashful were,
Her eye's hot glance dissolved the frost of fear.

On them, who durst with fing'ring bold assay
To touch the softness of her tender skin,
She looked as coy as if she list not play,
And made as things of worth were hard to win;

Yet tempered so her 'dainful looks alway,
That outward scorn shewed store of grace within:
Thus with false hope their longing hearts she fired,
For hardest-gotten things are most desired.

Alone sometimes she walked in secret, where
To ruminate upon her discontent;
Within her eyelids sat the swelling tear,
Not poured forth, though sprung from sad lament;
And with this craft a thousand souls well near
In snares of foolish ruth and love she hent,
And kept as slaves; by which we fitly prove,
That witless pity breedeth fruitless love.

Sometimes, as if her hope unloosed had
The chains of grief wherein her thoughts lay fettered,
Upon her minions looked she blithe and glad;
In that deceitful lore so was she lettered.
Not glorious Titan, in his brightness clad,
The sunshine of her face in luster bettered;
For when she list to cheer her beauties so,
She smiled away the clouds of grief and woe.

Her double charm of smiles and sugared words
Lulled on sleep the virtue of their senses;
Reason small aid 'gainst those assaults affords,
Wisdom no warrant from those sweet offenses;
Cupid's deep rivers have their shallow fords,
His griefs bring joys, his losses recompenses;
He breeds the sore, and cures us of the pain;
Achilles' lance, that wounds and heals again.

While thus she them torments 'twixt frost and fire,
'Twixt joy and grief, 'twixt hope and restless fear,
The sly enchantress felt her gain the nigher;
These were her flocks that golden fleeces bear:
But if some one durst utter his desire,
And by complaining make his griefs appear;
He labored hard rocks with plaints to move,
She had not learned the gamut then of love.

For down she bent her bashful eyes to ground,
And donned the weed of women's modest grace;
Down from her eyes welled the pearles round
Upon the bright enamel of her face:

Such honey drops on springing flowers are found,
When Phœbus holds the crimson morn in chace:
Full seemed her looks of anger and of shame,
Yet pity shone transparent through the same.

If she perceived by his outward cheer,
That any would his love by talk bewray,
Sometimes she heard him, sometimes stopped her ear,
And played fast and loose the livelong day:
Thus all her lovers kind deluded were,
Their earnest suit got neither yea nor nay;
But like the sort of weary huntsmen fare,
That hunt all day and lose at night the hare.

These were the arts by which she captived
A thousand souls of young and lusty knights;
These were the arms wherewith love conquered
Their feeble hearts subdued in wanton fights.
What wonder if Achilles were misled,
Or great Alcides, at their ladies' sights,
Since these true champions of the Lord above
Were thralls to beauty, yielden slaves to love?

RICHARD AND SALADIN.

By Sir WALTER SCOTT.

(From "The Talisman.")

[Sir Walter Scott: The great Scotch novelist and poet; born August 15, 1771, in Edinburgh, where he attended the university. He practiced as an advocate for a while, then withdrew from the bar and devoted his attention largely to literature. "The Lay of the Last Minstrel" (1805) brought him into prominence as an author; and in 1814 he published anonymously "Waverley," the first of the "Waverley Novels." He became a partner in Constable's publishing house and the Ballantynes' printing house, in order to realize all sides of the profit from his works; but bad management, and his immense overdrafts on their resources to build up a great feudal estate at Abbotsford, left them so weak that the panic of 1825 ruined both. He wore out his life in the effort to pay up in full the liabilities of £120,000, and the royalties on his books achieved this after his death. His other great poems are "Marmion" and the "Lady of the Lake," and lesser ones in merit are "Rokeby," "The Lord of the Isles," "Harold the Dauntless," "The Bridal of Triermain," and "The Vision of Don Roderick." Among the "Waverleys" may be cited "Guy Mannering," "The

Antiquary," "The Heart of Midlothian," "Old Mortality," "Rob Roy," "The Bride of Lammermoor," "Ivanhoe," "Kenilworth," "The Abbot," "Quentin Durward," "The Pirate," and "The Talisman."]

THE hermit followed the ladies from the pavilion of Richard, as shadow follows a beam of sunshine when the clouds are driving over the face of the sun. But he turned on the threshold, and held up his hand toward the King in a warning, or almost a menacing posture, as he said, — "Woe to him who rejects the counsel of the Church, and betaketh himself to the foul divan of the infidel! King Richard, I do not yet shake the dust from my feet and depart from thy encampment — the sword falls not — but it hangs but by a hair. — Haughty monarch, we shall meet again."

"Be it so, haughty priest," returned Richard, "prouder in thy goatskins than princes in purple and fine linen."

The hermit vanished from the tent, and the King continued, addressing the Arabian, — "Do the dervises of the East, wise Hakim, use such familiarity with their princes?"

"The dervise," replied Adonbec, "should be either a sage or a madman; there is no middle course for him who wears the khirkhah, who watches by night, and fasts by day. Hence, hath he either wisdom enough to bear himself discreetly in the presence of princes, or else, having no reason bestowed on him, he is not responsible for his own actions."

"Methinks our monks have adopted chiefly the latter character," said Richard. — "But to the matter. — In what can I pleasure you, my learned physician?"

"Great King," said El Hakim, making his profound Oriental obeisance, "let thy servant speak one word, and yet live. I would remind thee that thou owest — not to me, their humble instrument — but to the Intelligences, whose benefits I dispense to mortals, a life ——"

"And I warrant me thou wouldst have another in requital, ha?" interrupted the King.

"Such is my humble prayer," said the Hakim, "to the great Melech Ric — even the life of this good knight, who is doomed to die, and but for such fault as was committed by the Sultan Adam, surnamed Aboulbeschar, or the father of all men."

"And thy wisdom might remind thee, Hakim, that Adam died for it," said the King, somewhat sternly, and then began to pace the narrow space of his tent with some emotion, and to talk to himself. "Why, God-a-mercy — I knew what he desired

as soon as ever he entered the pavilion! — Here is one poor life justly condemned to extinction, and I, a king and a soldier, who have slain thousands by my command, and scores with my own hand, am to have no power over it, although the honor of my arms, of my house, of my very Queen, hath been attainted by the culprit? — By Saint George, it makes me laugh! — By Saint Louis, it reminds me of Blondel's tale of an enchanted castle, where the destined knight was withstood successively in his purpose of entrance by forms and figures the most dissimilar, but all hostile to his undertaking! — No sooner one sunk than another appeared! — Wife — Kinswoman — Hermit — Hakim — each appears in the lists as soon as the other is defeated! — Why, this is a single knight fighting against the whole mêlée of the tournament — ha! ha! ha!" — And Richard laughed aloud; for he had, in fact, begun to change his mood, his resentment being usually too violent to be of long endurance.

The physician meanwhile looked on him with a countenance of surprise, not unmingled with contempt; for the Eastern people make no allowance for those mercurial changes in the temper, and consider open laughter, upon almost any account, as derogatory to the dignity of man, and becoming only to women and children. At length the sage addressed the King, when he saw him more composed.

"A doom of death should not issue from laughing lips. — Let thy servant hope that thou hast granted him this man's life."

"Take the freedom of a thousand captives instead," said Richard; "restore so many of thy countrymen to their tents and families, and I will give the warrant instantly. This man's life can avail thee nothing, and it is forfeited."

"All our lives are forfeited," said the Hakim, putting his hand to his cap. "But the great Creditor is merciful, and exacts not the pledge rigorously nor untimely."

"Thou canst show me," said Richard, "no special interest thou hast to become intercessor betwixt me and the execution of justice, to which I am sworn as a crowned King."

"Thou art sworn to the dealing forth mercy as well as justice," said El Hakim: "but what thou seekest, great King, is the execution of thine own will. And, for the concern I have in this request, know that many a man's life depends upon thy granting this boon."

"Explain thy words," said Richard; "but think not to impose upon me by false pretexts."

"Be it far from thy servant!" said Adonbec. "Know, then, that the medicine to which thou, Sir King, and many a one beside, owe their recovery, is a talisman, composed under certain aspects of the heavens, when the Divine Intelligences are most propitious. I am but the poor administrator of its virtues. I dip it in a cup of water, observe the fitting hour to administer it to the patient, and the potency of the draught works the cure."

"A most rare medicine," said the King, "and a commodious! and, as it may be carried in the leech's purse, would save the whole caravan of camels which they require to convey drugs and physic stuff — I marvel there is any other in use."

"It is written," answered the Hakim, with imperturbable gravity, "'Abuse not the steed which hath borne thee from the battle.' Know, that such talisman might indeed be framed, but rare has been the number of adepts who have dared to undertake the application of their virtue. Severe restrictions, painful observances, fasts, and penance are necessary on the part of the sage who uses this mode of cure; and if, through neglect of these preparations, by his love of ease, or his indulgence of sensual appetite, he omits to cure at least twelve persons within the course of each moon, the virtue of the divine gift departs from the amulet, and both the last patient and the physician will be exposed to speedy misfortune, neither will they survive the year. I require yet one life to make up the appointed number."

"Go out into the camp, good Hakim, where thou wilt find a-many," said the King, "and do not seek to rob my headsman of *his* patients; it is unbecoming a mediciner of thine eminence to interfere with the practice of another. — Besides, I cannot see how delivering a criminal from the death he deserves should go to make up thy tale of miraculous cures."

"When thou canst show why a draught of cold water should have cured thee, when the most precious drugs failed," said the Hakim, "thou mayst reason on the other mysteries attendant on this matter. For myself, I am inefficient to the great work, having this morning touched an unclean animal. Ask, therefore, no further questions; it is enough that, by sparing this man's life at my request, you will deliver yourself, great King, and thy servant, from a great danger."

"Hark thee, Adonbec," replied the King, "I have no objection that leeches should wrap their words in mist, and pretend to derive knowledge from the stars; but when you bid Richard Plantagenet fear that a danger will fall upon *him* from some idle omen, or omitted ceremonial, you speak to no ignorant Saxon, or doting old woman, who foregoes her purpose because a hare crosses the path, a raven croaks, or a cat sneezes."

"I cannot hinder your doubt of my words," said Adonbec; "but yet, let my Lord the King grant that the truth is on the tongue of his servant — will he think it just to deprive the world, and every wretch who may suffer by the pains which so lately reduced him to that couch, of the benefit of this most virtuous talisman, rather than extend his forgiveness to one poor criminal? Bethink you, Lord King, that though thou canst slay thousands, thou canst not restore one man to health. Kings have the power of Satan to torment, sages that of Allah to heal — beware how thou hinderest the good to humanity, which thou canst not thyself render. Thou canst cut off the head, but not cure the aching tooth."

"This is overinsolent," said the King, hardening himself, as the Hakim assumed a more lofty, and almost a commanding tone. "We took thee for our leech, not for our counselor, or conscience keeper."

"And is it thus the most renowned Prince of Frangistan repays benefit done to his royal person?" said El Hakim, exchanging the humble and stooping posture, in which he had hitherto solicited the King, for an attitude lofty and commanding. "Know, then," he said, "that through every court of Europe and Asia — to Moslem and Nazarene — to knight and lady — wherever harp is heard and sword worn — wherever honor is loved and infamy detested — to every quarter of the world will I denounce thee, Melech Ric, as thankless and ungenerous; and even the lands — if there be any such — that never heard of thy renown, shall yet be acquainted with thy shame!"

"Are these terms to me, vile infidel!" said Richard, striding up to him in fury. — "Art weary of thy life?"

"Strike!" said El Hakim; "thine own deed shall then paint thee more worthless than could my words, though each had an hornet's sting."

Richard turned fiercely from him, folded his arms, traversed the tent as before, and then exclaimed, "Thankless and un-

generous! — as well be termed coward and infidel! — Hakim, thou hast chosen thy boon; and though I had rather thou hadst asked my crown jewels, yet I may not, kinglike, refuse thee. Take this Scot, therefore, to thy keeping — the provost will deliver him to thee on this warrant."

He hastily traced one or two lines, and gave them to the physician. "Use him as thy bondslave, to be disposed of as thou wilt — only, let him beware how he comes before the eyes of Richard. Hark thee — thou art wise — he hath been overbold among those in whose fair looks and weak judgments we trust our honor, as you of the East lodge your treasures in caskets of silver wire, as fine and as frail as the web of a gossamer."

"Thy servant understands the word of the King," said the sage, at once resuming the reverent style of address in which he had commenced. "When the rich carpet is soiled, the fool pointeth to the stain — the wise man covers it with his mantle. I have heard my lord's pleasure, and to hear is to obey."

"It is well," said the King; "let him consult his own safety, and never appear in my presence more. — Is there aught else in which I may do thee pleasure?"

"The bounty of the King hath filled my cup to the brim," said the sage; "yea, it hath been abundant as the fountain which sprung up amid the camp of the descendants of Israel, when the rock was stricken by the rod of Moussa Ben Amran."

"Ay, but," said the King, smiling, "it required, as in the desert, a hard blow on the rock ere it yielded its treasures. I would that I knew something to pleasure thee, which I might yield as freely as the natural fountain sends forth its waters."

"Let me touch that victorious hand," said the sage, "in token, that if Adonbec el Hakim should hereafter demand a boon of Richard of England, he may do so, yet plead his command."

"Thou hast hand and glove upon it, man," replied Richard; "only, if thou couldst consistently make up thy tale of patients without craving me to deliver from punishment those who have deserved it, I would more willingly discharge my debt in some other form."

"May thy days be multiplied!" answered the Hakim, and withdrew from the apartment after the usual deep obeisance.

It had been agreed, on account of the heat of the climate,

that the judicial combat, which was the cause of the present assemblage of various nations at the Diamond of the Desert, should take place at one hour after sunrise. The wide lists, which had been constructed under the inspection of the Knight of the Leopard, inclosed a space of hard sand which was one hundred and twenty yards long by forty in width. They extended in length from north to south, so as to give both parties the equal advantage of the rising sun. Saladin's royal seat was erected on the western side of the inclosure, just in the center, where the combatants were expected to meet in mid encounter. Opposed to this was a gallery with closed casements, so contrived that the ladies, for whose accommodation it was erected, might see the fight without being themselves exposed to view. At either extremity of the lists was a barrier, which could be opened or shut at pleasure. Thrones had been also erected, but the Archduke, perceiving that his was lower than King Richard's, refused to occupy it; and Cœur de Lion, who would have submitted to much ere any formality should have interfered with the combat, readily agreed that the sponsors, as they were called, should remain on horseback during the fight. At one extremity of the lists were placed the followers of Richard, and opposed to them were those who accompanied the defender, Conrade. Around the throne destined for the Soldan were ranged his splendid Georgian Guards, and the rest of the inclosure was occupied by Christian and Mohammedan spectators.

Long before daybreak, the lists were surrounded by even a larger number of Saracens than Richard had seen on the preceding evening. When the first ray of the sun's glorious orb arose above the desert, the sonorous call, "To prayer, to prayer!" was poured forth by the Soldan himself, and answered by others, whose rank and zeal entitled them to act as muezzins. It was a striking spectacle to see them all sink to earth, for the purpose of repeating their devotions, with their faces turned to Mecca. But when they arose from the ground, the sun's rays, now strengthening fast, seemed to confirm the Lord of Gilsland's conjecture of the night before. They were flashed back from many a spearhead, for the pointless lances of the preceding day were certainly no longer such. De Vaux pointed it out to his master, who answered with impatience, that he had perfect confidence in the good faith of the Soldan; but if De Vaux was afraid of his bulky body, he might retire.

Soon after this the noise of timbrels was heard, at the sound

of which the whole Saracen cavaliers threw themselves from their horses, and prostrated themselves, as if for a second morning prayer. This was to give an opportunity to the Queen, with Edith and her attendants, to pass from the pavilion to the gallery intended for them. Fifty guards of Saladin's seraglio escorted them, with naked sabers, whose orders were, to cut to pieces whomsoever, were he prince or peasant, should venture to gaze on the ladies as they passed, or even presume to raise his head until the cessation of the music should make all men aware that they were lodged in their gallery, not to be gazed on by the curious eye.

This superstitious observance of Oriental reverence to the fair sex called forth from Queen Berengaria some criticisms very unfavorable to Saladin and his country. But their den, as the royal fair called it, being securely closed and guarded by their sable attendants, she was under the necessity of contenting herself with seeing, and laying aside for the present the still more exquisite pleasure of being seen.

Meantime the sponsors of both champions went, as was their duty, to see that they were duly armed, and prepared for combat. The Archduke of Austria was in no hurry to perform this part of the ceremony, having had rather an unusually severe debauch upon wine of Schiraz the preceding evening. But the Grand Master of the Temple, more deeply concerned in the event of the combat, was early before the tent of Conrade of Montserrat. To his great surprise, the attendants refused him admittance.

"Do you not know me, ye knaves?" said the Grand Master in great anger.

"We do, most valiant and reverend," answered Conrade's squire; "but even *you* may not at present enter — the Marquis is about to confess himself."

"Confess himself!" exclaimed the Templar, in a tone where alarm mingled with surprise and scorn — "and to whom, I pray thee?"

"My master bid me be secret," said the squire; on which the Grand Master pushed past him, and entered the tent almost by force.

The Marquis of Montserrat was kneeling at the feet of the Hermit of Engaddi, and in the act of beginning his confession.

"What means this, Marquis?" said the Grand Master;

"up, for shame — or, if you must needs confess, am not I here?"

"I have confessed to you too often already," replied Conrade, with a pale cheek and a faltering voice. "For God's sake, Grand Master, begone, and let me unfold my conscience to this holy man."

"In what is he holier than I am?" said the Grand Master. — "Hermit, prophet, madman — say, if thou darest, in what thou excellest me?"

"Bold and bad man," replied the Hermit, "know that I am like the latticed window, and the divine light passes through to avail others, though alas! it helpeth not me. Thou art like the iron stanchions, which neither receive light themselves, nor communicate it to any one."

"Prate not to me, but depart from this tent," said the Grand Master; "the Marquis shall not confess this morning, unless it be to me, for I part not from his side."

"Is this your pleasure?" said the Hermit to Conrade; "for think not I will obey that proud man, if you continue to desire my assistance."

"Alas!" said Conrade, irresolutely, "what would you have me say? — Farewell for a while — we will speak anon."

"Oh, procrastination!" exclaimed the Hermit, "thou art a soul murderer! — Unhappy man, farewell — not for a while, but until we both shall meet — no matter where. — And for thee," he added, turning to the Grand Master, "TREMBLE!"

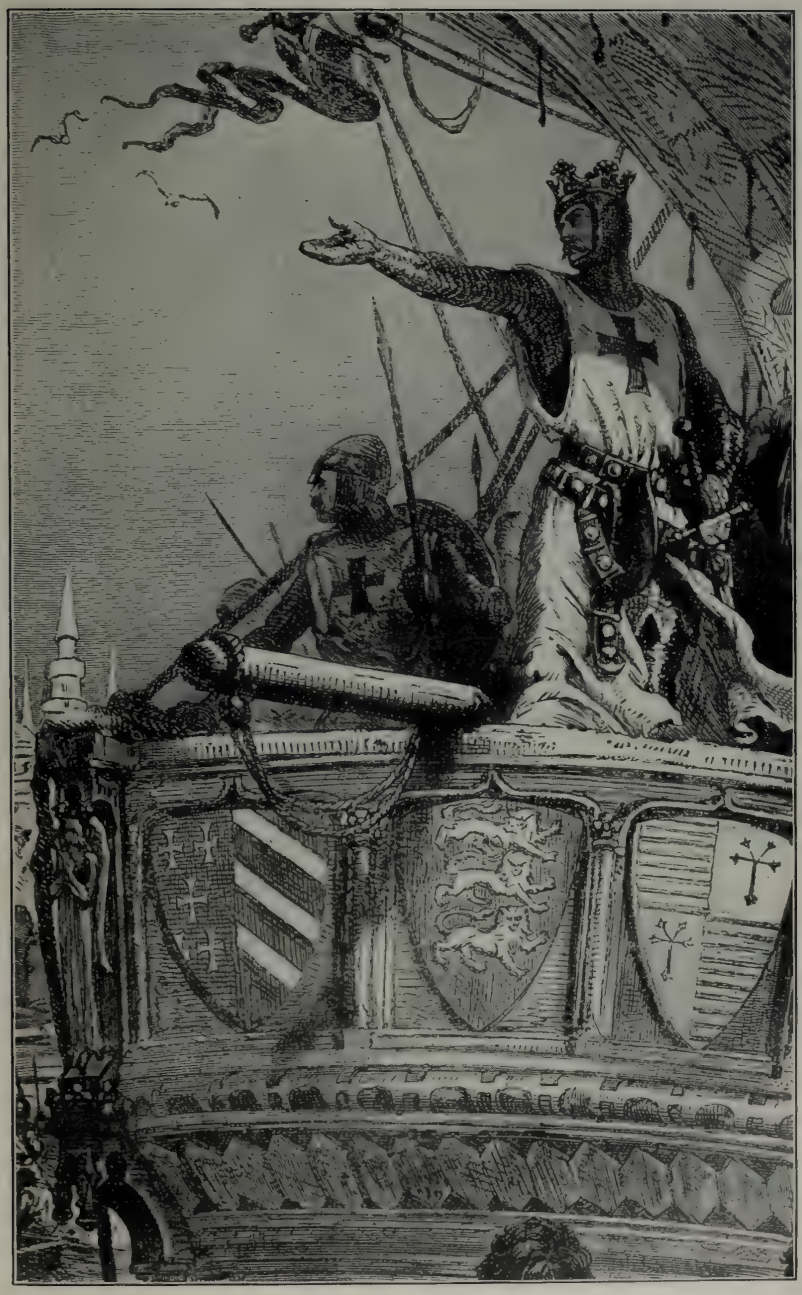
"Tremble!" replied the Templar, contemptuously, "I cannot if I would."

The Hermit heard not his answer, having left the tent.

"Come! to this gear hastily," said the Grand Master, "since thou wilt needs go through the foolery. — Hark thee — I think I know most of thy frailties by heart, so we may omit the detail, which may be somewhat a long one, and begin with the absolution. What signifies counting the spots of dirt that we are about to wash from our hands?"

"Knowing what thou art thyself," said Conrade, "it is blasphemous to speak of pardoning another."

"That is not according to the canon, Lord Marquis," said the Templar — "thou art more scrupulous than orthodox. The absolution of the wicked priest is as effectual as if he were himself a saint — otherwise God help the poor penitent! What wounded man inquires whether the surgeon that tents



RICHARD'S FAREWELL TO THE HOLY LAND

his gashes have clean hands or not? — Come, shall we to this toy?"

"No," said Conrade, "I will rather die unconfessed than mock the sacrament."

"Come, noble Marquis," said the Templar, "rouse up your courage, and speak not thus. In an hour's time thou shalt stand victorious in the lists, or confess thee in thy helmet, like a valiant knight."

"Alas, Grand Master!" answered Conrade, "all augurs ill for this affair. The strange discovery by the instinct of a dog — the revival of this Scottish knight, who comes into the lists like a specter — all betokens evil."

"Pshaw!" said the Templar, "I have seen thee bend thy lance boldly against him in sport, and with equal chance of success — think thou art but in a tournament, and who bears him better in the tilt-yard than thou? — Come, squires and armorers, your master must be accoutered for the field."

The attendants entered accordingly, and began to arm the Marquis.

"What morning is without?" said Conrade.

"The sun rises dimly," answered a squire.

"Thou seest, Grand Master," said Conrade, "naught smiles on us."

"Thou wilt fight the more coolly, my son," answered the Templar. "Thank Heaven that hath tempered the sun of Palestine to suit thy occasion."

Thus jested the Grand Master; but his jests had lost their influence on the harassed mind of the Marquis, and, notwithstanding his attempts to seem gay, his gloom communicated itself to the Templar.

"This craven," he thought, "will lose the day in pure faintness and cowardice of heart, which he calls tender conscience. I, whom visions and auguries shake not — who am firm in my purpose as the living rock — I should have fought the combat myself. — Would to God the Scot may strike him dead on the spot — it were next best to his winning the victory. But, come what will, he must have no other confessor than myself — our sins are too much in common, and he might confess my share with his own."

While these thoughts passed through his mind, he continued to assist the Marquis in arming, but it was in silence.

The hour at length arrived, the trumpets sounded, the

knights rode into the lists armed at all points, and mounted like men who were to do battle for a kingdom's honor. They wore their visors up, and riding around the lists three times, showed themselves to the spectators. Both were goodly persons, and both had noble countenances. But there was an air of manly confidence on the brow of the Scot — a radiancy of hope, which amounted even to cheerfulness, while, although pride and effort had recalled much of Conrade's natural courage, there lowered still on his brow a cloud of ominous despondence. Even his steed seemed to tread less lightly and blithely to the trumpet sound than the noble Arab which was bestrode by Sir Kenneth; and the *spruch-sprecher* shook his head while he observed that while the challenger rode around the lists in the course of the sun — that is, from right to left — the defender made the same circuit *widdersins* — that is, from left to right — which is in most countries held ominous.

A temporary altar was erected just beneath the gallery occupied by the Queen, and beside it stood the Hermit in the dress of his order, as a Carmelite friar. Other churchmen were also present. To this altar the challenger and defender were successively brought forward, conducted by their respective sponsors. Dismounting before it, each knight avouched the justice of his cause by a solemn oath on the Evangelists, and prayed that his success might be according to the truth or falsehood of what he then swore. They also made oath, that they came to do battle in knightly guise, and with the usual weapons, disclaiming the use of spells, charms, or magical devices, to incline victory to their side. The challenger pronounced his vow with a firm and manly voice, and a bold and cheerful countenance. When the ceremony was finished, the Scottish Knight looked at the gallery, and bent his head to the earth, as if in honor of those invisible beauties which were inclosed within; then, loaded with armor as he was, sprung to the saddle without the use of the stirrup, and made his courser carry him in a succession of caracoles to his station at the eastern extremity of the lists. Conrade also presented himself before the altar with boldness enough; but his voice, as he took the oath, sounded hollow, as if drowned in his helmet. The lips with which he appealed to Heaven to adjudge victory to the just quarrel, grew white as they uttered the impious mockery. As he turned to remount his horse, the Grand Master approached him closer, as if to rectify something about

the sitting of his gorget, and whispered, — "Coward and fool! — recall thy senses, and do me this battle bravely, else, by Heaven, shouldst thou escape him, thou escapest not *me!*"

The savage tone in which this was whispered perhaps completed the confusion of the Marquis' nerves, for he stumbled as he made to horse; and though he recovered his feet, sprung to the saddle with his usual agility, and displayed his address in horsemanship as he assumed his position opposite to the challenger's, yet the accident did not escape those who were on the watch for omens which might predict the fate of the day.

The priests, after a solemn prayer that God would show the rightful quarrel, departed from the lists. The trumpets of the challenger then rung a flourish, and a herald at arms proclaimed at the eastern end of the lists, — "Here stands a good knight, Sir Kenneth of Scotland, champion for the royal King Richard of England, who accuseth Conrade, Marquis of Montserrat, of foul treason and dishonor done to the said King."

When the words Kenneth of Scotland announced the name and character of the champion, hitherto scarce generally known, a loud and cheerful acclaim burst from the followers of King Richard, and hardly, notwithstanding repeated commands of silence, suffered the reply of the defendant to be heard. He, of course, avouched his innocence, and offered his body for battle. The esquires of the combatants now approached, and delivered to each his shield and lance, assisting to hang the former around his neck, that his two hands might remain free, one for the management of the bridle, the other to direct the lance.

The shield of the Scot displayed his old bearing, the leopard, but with the addition of a collar and broken chain, in allusion to his late captivity. The shield of the Marquis bore, in reference to his title, a serrated and rocky mountain. Each shook his lance aloft, as if to ascertain the weight and toughness of the unwieldy weapon, and then laid it in the rest. The sponsors, heralds, and squires now retired to the barriers, and the combatants sat opposite to each other, face to face, with couched lance and closed visor, the human form so completely inclosed, that they looked more like statues of molten iron, than beings of flesh and blood. The silence of suspense was now general — men breathed thicker, and their very souls seemed seated in their eyes, while not a sound was to be heard save the snorting

and pawing of the good steeds, who, sensible of what was about to happen, were impatient to dash into career. They stood thus for perhaps three minutes, when at a signal given by the Soldan, an hundred instruments rent the air with their brazen clamors, and each champion striking his horse with the spurs, and slacking the rein, the horses started into full gallop, and the knights met in mid space with a shock like a thunderbolt. The victory was not in doubt — no, not one moment. Conrade, indeed, showed himself a practiced warrior; for he struck his antagonist knightly in the midst of his shield, bearing his lance so straight and true that it shivered into splinters from the steel spearhead up to the very gauntlet. The horse of Sir Kenneth recoiled two or three yards and fell on his haunches, but the rider easily raised him with hand and rein. But for Conrade there was no recovery. Sir Kenneth's lance had pierced through the shield, through a plated corselet of Milan steel, through a *secret*, or coat of linked mail, worn beneath the corselet, had wounded him deep in the bosom, and borne him from his saddle, leaving the truncheon of the lance fixed in his wound. The sponsors, heralds, and Saladin himself, descending from his throne, crowded around the wounded man; while Sir Kenneth, who had drawn his sword ere yet he discovered his antagonist was totally helpless, now commanded him to avow his guilt. The helmet was hastily unclosed, and the wounded man, gazing wildly on the skies, replied, — "What would you more? — God hath decided justly — I am guilty — but there are worse traitors in the camp than I. — In pity to my soul, let me have a confessor!"

He revived as he uttered these words.

"The talisman — the powerful remedy, royal brother," said King Richard to Saladin.

"The traitor," answered the Soldan, "is more fit to be dragged from the lists to the gallows by the heels, than to admit by its virtues: — and some such fate is in his look," he thought after gazing fixedly upon the wounded man; "for wretch's wound may be cured, yet Azrael's seal is on the

"Nevertheless," you may, that said Richard, "I pray you do for him what not soul and bo may at least have time for confession — slay worth more, by te! To him one half-hour of time may be patriarch." thousandfold, than the life of the oldest

"My royal brother's wish shall be obeyed," said Saladin. — "Slaves, bear this wounded man to our tent."

"Do not so," said the Templar, who had hitherto stood gloomily looking on in silence. — "The royal Duke of Austria and myself will not permit this unhappy Christian Prince to be delivered over to the Saracens, that they may try their spells upon him. We are his sponsors, and demand that he be assigned to our care."

"That is, you refuse the certain means offered to recover him?" said Richard.

"Not so," said the Grand Master, recollecting himself. — "If the Soldan useth lawful medicines, he may attend the patient in my tent."

"Do so, I pray thee, good brother," said Richard to Saladin, "though the permission be ungraciously yielded. — But now to a more glorious work. — Sound trumpets — shout England — in honor of England's champion!"

Drum, clarion, trumpet, and cymbal rung forth at once, and the deep and regular shout, which for ages has been the English acclamation, sounded amidst the shrill and irregular yells of the Arabs, like the diapason of the organ amid the howling of a storm. There was silence at length.

"Brave Knight of the Leopard," resumed Cœur de Lion, "thou hast shown that the Ethiopian *may* change his skin and the Leopard his spots, though clerks quote Scripture for the impossibility. Yet I have more to say to you when I have conducted you to the presence of the ladies, the best judges, and best rewarders, of deeds of chivalry."

The Knight of the Leopard bowed assent.

"And thou, princely Saladin, wilt also attend them. I promise thee our Queen will not think herself welcome, if she lacks the opportunity to thank her royal host for her most princely reception."

Saladin bent his head gracefully, but declined the invitation.

"I must attend the wounded man," he said. "The leech leaves not his patient more than the champion the lists, even if he be summoned to a bower like those of Paradise. And further, royal Richard, know that the blood of the East flows not so temperately in the presence of beauty, as that of your land. What saith the Book itself? — Her eye is as the edge of the sword of the Prophet, who shall look upon it? He that would not be burnt avoideth to tread on hot embers — wise

men spread not the flax before a bickering torch — He, saith the sage, who hath forfeited a treasure, doth not wisely to turn back his head to gaze at it."

Richard, it may be believed, respected the motives of delicacy which flowed from manners so different from his own, and urged his request no further.

"At noon," said the Soldan, as he departed, "I trust ye will all accept a collation under the black camel-skin tent of a chief of Curdistan."

The same invitation was circulated among the Christians, comprehending all those of sufficient importance to be admitted to sit at a feast made for princes.

"Hark!" said Richard, "the timbrels announce that our Queen and her attendants are leaving their gallery — and see, the turbans sink on the ground, as if struck down by a destroying angel. All lie prostrate, as if the glance of an Arab's eye could sully the luster of a lady's cheek! Come, we will to the pavilion, and lead our conqueror thither in triumph. — How I pity that noble Soldan, who knows but of love as it is known to those of inferior nature!"

Blondel tuned his harp to its boldest measure, to welcome the introduction of the victor into the pavilion of Queen Berengaria. He entered, supported on either side by his sponsors, Richard and William Longsword, and knelt gracefully down before the Queen, though more than half the homage was silently rendered to Edith, who sat on her right hand.

"Unarm him, my mistresses," said the King, whose delight was in the execution of such chivalrous usages — "let Beauty honor Chivalry! Undo his spurs, Berengaria; Queen though thou be, thou owest him what marks of favor thou canst give. — Unlace his helmet, Edith — by this hand, thou shalt, wert thou the proudest Plantagenet of the line, and he the poorest knight on earth!"

Both ladies obeyed the royal commands, — Berengaria with bustling assiduity, as anxious to gratify her husband's humor, and Edith blushing and growing pale alternately, as slowly and awkwardly she undid, with Longsword's assistance, the fastenings which secured the helmet to the gorget.

"And what expect you from beneath this iron shell?" said Richard, as the removal of the casque gave to view the noble countenance of Sir Kenneth, his face glowing with recent exertion, and not less so with present emotion. "What think

ye of him, gallants and beauties?" said Richard. "Doth he resemble an Ethiopian slave, or doth he present the face of an obscure and nameless adventurer? No, by my good sword! — Here terminate his various disguises. He hath knelt down before you, unknown save by his worth — he arises, equally distinguished by birth and fortune. The adventurous knight, Kenneth, arises David, Earl of Huntingdon, Prince Royal of Scotland!"

There was a general exclamation of surprise, and Edith dropped from her hand the helmet which she had just received.

"Yes, my masters," said the King, "it is even so. Ye know how Scotland deceived us when she proposed to send this valiant Earl, with a bold company of her best and noblest, to aid our arms in this conquest of Palestine, but failed to comply with her engagements. This noble youth, under whom the Scottish Crusaders were to have been arrayed, thought foul scorn that his arm should be withheld from the holy warfare, and joined us at Sicily with a small train of devoted and faithful attendants, which was augmented by many of his countrymen to whom the rank of their leader was unknown. The confidants of the Royal Prince had all, saving one old follower, fallen by death, when his secret, but too well kept, had nearly occasioned my cutting off, in a Scottish adventurer, one of the noblest hopes of Europe. — Why did you not mention your rank, noble Huntingdon, when endangered by my hasty and passionate sentence? — Was it that you thought Richard capable of abusing the advantage I possessed over the heir of a King whom I have so often found hostile?"

"I did you not that injustice, royal Richard," answered the Earl of Huntingdon; "but my pride brooked not that I should avow myself Prince of Scotland in order to save my life, endangered for default of loyalty. And, moreover, I had made my vow to preserve my rank unknown till the Crusade should be accomplished; nor did I mention it save *in articulo mortis*, and under the seal of confession, to yonder reverend hermit."

"It was the knowledge of that secret, then, which made the good man so urgent with me to recall my severe sentence?" said Richard. "Well did he say that, had this good knight fallen by my mandate, I should have wished the deed undone though it had cost me a limb. A limb! — I should have wished it undone had it cost me my life — since the world would have said that Richard had abused the condition in

which the heir of Scotland had placed himself, by his confidence in his generosity."

"Yet may we know of your grace by what strange and happy chance this riddle was at length read?" said the Queen Berengaria.

"Letters were brought to us from England," said the King, "in which we learnt, among other unpleasant news, that the King of Scotland had seized upon three of our nobles, when on a pilgrimage to Saint Ninian, and alleged as a cause, that his heir, being supposed to be fighting in the ranks of the Teutonic Knights, against the heathen of Borussia, was, in fact, in our camp and in our power; and, therefore, William proposed to hold these nobles as hostages for his safety. This gave me the first light on the real rank of the Knight of the Leopard, and my suspicions were confirmed by De Vaux, who, on his return from Ascalon, brought back with him the Earl of Huntingdon's sole attendant, a thick-skulled slave, who had gone thirty miles to unfold to De Vaux a secret he should have told to me."

"Old Strauchan must be excused," said the Lord of Gilsland. "He knew from experience that my heart is somewhat softer than if I wrote myself Plantagenet."

"Thy heart soft? thou commodity of old iron — and Cumberland flint that thou art!" exclaimed the King. — "It is we Plantagenets who boast soft and feeling hearts, Edith," turning to his cousin, with an expression which called the blood into her cheek. — "Give me thy hand, my fair cousin, and, Prince of Scotland, thine."

"Forbear, my lord," said Edith, hanging back, and endeavoring to hide her confusion, under an attempt to rally her royal kinsman's credulity. "Remember you not that my hand was to be the signal of converting to the Christian faith the Saracen and Arab, Saladin and all his turbaned host?"

"Ay, but the wind of prophecy hath chopped about, and sits now in another corner," replied Richard.

"Mock not, lest your bonds be made strong," said the Hermit, stepping forward. "The heavenly host write nothing but truth in their brilliant records — it is man's eyes which are too weak to read their characters aright. Know that when Saladin and Kenneth of Scotland slept in my grotto, I read in the stars, that there rested under my roof a prince, the natural foe of Richard, with whom the fate of Edith Plantagenet was to be

united. Could I doubt that this must be the Soldan, whose rank was well known to me, as he often visited my cell to converse on the revolutions of the heavenly bodies? — Again, the lights of the firmament proclaimed that this Prince, the husband of Edith Plantagenet, should be a Christian; and I — weak and wild interpreter! — argued thence the conversion of the noble Saladin, whose good qualities seemed often to incline him toward the better faith. The sense of my weakness hath humbled me to the dust, but in the dust I have found comfort! I have not read aright the fate of others — who can assure me but that I may have miscalculated mine own? God will not have us break into his council house or spy out his hidden mysteries. We must wait his time with watching and prayer — with fear and with hope. I came hither the stern seer — the proud prophet — skilled, as I thought, to instruct princes, and gifted even with supernatural powers, but burdened with a weight which I deemed no shoulders but mine could have borne. But my bands have been broken! I go hence humble in mine ignorance, penitent — and not hopeless."

With these words he withdrew from the assembly; and it is recorded that, from that period, his frenzy fits seldom occurred, and his penances were of a milder character, and accompanied with better hopes of the future. So much is there of self-opinion, even in insanity, that the conviction of his having entertained and expressed an unfounded prediction with so much vehemence, seemed to operate like loss of blood on the human frame, to modify and lower the fever of the brain.

It is needless to follow into further particulars the conferences at the royal tent, or to inquire whether David, Earl of Huntingdon, was as mute in the presence of Edith Plantagenet, as when he was bound to act under the character of an obscure and nameless adventurer. It may be well believed that he there expressed, with suitable earnestness, the passion to which he had so often before found it difficult to give words.

The hour of noon now approached, and Saladin waited to receive the Princes of Christendom in a tent which, but for its large size, differed little from that of the ordinary shelter of the common Curdman, or Arab; yet, beneath its ample and sable covering, was prepared a banquet after the most gorgeous fashion of the East, extended upon carpets of the richest stuffs, with cushions laid for the guests. But we cannot stop to describe the cloth of gold and silver — the superb embroidery

in Arabesque — the shawls of Cashmere — and the muslins of India, which were here unfolded in all their splendor; far less to tell the different sweetmeats, ragouts edged with rice colored in various manners, with all the other niceties of Eastern cookery. Lambs roasted whole, and game and poultry dressed in pilaus, were piled in vessels of gold and silver, and porcelain, and intermixed with large mazers of sherbet cooled in snow and ice from the cavern of Mount Lebanon. A magnificent pile of cushions at the head of the banquet seemed prepared for the master of the feast and such dignitaries as he might call to share that place of distinction, while from the roof of the tent in all quarters, but over this seat of eminence in particular, waved many a banner and pennon, the trophies of battles won, and kingdoms overthrown. But amongst and above them all, a long lance displayed a shroud, the banner of Death, with this impressive inscription — "SALADIN, KING OF KINGS — SALADIN, VICTOR OF VICTORS — SALADIN MUST DIE." Amid these preparations, the slaves who had arranged the refreshments stood with drooped heads and folded arms, mute and motionless as monumental statuary, or as automata, which waited the touch of the artist to put them in motion.

Expecting the approach of his princely guests, the Soldan, imbued, as most were, with the superstitions of his time, paused over a horoscope and corresponding scroll, which had been sent to him by the Hermit of Engaddi when he departed from the camp.

"Strange and mysterious science," he muttered to himself, "which, pretending to draw the curtain of futurity, misleads those whom it seems to guide, and darkens the scene which it pretends to illuminate! Who would not have said that I was that enemy most dangerous to Richard, whose enmity was to be ended by marriage with his kinswoman? Yet it now appears that a union betwixt this gallant Earl and the lady will bring about friendship betwixt Richard and Scotland, an enemy more dangerous than I, as a wild cat in a chamber is more to be dreaded than a lion in a distant desert. — But then," he continued to mutter to himself, "the combination intimates that this husband was to be Christian. — Christian?" he repeated, after a pause, — "that gave the insane fanatic stargazer hopes that I might renounce my faith! but me, the faithful follower of our Prophet — me it should have undeceived. Lie there, mysterious scroll," he added, thrusting it under the pile of

cushions; "strange are thy bodements and fatal, since, even, when true in themselves, they work upon those who attempt to decipher their meaning all the effects of falsehood. — How now, what means this intrusion?"

He spoke to the dwarf Nectabanus, who rushed into the tent fearfully agitated, with each strange and disproportioned feature wrenched by horror into still more extravagant ugliness, — his mouth open, his eyes staring, his hands, with their shriveled and deformed fingers, widely expanded.

"What now?" said the Soldan, sternly.

"*Accipe hoc!*" groaned out the dwarf.

"Ha! say'st thou?" answered Saladin.

"*Accipe hoc!*" replied the panic-struck creature, unconscious, perhaps, that he repeated the same words as before.

"Hence! I am in no vein for foolery," said the Emperor.

"Nor am I further fool," said the dwarf, "than to make my folly help out my wits to earn my bread, poor helpless wretch! — Hear, hear me, great Soldan!"

"Nay, if thou hast actual wrong to complain of," said Saladin, "fool or wise, thou art entitled to the ear of a King. — Retire hither with me;" and he led him into the inner tent.

Whatever their conference related to, it was soon broken off by the fanfare of the trumpets, announcing the arrival of the various Christian princes, whom Saladin welcomed to his tent with a royal courtesy well becoming their rank and his own; but chiefly he saluted the young Earl of Huntingdon, and generously congratulated him upon prospects which seemed to have interfered with and overclouded those which he had himself entertained.

"But think not," said the Soldan, "thou noble youth, that the Prince of Scotland is more welcome to Saladin than was Kenneth to the solitary Ilderim when they met in the desert, or the distressed Ethiop to the Hakim Adonbec. A brave and generous disposition like thine hath a value independent of condition and birth, as the cool draught which I here proffer thee is as delicious from an earthen vessel as from a goblet of gold."

The Earl of Huntingdon made a suitable reply, gratefully acknowledging the various important services he had received from the generous Soldan; but when he had pledged Saladin in the bowl of sherbet, which the Soldan had proffered to him, he could not help remarking with a smile, "The brave cavalier,

Ilderim, knew not of the formation of ice, but the munificent Soldan cools his sherbet with snow."

"Wouldst thou have an Arab or a Curdman as wise as a Hakim?" said the Soldan. "He who does on a disguise must make the sentiments of his heart and the learning of his head accord with the dress which he assumes. I desired to see how a brave and single-hearted cavalier of Frangistan would conduct himself in debate with such a chief as I then seemed; and I questioned the truth of a well-known fact, to know by what arguments thou wouldst support thy assertion."

While they were speaking, the Archduke of Austria, who stood a little apart, was struck with the mention of iced sherbet, and took with pleasure and some bluntness the deep goblet, as the Earl of Huntingdon was about to replace it.

"Most delicious!" he exclaimed, after a deep draught, which the heat of the weather, and the feverishness following the debauch of the preceding day, had rendered doubly acceptable. He sighed as he handed the cup to the Grand Master of the Templars. Saladin made a sign to the dwarf, who advanced and pronounced, with a harsh voice, the words, *Accipe hoc!* The Templar started, like a steed who sees a lion under a bush, beside the pathway; yet instantly recovered, and to hide, perhaps, his confusion, raised the goblet to his lips — but those lips never touched that goblet's rim. The saber of Saladin left its sheath as lightning leaves the cloud. It was waved in the air, — and the head of the Grand Master rolled to the extremity of the tent, while the trunk remained for a second standing, with the goblet still clenched in its grasp, then fell, the liquor mingling with the blood that spurted from the veins.

There was a general exclamation of treason, and Austria, nearest to whom Saladin stood with the bloody saber in his hand, started back as if apprehensive that his turn was to come next. Richard and others laid hand on their swords.

"Fear nothing, noble Austria," said Saladin, as composedly as if nothing had happened, "nor you, royal England, be wroth at what you have seen. Not for his manifold treasons; — not for the attempt which, as may be vouched by his own squire, he instigated against King Richard's life; — not that he pursued the Prince of Scotland and myself in the desert, reducing us to save our lives by the speed of our horses; — not that he had stirred up the Maronites to attack us upon this very occasion, had I not brought up unexpectedly so many Arabs as rendered

the scheme abortive ; — not for any or all of these crimes does he now lie there, although each were deserving such a doom ; — but because, scarce half an hour ere he polluted our presence, as the simoom empoisons the atmosphere, he poniarded his comrade and accomplice, Conrade of Montserrat, lest he should confess the infamous plots in which they had both been engaged."

"How ! Conrade murdered ? — And by the Grand Master, his sponsor and most intimate friend ! " exclaimed Richard. "Noble Soldan, I would not doubt thee — yet this must be proved — otherwise ——"

"There stands the evidence," said Saladin, pointing to the terrified dwarf. "Allah, who sends the firefly to illuminate the night season, can discover secret crimes by the most contemptible means."

The Soldan proceeded to tell the dwarf's story, which amounted to this. — In his foolish curiosity, or, as he partly confessed, with some thoughts of pilfering, Nectabanus had strayed into the tent of Conrade, which had been deserted by his attendants, some of whom had left the encampment to carry the news of his defeat to his brother, and others were availing themselves of the means which Saladin had supplied for reveling. The wounded man slept under the influence of Saladin's wonderful talisman, so that the dwarf had opportunity to pry about at pleasure, until he was frightened into concealment by the sound of a heavy step. He skulked behind a curtain, yet could see the motions and hear the words of the Grand Master, who entered, and carefully secured the covering of the pavilion behind him. His victim started from sleep, and it would appear that he instantly suspected the purpose of his old associate, for it was in a tone of alarm that he demanded wherefore he disturbed him.

"I come to confess and absolve thee," answered the Grand Master.

Of their further speech the terrified dwarf remembered little, save that Conrade implored the Grand Master not to break a wounded reed, and that the Templar struck him to the heart with a Turkish dagger, with the words *Accipe hoc* — words which long afterward haunted the terrified imagination of the concealed witness.

"I verified the tale," said Saladin, "by causing the body to be examined ; and I made this unhappy being, whom Allah

hath made the discoverer of the crime, repeat in your own presence the words which the murderer spoke, and you yourselves saw the effect which they produced upon his conscience!"

The Soldan paused, and the King of England broke silence: —

"If this be true, as I doubt not, we have witnessed a great act of justice, though it bore a different aspect. But wherefore in this presence? wherefore with thine own hand?"

"I had designed otherwise," said Saladin; "but had I not hastened his doom, it had been altogether averted, since, if I had permitted him to taste of my cup, as he was about to do, how could I, without incurring the brand of inhospitality, have done him to death as he deserved? Had he murdered my father, and afterward partaken of my food and my bowl, not a hair of his head could have been injured by me. But enough of him — let his carcass and his memory be removed from amongst us."

The body was carried away, and the marks of the slaughter obliterated or concealed with such ready dexterity, as showed that the case was not altogether so uncommon as to paralyze the assistants and officers of Saladin's household.

But the Christian princes felt that the scene which they had beheld weighed heavily on their spirits, and although, at the courteous invitation of the Soldan, they assumed their seats at the banquet, yet it was with the silence of doubt and amazement. The spirits of Richard alone surmounted all cause for suspicion or embarrassment. Yet he, too, seemed to ruminate on some proposition, as if he were desirous of making it in the most insinuating and acceptable manner which was possible. At length he drank off a large bowl of wine, and addressing the Soldan, desired to know whether it was not true that he had honored the Earl of Huntingdon with a personal encounter.

Saladin answered with a smile, that he had proved his horse and his weapons with the heir of Scotland, as cavaliers are wont to do with each other when they meet in the desert — and modestly added, that though the combat was not entirely decisive, he had not, on his part, much reason to pride himself on the event. The Scot, on the other hand, disclaimed the attributed superiority, and wished to assign it to the Soldan.

"Enough of honor thou hast had in the encounter," said

Richard, "and I envy thee more for that, than for the smiles of Edith Plantagenet, though one of them might reward a bloody day's work. — But what say you, noble princes, — is it fitting that such a royal ring of chivalry should break up without something being done for future times to speak of? What is the overthrow and death of a traitor, to such a fair garland of honor as is here assembled, and which ought not to part without witnessing something more worthy of their regard? How say you, princely Soldan — what if we two should now, and before this fair company, decide the long-contended question for this land of Palestine, and end at once these tedious wars? Yonder are the lists ready, nor can Paynimrie ever hope a better champion than thou. I, unless worthier offers, will lay down my gauntlet in behalf of Christendom, and, in all love and honor, we will do mortal battle for the possession of Jerusalem."

There was a deep pause for the Soldan's answer. His cheek and brow colored highly, and it was the opinion of many present that he hesitated whether he should accept the challenge. At length he said, "Fighting for the Holy City against those whom we regard as idolaters, and worshipers of stocks and stones, and graven images, I might confide that Allah would strengthen my arm; or if I fell beneath the sword of the Melech Ric, I could not pass to Paradise by a more glorious death. But Allah has already given Jerusalem to the true believers, and it were a tempting the God of the Prophet to peril, upon my own personal strength and skill, that which I hold securely by the superiority of my forces."

"If not for Jerusalem, then," said Richard, in the tone of one who would entreat a favor of an intimate friend, "yet for the love of honor, let us run at least three courses with grinded lances."

"Even this," said Saladin, half smiling at Cœur de Lion's affectionate earnestness for the combat, "even this may I not lawfully do. The Master places the shepherd over the flock, not for the shepherd's own sake, but for the sake of the sheep. Had I a son to hold the scepter when I fell, I might have had the liberty, as I have the will, to brave this bold encounter; but your own Scripture sayeth, that when the herdsman is smitten, the sheep are scattered."

"Thou hast had all the fortune," said Richard, turning to the Earl of Huntingdon with a sigh. "I would have given

the best year of my life for that one half hour beside the Diamond of the Desert!"

The chivalrous extravagance of Richard awakened the spirits of the assembly, and when at length they arose to depart, Saladin advanced and took Cœur de Lion by the hand.

"Noble King of England," said he, "we now part, never to meet again. That your league is dissolved, no more to be reunited, and that your native forces are far too few to enable you to prosecute your enterprise, is as well known to me as to yourself. I may not yield you up that Jerusalem which you so much desire to hold. It is to us, as to you, a Holy City. But whatever other terms Richard demands of Saladin, shall be as willingly yielded as yonder fountain yields its waters. Ay, and the same shall be as frankly afforded by Saladin, if Richard stood in the desert with but two archers in his train!"

THE INGOLDSBY PENANCE.

A Legend of Palestine and — West Kent.

By RICHARD HARRIS BARHAM.

[Richard Harris Barham, English humorist and antiquary, was born December 6, 1788, at Canterbury; died June 17, 1845, at London. Of a good old family, with a jolly and literary father, he had a first-rate private education, finished at St. Paul's in London, and at Brasenose College, Oxford. Entering the church, he held livings in the district near Romney Marsh, with smuggling its chief trade and desperadoes its most noted denizens; he made rich literary capital out of it later. Finally he obtained livings in London, and became a member of a famous circle of wits, including Sydney Smith and Theodore Hook. In 1834 he began in *Bentley's Miscellany* the series of "Ingoldsby Legends," chiefly in verse, which still remain in unabated popularity, another series appearing in Colburn's *New Monthly Magazine* in 1843; they are largely burlesque developments of mediæval church legends or other stories, or local traditions.]

Fytte I.

Out and spake Sir Ingoldsby Bray,
A stalwart knight, I ween, was he,
"Come east, come west, Come lance in rest,
Come falchion in hand, I'll tickle the best
Of all the Soldan's Chivalrie!"

Oh! they came west, and they came east,
Twenty-four Emirs and Sheiks at the least,
And they hammered away At Sir Ingoldsby Bray,
Fall back, fall edge, cut, thrust, and point, —
But he topped off head, and he lopped off joint;
Twenty and three! Of high degree,
Lay stark and stiff on the crimsoned lea,
All — all save one — and he ran up a tree!
"Now count them, my squire, now count them and see!
Twenty and three! Twenty and three! —
All of them Nobles of high degree:
There they be lying on Ascalon lea!"

Out and spake Sir Ingoldsby Bray,
"What news? what news? come, tell to me!
What news? what news, thou little Foot Page? —
I've been whacking the foe, till it seems an age
Since I was in Ingoldsby Hall so free!
What news? what news from Ingoldsby Hall?
Come tell me now, thou Page so small!"

"Oh, Hawk and Hound Are safe and sound,
Beast in byre and Steed in stall;
And the Watchdog's bark, As soon as it's dark,
Bays wakeful guard around Ingoldsby Hall!" —

"I care not a pound For Hawk or for Hound,
For Steed in stall, or for Watchdog's bay:
Fain would I hear Of my dainty dear;
How fares Dame Alice, my Lady gay?" —
Sir Ingoldsby Bray, he said in his rage,
"What news? what news? thou naughty Foot Page!" —

That little Foot Page, full low crouched he,
And he doffed his cap, and he bended his knee,
"Now lithe and listen, Sir Bray, to me:
Lady Alice sits lonely in bower and hall,
Her sighs they rise, and her tears they fall:
She sits alone, And she makes her moan;
Dance and song She considers quite wrong;
Feast and revel Mere snares of the devil;
She mendeth her hose, and she crieth 'Alack!
When will Sir Ingoldsby Bray come back?'"

"Thou liest! thou liest, thou naughty Foot Page,
Full loud dost thou lie, false Page, to me!
There, in thy breast, 'Neath thy silken vest,
What scroll is that, false Page, I see?"

Sir Ingoldsby Bray in his rage drew near;
That little Foot Page he blenched with fear;

"Now where may the Prior of Abingdon lie?
King Richard's Confessor, I ween, is he,
And tidings rare To him do I bear,
And news of price from his rich Ab-bee!"

"Now nay, now nay, thou naughty Page!
No learned clerk, I trow, am I,
But well, I ween, May there be seen
Dame Alice's hand with half an eye;
Now nay, now nay, thou naughty Page,
From Abingdon Abbey comes not thy news;
Although no clerk, Well may I mark
The particular turn of her P's and her Q's!"

Sir Ingoldsby Bray, in his fury and rage,
By the back of the neck takes that little Foot Page;
The scroll he seizes, The Page he squeezes,
And buffets, — and pinches his nose till he sneezes;
Then he cuts with his dagger the silken threads
Which they used in those days, 'stead of little Queen's heads

When the contents of the scroll met his view,
Sir Ingoldsby Bray in a passion grew,
Backward he drew His nailed Shoe,
And he kicked that naughty Foot Page, that he flew
Like a cloth-yard shaft from a bended yew,
I may not say whither — I never knew.

"Now count the slain Upon Ascalon plain, —
Go count them, my Squire, go count them again!"
"Twenty and three! There they be,
Stiff and stark on that crimsoned lea! —
Twenty and three? — Stay — let me see!
Stretched in his gore There lieth one more!
By the Pope's triple crown there are twenty and *four!*
Twenty-four trunks, I ween, are there,
But their heads and their limbs are nobody knows where!

Ay, twenty-four corses, I rede, there be,
Though one got away and ran up a tree!"

"Look nigher, look nigher, My trusty Squire!"—
"One is the corse of a barefooted Friar!!"

Out and spake Sir Ingoldsby Bray,
"A boon, a boon, King Richard," quoth he,
"Now Heaven thee save, A boon I crave,
A boon, Sir King, on my bended knee;
A year and a day Have I been away,
King Richard, from Ingoldsby Hall so free;
Dame Alice, she sits there in lonely guise,
And she makes her moan, and she sobs and she sighs,
And tears like raindrops fall from her eyes,
And she darneth her hose, and she crieth 'Alack!
Oh! when will Sir Ingoldsby Bray come back?'
A boon, a boon, my Liege," quoth he,
"Fair Ingoldsby Hall I fain would see!"

"Rise up, rise up, Sir Ingoldsby Bray,"
King Richard said right graciously,
"Of all in my host That I love the most,
I love none better, Sir Bray, than thee!
Rise up, rise up, thou hast thy boon;
But—mind you make haste, and come back again soon!"

Fytte II.

Pope Gregory sits in St. Peter's chair,
Pontiff proud, I ween, is he,
And a belted Knight, In armor dight,
Is begging a boon on his bended knee,
With signs of grief and sounds of woe
Featly he kisseth his Holiness' toe.

"Now pardon, Holy Father, I crave,
O Holy Father, pardon and grace!
In my fury and rage A little Foot Page
I have left, I fear me, in evil case:
A scroll of shame From a faithless dame
Did that naughty Foot Page to a paramour bear:
I gave him a 'lick' With a stick, And a kick,
That sent him—I can't tell your Holiness where!
Had he as many necks as hairs,
He had broken them all down those perilous stairs!"

"Rise up, rise up, Sir Ingoldsby Bray,
Rise up, rise up, I say to thee;
A soldier, I trow, Of the Cross art thou;
Rise up, rise up from thy bended knee!
Ill it beseems that a soldier true
Of holy Church should vainly sue:—
Foot Pages, they are by no means rare,
A thriftless crew, I ween, be they,
Well mote we spare A Page — or a pair,
For the matter of that — Sir Ingoldsby Bray.
But stout and true Soldiers, like you,
Grow scarcer and scarcer every day!
Be prayers for the dead Duly read,
Let a mass be sung, and a *pater* be said;
So may your qualms of conscience cease,
And the little Foot Page shall rest in peace!"

"Now pardon, Holy Father, I crave,
O Holy Father, pardon and grace!
Dame Alice, my wife, The bane of my life,
I have left, I fear me, in evil case!
A scroll of shame in my rage I tore,
Which that caitiff Page to a paramour bore;
'Twere bootless to tell how I stormed and swore;
Alack! alack! too surely I knew
The turn of each P, and the tail of each Q,
And away to Ingoldsby Hall I flew!
Dame Alice I found, — She sank on the ground, —
I twisted her neck till I twisted it round!
With gibe and jeer, and mock, and scoff,
I twisted it on — till I twisted it off! —
All the King's Doctors and all the King's Men
Can't put fair Alice's head on agen!"

"Welladay! welladay! Sir Ingoldsby Bray
Why really I hardly know what to say: —
Foul sin, I trow, a fair Ladye to slay,
Because she's perhaps been a little too gay. —
Monk must chant and Nun must pray
For each mass they sing, and each prayer they say,
For a year, and a day, Sir Ingoldsby Bray
A fair rose-noble must duly pay!
So may his qualms of conscience cease,
And the soul of Dame Alice may rest in peace!"

"Now pardon, Holy Father, I crave,
O Holy Father, pardon and grace!
No power could save That paramour knave;
I left him, I wot, in evil case!
There, 'midst the slain Upon Ascalon plain,
Unburied, I trow, doth his body remain,
His legs lie here, and his arms lie there,
And his head lies — I can't tell your Holiness where!"

"Now out and alas! Sir Ingoldsby Bray,
Foul sin it were, thou doughty Knight,
To hack and to hew A champion true
Of Holy Church in such pitiful plight!
Foul sin her warriors so to slay,
When they're scarcer and scarcer every day! —
A chantry fair, And of Monks a pair,
To pray for his soul forever and aye,
Thou must duly endow, Sir Ingoldsby Bray,
And fourteen marks by the year must thou pay
For plenty of lights To burn there o' nights —
None of your rascally '*dips*' — but sound,
Round, tenpenny molds of four to the pound! —
And a shirt of the roughest and coarsest hair
For a year and a day, Sir Ingoldsby, wear!
So may your qualms of conscience cease,
And the soul of the Soldier shall rest in peace!"

"Now nay, Holy Father, now nay, now nay!
Less penance may serve!" quoth Sir Ingoldsby Bray,
"No champion free of the Cross was he;
No belted Baron of high degree;
No Knight nor Squire Did there expire;
He was, I trow, but a barefooted Friar!
And the Abbot of Abingdon long may wait
With his monks around him, and early and late
May look from loophole, and turret, and gate —
He hath lost his Prior — his Prior his pate!"

"Now Thunder and turf!" Pope Gregory said,
And his hair raised his triple crown right off his head —
"Now Thunder and turf! and out and alas!
A horrible thing has come to pass!
What! — cut off the head of a reverend Prior,
And say he was '*only* (!!!) a barefooted Friar!' —

'What Baron or Squire, Or Knight of the shire
Is half so good as a holy Friar?'
O turpissime! Vir nequissime!
Sceleratissime! — quissime! — issime!
Never, I trow, have the *Servi servorum*
Had before 'em Such a breach of decorum,
Such a gross violation of *morum bonorum*,
And won't have again *sæcula sæculorum!* —
Come hither to me, My Cardinals three,
My Bishops in *partibus*, Masters in *Artibus*,
Hither to me, A.B. and D.D.
Doctors and Proctors of every degree.
Go fetch me a book! — go fetch me a bell
As big as a dustman's! — and a candle as well —
I'll send him — *where* good manners won't let me tell!" —

"Pardon and grace! — now pardon and grace!" —
Sir Ingoldsby Bray fell flat on his face —
"*Meâ culpâ!* — in sooth I'm in pitiful case.
Peccavi! Peccavi! — I've done very wrong!
But my heart it is stout, and my arm it is strong,
And I'll fight for Holy Church all the day long;
And the Ingoldsby lands are broad and fair,
And they're here, and they're there, and I can't tell you where,
And Holy Church shall come in for her share!"

Pope Gregory paused, and he sat himself down,
And he somewhat relaxed his terrible frown,
And his Cardinals three they picked up his crown.

"Now, if it be so that you own you've been wrong,
And your heart is so stout, and your arm is so strong,
And you really will fight like a trump all day long;
If the Ingoldsby lands do lie here and there,
And Holy Church shall come in for her share, —
Why, my Cardinals three,
You'll agree With me
That it gives a new turn to the whole affair,
And I think that the Penitent need not despair! —
If it be so, as you seem to say,
Rise up, rise up, Sir Ingoldsby Bray!

"An Abbey so fair Sir Bray shall found,
Whose innermost wall's encircling bound
Shall take in a couple of acres of ground;
And there in that Abbey all the year round,

A full choir of monks, and a full choir of nuns,
Shall live upon cabbage and hot-cross buns.
And Sir Ingoldsby Bray, Without delay,
Shall hie him again To Ascalon plain,
And gather the bones of the foully slain:
And shall place said bones, with all possible care,
In an elegant shrine in his Abbey so fair;
And plenty of lights Shall be there o' nights;
None of your rascally '*dips*,' but sound,
Best superfine wax wicks, four to the pound;
And Monk and Nun Shall pray, each one,
For the soul of the Prior of Abingdon!
And Sir Ingoldsby Bray so bold, and so brave,
Never shall wash himself, comb, or shave,
Nor adorn his body, Nor drink gin toddy,
Nor indulge in a pipe, — But shall dine upon tripe,
And blackberries gathered before they are ripe,
And forever abhor, renounce, and abjure
Rum, hollands, and brandy, wine, punch, and *liqueur:*
(Sir Ingoldsby Bray Here gave way
To a feeling which prompted a word profane,
But he swallowed it down, by an effort, again,
And his Holiness luckily fancied his gulp a
Mere repetition of *O, meâ culpâ!*)

"Thrice three times upon Candlemas Day,
Between Vespers and Compline, Sir Ingoldsby Bray
Shall run round the Abbey, as best he may,
Subjecting his back To thump and to thwack,
Well and truly laid on by a barefooted Friar,
With a stout cat o' nine tails of whipcord and wire;
And nor he, nor his heir Shall take, use, or bear
Any more, from this day, The surname of Bray,
As being dishonored; but all issue male he has,
Shall, with himself, go henceforth by an *alias!*
So his qualms of conscience at length may cease,
And Page, Dame, and Prior shall rest in peace!"

Sir Ingoldsby (now no longer Bray)
Is off like a shot away and away,
Over the brine To far Palestine,
To rummage and hunt over Ascalon plain
For the unburied bones of his victim slain.
"Look out, my squire, Look higher and nigher,
Look out for the corpse of a barefooted Friar!

And pick up the arms, and the legs, of the dead,
And pick up his body, and pick up his head!"

Fytte III.

Ingoldsby Abbey is fair to see,
It hath manors a dozen, and royalties three,
With right of free warren (whatever that be);
Rich pastures in front, and green woods in the rear,
All in full leaf at the right time of year;
About Christmas, or so, they fall into the sear,
And the prospect, of course, becomes rather more drear;
But it's really delightful in springtime, — and near
The great gate Father Thames rolls sun-bright and clear;
Cobham woods to the right, — on the opposite shore
Laindon Hills in the distance, ten miles off or more;
Then you've Milton and Gravesend behind, — and before
You can see almost all the way down to the Nore.
So charming a spot It's rarely one's lot
To see, and when seen it's as rarely forgot.

Yes, Ingoldsby Abbey is fair to see,
And its Monks and its Nuns are fifty and three,
And there they all stand each in their degree,
Drawn up in the front of their sacred abode,
Two by two in their regular mode,
While a funeral comes down the Rochester road.

Palmers twelve, from a foreign strand,
Cockle in hat, and staff in hand,
Come marching in pairs, a holy band!
Little boys twelve, dressed all in white,
Each with his brazen censer bright,
And singing away with all their might,
Follow the Palmers — a goodly sight;
Next high in air Twelve Yeomen bear
On their sturdy necks, with a good deal of care,
A patent sarcophagus firmly reared
Of Spanish mahogany (not veneered),
And behind walks a Knight with a very long beard.
Close by his side Is a Friar, supplied
With a stout cat o' nine tails of tough cowhide,
While all sorts of queer men Bring up the rear — Men-at-arms, Nigger captives, and Bowmen, and Spearmen.

It boots not to tell What you'll guess very well,
How some sang the *requiem*, some tolled the bell;
Suffice it to say, 'Twas on Candlemas Day
The procession I speak about reached the *Sacellum;*
And in lieu of a supper The Knight on his crupper
Received the first taste of the Father's *flagellum;*
That, as chronicles tell He continued to dwell
All the rest of his days in the Abbey he'd founded,
By the pious of both sexes ever surrounded,
And, partaking the fare of the Monks and the Nuns,
Ate the cabbage alone, without touching the buns;—
That year after year, having run round the *Quad*
With his back, as enjoined him, exposed to the rod,
Having not only kissed it, but blessed it, and thanked it, he
Died, as all thought, in the odor of sanctity,
When,—strange to relate!—and you'll hardly believe
What I'm going to tell you,—next Candlemas Eve
The Monks and the Nuns in the dead of the night
Tumble, all of them, out of their beds in affright,
Alarmed by the bawls, And the calls, and the squalls
Of some one who seemed running all round the walls!

Looking out, soon, By the light of the moon,
There appears most distinctly to every one's view,
And making, as seems to them, all this ado,
The form of a Knight with a beard like a Jew,
As black as if steeped in that "Matchless!" of Hunt's,
And so bushy, it would not disgrace Mr. Muntz;
A barefooted Friar stands behind him, and shakes
A *flagellum*, whose lashes appear to be snakes;
While, more terrible still, the astounded beholders
Perceive the said Friar has NO HEAD ON HIS SHOULDERS,
But is holding his pate In his left hand, out straight,
As if by a closer inspection to find
Where to get the best cut at his victim behind,
With the aid of a small "bull's-eye lantern,"—as placed
By our own New Police,—in a belt round his waist.
All gaze with surprise, Scarce believing their eyes,
When the Knight makes a start like a race horse, and flies
From his headless tormentor, repeating his cries,—
In vain,—for the Friar to his skirts closely sticks,
"Running after him,"—so said the Abbot,—"like Bricks!"

Thrice three times did the Phantom Knight
Course round the Abbey as best he might,
Be-thwacked and be-smacked by the headless Sprite,

While his shrieks so piercing made all hearts thrill, —
Then a whoop and a halloo, — and all was still!

Ingoldsby Abbey has passed away,
And at this time of day, One can hardly survey
Any traces or track, save a few ruins, gray
With age, and fast moldering into decay,
Of the structure once built by Sir Ingoldsby Bray;
But still there are many folks living who say
That on every Candlemas Eve, the Knight,
Accoutered and dight In his armor bright,
With his thick black beard, — and the clerical Sprite,
With his head in his hand, and his lantern alight,
Run round the spot where the old Abbey stood,
And are seen in the neighboring glebe land and wood;
More especially still, if it's stormy and windy,
You may hear them for miles kicking up their wild shindy;
And that once in a gale Of wind, sleet, and hail,
They frightened the horses, and upset the mail.

What 'tis breaks the rest Of these souls unblest
Would now be a thing rather hard to be guessed,
Though some say the Squire, on his deathbed, confessed
That on Ascalon plain, When the bones of the slain
Were collected that day, and packed up in a chest
Calked and made water-tight,
By command of the Knight,
Though the legs and the arms they'd got all pretty right,
And the body itself in a decentish plight,
Yet the Friar's *Pericranium* was nowhere in sight;
So, to save themselves trouble, they picked up instead,
And popped on the shoulders a Saracen's Head!
Thus the Knight in the terms of his penance had failed
And the Pope's absolution, of course, naught availed.

Now though this might be, It don't seem to agree
With one thing which, I own, is a poser to me, —
I mean, as the miracles wrought at the shrine
Containing the bones brought from far Palestine
Were so great and notorious, 'tis hard to combine
This *fact* with the reason these people assign,
Or suppose that the head of the murdered Divine
Could be aught but what Yankees would call "Genu-*ine.*"
'Tis a very nice question — but be't as it may,
The Ghost of Sir Ingoldsby (*ci-devant* Bray),

It is boldly affirmed, by the folks great and small
About Milton, and Chalk, and around Cobham Hall,
Still on Candlemas Day haunts the old ruined wall,
And that many have seen him, and more heard him squall.
So, I think, when the facts of the case you recall,
My inference, reader, you'll fairly forestall,
Viz.: that, spite of the hope Held out by the Pope,
Sir Ingoldsby Bray was d——d after all!

MORAL.

Foot Pages, and Servants of every degree,
In livery or out of it, listen to me!
See what comes of lying! don't join in a league
To humbug your master, or aid an intrigue!

Ladies! — married and single, from this understand
How foolish it is to send letters by hand!
Don't stand for the sake of a penny, — but when you
've a *billet* to send To a lover or friend,
Put it into the post, and don't cheat the revenue!

Reverend gentlemen! — you who are given to roam,
Don't keep up a soft correspondence at home!
But while you're abroad lead respectable lives;
Love your neighbors, and welcome, — but don't love their wives,
And, as bricklayers cry from the tiles and the leads
When they're shoveling the snow off, "TAKE CARE OF YOUR HEADS!"

Knights! — whose hearts are so stout, and whose arms are so strong,
Learn, — to twist a wife's neck is decidedly wrong!
If your servants offend you, or give themselves airs,
Rebuke them — but mildly — don't kick them downstairs!
To "Poor Richard's" homely old proverb attend,
"If you want matters well managed, *Go!* — if not, *Send!*"
A servant's too often a negligent elf; —
If it's business of consequence, DO IT YOURSELF!

The state of society seldom requires
People now to bring home with them unburied Friars,
But they sometimes *do* bring home an inmate for life;
Now — don't do that by proxy! — but choose your own wife!
For think how annoying 'twould be, when you're wed,
To find in your bed, On the pillow, instead
Of the sweet face you look for — A SARACEN'S HEAD!

THE TOURNAMENT.

By Sir WALTER SCOTT.

(From "Ivanhoe." For biographical sketch, see page 1482.)

[The Disinherited Knight is the hero, Wilfred of Ivanhoe, fighting in disguise after his secret return from the Crusade. Cedric is the father of Lady Rowena.]

King Richard was absent a prisoner, and in the power of the perfidious and cruel Duke of Austria. Even the very place of his captivity was uncertain, and his fate but very imperfectly known to the generality of his subjects, who were, in the mean time, a prey to every species of subaltern oppression.

Prince John, in league with Philip of France, Cœur-de-Lion's mortal enemy, was using every species of influence with the Duke of Austria, to prolong the captivity of his brother Richard, to whom he stood indebted for so many favors. In the mean time, he was strengthening his own faction in the kingdom, of which he proposed to dispute the succession, in case of the King's death, with the legitimate heir, Arthur Duke of Brittany, son of Geoffrey Plantagenet, the elder brother of John. This usurpation, it is well known, he afterward effected. His own character being light, profligate, and perfidious, John easily attached to his person and faction, not only all who had reason to dread the resentment of Richard for criminal proceedings, during his absence, but also the numerous class of "lawless resolutes," whom the crusades had turned back on their country, accomplished in the vices of the East, impoverished in substance, and hardened in character, and who placed their hopes of harvest in civil commotion.

To these causes of public distress and apprehension must be added the multitude of outlaws, who, driven to despair by the oppression of the feudal nobility, and the severe exercise of the forest laws, banded together in large gangs, and, keeping possession of the forests and the wastes, set at defiance the justice and magistracy of the country. The nobles themselves, each fortified within his own castle, and playing the petty sovereign over his own dominions, were the leaders of bands scarce less lawless and oppressive than those of the avowed depredators. To maintain these retainers, and to support the extravagance

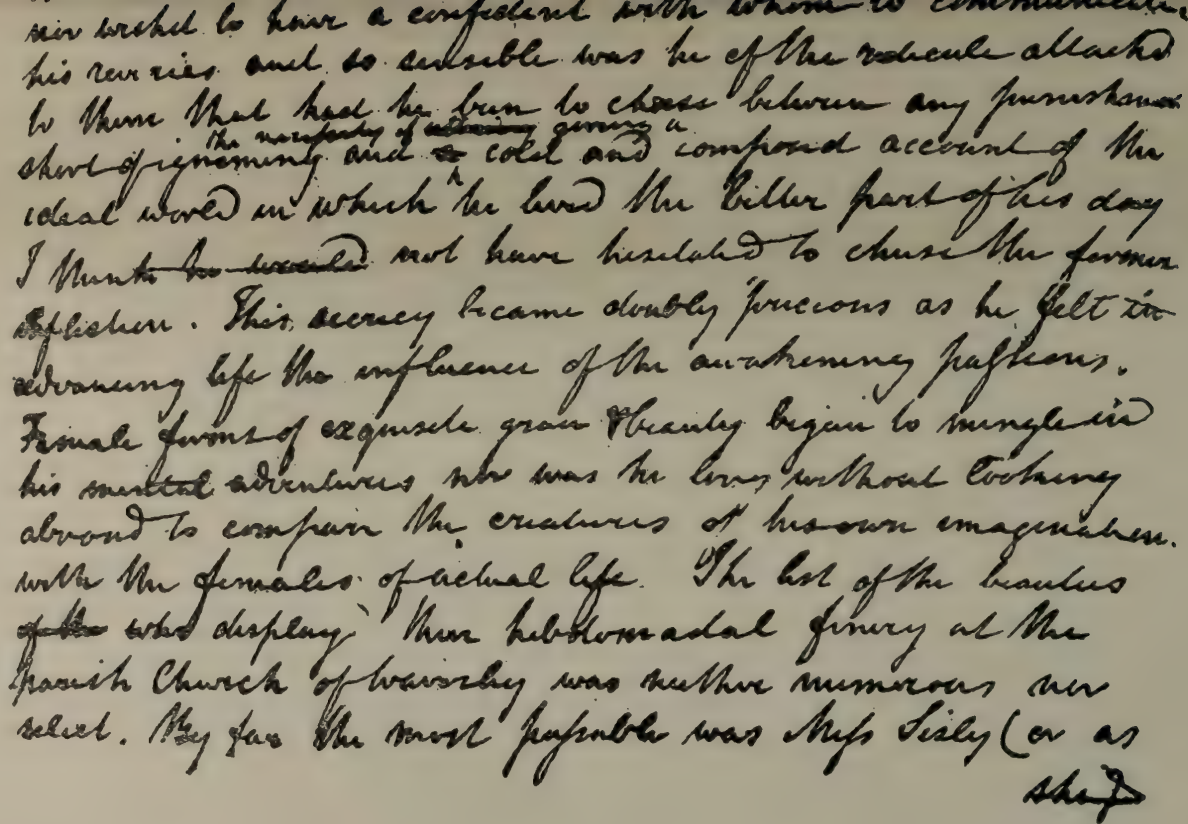
Sir Walter Scott.

Page of MSS. for "Waverley," commencing at Chapter V. Written at Abbotsford about 1825.

Chapter V.

Choice of a profession.

From the minuteness with which I have traced Waverley's pursuits and the bias which they unavoidably communicated to his imagination, the reader may perhaps anticipate in the following tale an imitation of the ~~immitable~~ romance of Cervantes. But he will do my prudence injustice in the supposition. My intention is not to follow the steps of that inimitable author in describing ~~those~~ total perversions of intellect which misconstrues the objects actually presented to the senses but that more common aberration from sound judgement which apprehends indeed occurrences in their reality but communicates to them a tincture of its own romantic tone and ~~feeling~~ colouring. So far was Edward Waverley from expecting general sympathy with his own feelings or concluding that the present state of things was calculated to exhibit the reality of those visions in which he loved to indulge that he dreaded nothing more than the detection of ~~his~~ as ~~were~~ by ~~of~~ ~~mankind~~ ~~the~~ ~~neither had~~



SIR WALTER SCOTT, 1825

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and magnificence which their pride induced them to affect, the nobility borrowed sums of money from the Jews at the most usurious interest, which gnawed into their estates like consuming cankers, scarce to be cured unless when circumstances gave them an opportunity of getting free by exercising upon their creditors some act of unprincipled violence.

Under the various burdens imposed by this unhappy state of affairs, the people of England suffered deeply for the present, and had yet more dreadful cause to fear for the future. To augment their misery, a contagious disorder of a dangerous nature spread through the land; and, rendered more virulent by the uncleanness, the indifferent food, and the wretched lodging of the lower classes, swept off many whose fate the survivors were tempted to envy, as exempting them from the evils which were to come.

Yet amidst these accumulated distresses, the poor as well as the rich, the vulgar as well as the noble, in the event of a tournament, which was the grand spectacle of that age, felt as much interested as the half-starved citizen of Madrid, who has not a real left to buy provisions for his family, feels in the issue of a bullfight. Neither duty nor infirmity could keep youth or age from such exhibitions. The Passage of Arms, as it was called, which was to take place at Ashby, in the county of Leicester, as champions of the first renown were to take the field in the presence of Prince John himself, who was expected to grace the lists, had attracted universal attention, and an immense confluence of persons of all ranks hastened upon the appointed morning to the place of combat.

The scene was singularly romantic. On the verge of a wood, which approached to within a mile of the town of Ashby, was an extensive meadow, of the finest and most beautiful green turf, surrounded on one side by the forest, and fringed on the other by straggling oak trees, some of which had grown to an immense size. The ground, as if fashioned on purpose for the martial display which was intended, sloped gradually down on all sides to a level bottom, which was inclosed for the lists with strong palisades, forming a space of a quarter of a mile in length, and about half as broad. The form of the inclosure was an oblong square, save that the corners were considerably rounded off, in order to afford more convenience to the spectators. The openings for the entry of the combatants were at the northern and southern extremities of the lists,

accessible by strong wooden gates, each wide enough to admit two horsemen riding abreast. At each of these portals were stationed two heralds, attended by six trumpets, as many pursuivants, and a strong body of men at arms for maintaining order, and ascertaining the quality of the knights who proposed to engage in this martial game.

On a platform beyond the southern entrance, formed by a natural elevation of the ground, were pitched five magnificent pavilions, adorned with pennons of russet and black, the chosen colors of the five knights challengers. The cords of the tents were of the same color. Before each pavilion was suspended the shield of the knight by whom it was occupied, and beside it stood his squire, quaintly disguised as a salvage or sylvan man, or in some other fantastic dress, according to the taste of his master, and the character he was pleased to assume during the game. The central pavilion, as the place of honor, had been assigned to Brian de Bois-Gilbert, whose renown in all games of chivalry, no less than his connection with the knights who had undertaken this Passage of Arms, had occasioned him to be eagerly received into the company of the challengers, and even adopted as their chief and leader, though he had so recently joined them. On one side of his tent were pitched those of Reginald Front-de-Bœuf and Richard de Malvoisin, and on the other was the pavilion of Hugh de Grantmesnil, a noble baron in the vicinity, whose ancestor had been Lord High Steward of England in the time of the Conqueror, and his son William Rufus. Ralph de Vipont, a knight of St. John of Jerusalem, who had some ancient possessions at a place called Heather, near Ashby-de-la-Zouche, occupied the fifth pavilion. From the entrance into the lists, a gentle sloping passage, ten yards in breadth, led up to the platform on which the tents were pitched. It was strongly secured by a palisade on each side, as was the esplanade in front of the pavilions, and the whole was guarded by men at arms.

The northern access to the lists terminated in a similar entrance of thirty feet in breadth, at the extremity of which was a large inclosed space for such knights as might be disposed to enter the list with the challengers, behind which were placed tents containing refreshments of every kind for their accommodation, with armorers, farriers, and other attendants, in readiness to give their services wherever they might be necessary.



THE KNIGHT AT THE HERITAGE

From an etching by Ad. Lalauze. By permission of Dana Estes & Co.

The exterior of the lists was in part occupied by temporary galleries, spread with tapestry and carpets, and accommodated with cushions for the convenience of those ladies and nobles who were expected to attend the tournament. A narrow space, betwixt these galleries and the lists, gave accommodation for yeomanry and spectators of a better degree than the mere vulgar, and might be compared to the pit of a theater. The promiscuous multitude arranged themselves upon large banks of turf prepared for the purpose, which, aided by the natural elevation of the ground, enabled them to overlook the galleries, and obtain a fair view into the lists. Besides the accommodation which these stations afforded, many hundreds had perched themselves on the branches of the trees which surrounded the meadow; and even the steeple of a country church, at some distance, was crowded with spectators.

It only remains to notice respecting the general arrangement, that one gallery in the very center of the eastern side of the lists, and consequently exactly opposite to the spot where the shock of the combat was to take place, was raised higher than the others, more richly decorated, and graced by a sort of throne and canopy, on which the royal arms were emblazoned. Squires, pages, and yeomen in rich liveries waited around this place of honor, which was designed for Prince John and his attendants. Opposite to this royal gallery was another, elevated to the same height, on the western side of the lists; and more gayly if less sumptuously decorated than that destined for the Prince himself. A train of pages and of young maidens, the most beautiful who could be selected, gayly dressed in fancy habits of green and pink, surrounded a throne decorated in the same colors. Among pennons and flags bearing wounded hearts, burning hearts, bleeding hearts, bows and quivers, and all the commonplace emblems of the triumphs of Cupid, a blazoned inscription informed the spectators, that this seat of honor was designed for *La Royne de la Beaulté et des Amours*. But who was to represent the Queen of Beauty and of Love on the present occasion no one was prepared to guess.

Meanwhile, spectators of every description thronged forward to occupy their respective stations, and not without many quarrels concerning those which they were entitled to hold. Some of these were settled by the men at arms with brief ceremony, the shafts of their battle-axes and pommels of their swords being readily employed as arguments to convince the more

refractory. Others, which involved the rival claims of more elevated persons, were determined by the heralds, or by the two marshals of the field, William de Wyvil and Stephen de Martival, who, armed at all points, rode up and down the lists to enforce and preserve good order among the spectators.

Gradually the galleries became filled with knights and nobles, in their robes of peace, whose long and rich-tinted mantles were contrasted with the gayer and more splendid habits of the ladies, who, in a greater proportion than even the men themselves, thronged to witness a sport which one would have thought too bloody and dangerous to afford their sex much pleasure. The lower and interior space was soon filled by substantial yeomen and burghers, and such of the lesser gentry as from modesty, poverty, or dubious title durst not assume any higher place. It was of course amongst these that the most frequent disputes for precedence occurred.

"Dog of an unbeliever," said an old man, whose threadbare tunic bore witness to his poverty, as his sword, and dagger, and golden chain intimated his pretensions to rank — "whelp of a she-wolf! darest thou press upon a Christian, and a Norman gentleman of the blood of Montdidier?"

This rough expostulation was addressed to no other than our acquaintance Isaac, who, richly and even magnificently dressed in a gaberdine ornamented with lace and lined with fur, was endeavoring to make place in the foremost row beneath the gallery for his daughter, the beautiful Rebecca, who had joined him at Ashby, and who was now hanging on her father's arm, not a little terrified by the popular displeasure which seemed generally excited by her father's presumption. But Isaac, though we have seen him sufficiently timid on other occasions, knew well that at present he had nothing to fear. It was not in places of general resort, or where their equals were assembled, that any avaricious or malevolent noble durst offer him injury. At such meetings the Jews were under the protection of the general law; and if that proved a weak assurance, it usually happened that there were among the persons assembled some barons who, for their own interested motives, were ready to act as their protectors. On the present occasion, Isaac felt more than usually confident, being aware that Prince John was even then in the very act of negotiating a large loan from the Jews of York, to be secured upon certain jewels and lands. Isaac's own share in this transaction was

considerable, and he well knew that the Prince's eager desire to bring it to a conclusion would insure him his protection in the dilemma in which he stood.

Emboldened by these considerations, the Jew pursued his point, and jostled the Norman Christian, without respect either to his descent, quality, or religion. The complaints of the old man, however, excited the indignation of the bystanders. One of these, a stout, well-set yeoman, arrayed in Lincoln green, having twelve arrows stuck in his belt, with a baldric and badge of silver, and a bow of six feet length in his hand, turned short round, and while his countenance, which his constant exposure to weather had rendered brown as a hazelnut, grew darker with anger, he advised the Jew to remember that all the wealth he had acquired by sucking the blood of his miserable victims had but swelled him like a bloated spider, which might be overlooked while it kept in a corner, but would be crushed if it ventured into the light. This intimation, delivered in Norman-English with a firm voice and a stern aspect, made the Jew shrink back; and he would have probably withdrawn himself altogether from a vicinity so dangerous, had not the attention of every one been called to the sudden entrance of Prince John, who at that moment entered the lists, attended by a numerous and gay train, consisting partly of laymen, partly of churchmen, as light in their dress and as gay in their demeanor as their companions. Among the latter was the Prior of Jorvaulx, in the most gallant trim which a dignitary of the church could venture to exhibit. Fur and gold were not spared in his garments; and the points of his boots, out-Heroding the preposterous fashion of the time, turned up so very far, as to be attached, not to his knees merely, but to his very girdle, and effectually prevented him from putting his foot into the stirrup. This, however, was a slight inconvenience to the gallant Abbot, who, perhaps, even rejoicing in the opportunity to display his accomplished horsemanship before so many spectators, especially of the fair sex, dispensed with these supports to a timid rider. The rest of Prince John's retinue consisted of the favorite leaders of his mercenary troops, some marauding barons and profligate attendants upon the court, with several Knights Templars and Knights of St. John.

It may be here remarked that the knights of these two orders were accounted hostile to King Richard, having adopted the side of Philip of France in the long train of disputes which

took place in Palestine betwixt that Monarch and the lion-hearted King of England. It was the well-known consequence of this discord that Richard's repeated victories had been rendered fruitless, his romantic attempts to besiege Jerusalem disappointed, and the fruit of all the glory which he had acquired had dwindled into an uncertain truce with the Sultan Saladin. With the same policy which had dictated the conduct of their brethren in the Holy Land, the Templars and Hospitalers in England and Normandy attached themselves to the faction of Prince John, having little reason to desire the return of Richard to England, or the succession of Arthur, his legitimate heir. For the opposite reason, Prince John hated and contemned the few Saxon families of consequence which subsisted in England, and omitted no opportunity of mortifying and affronting them; being conscious that his person and pretensions were disliked by them, as well as by the greater part of the English commons, who feared farther innovation upon their rights and liberties from a sovereign of John's licentious and tyrannical disposition.

Attended by this gallant equipage, himself well mounted, and splendidly dressed in crimson and in gold, bearing upon his hand a falcon, and having his head covered by a rich fur bonnet, adorned with a circle of precious stones, from which his long curled hair escaped and overspread his shoulders, Prince John, upon a gray and high-mettled palfrey, caracoled within the lists at the head of his jovial party, laughing loud with his train, and eying with all the boldness of royal criticism the beauties who adorned the lofty galleries.

Those who remarked in the physiognomy of the Prince a dissolute audacity, mingled with extreme haughtiness and indifference to the feelings of others, could not yet deny to his countenance that sort of comeliness which belongs to an open set of features, well formed by nature, modeled by art to the usual rules of courtesy, yet so far frank and honest that they seemed as if they disclaimed to conceal the natural workings of the soul. Such an expression is often mistaken for manly frankness, when in truth it arises from the reckless indifference of a libertine disposition, conscious of superiority of birth, of wealth, or of some other adventitious advantage totally unconnected with personal merit. To those who did not think so deeply, and they were the greater number by a hundred to one, the splendor of Prince John's *rheno* (*i.e.* fur tippet), the rich-

ness of his cloak, lined with the most costly sables, his maroquin boots and golden spurs, together with the grace with which he managed his palfrey, were sufficient to merit clamorous applause.

In his joyous caracole round the lists, the attention of the Prince was called by the commotion, not yet subsided, which had attended the ambitious movement of Isaac toward the higher place of the assembly. The quick eye of Prince John instantly recognized the Jew, but was much more agreeably attracted by the beautiful daughter of Zion, who, terrified by the tumult, clung close to the arm of her aged father.

The figure of Rebecca might indeed have compared with the proudest beauties of England, even though it had been judged by as shrewd a connoisseur as Prince John. Her form was exquisitely symmetrical, and was shown to advantage by a sort of Eastern dress, which she wore according to the fashion of the females of her nation. Her turban of yellow silk suited well with the darkness of her complexion. The brilliancy of her eyes, the superb arch of her eyebrows, her well-formed aquiline nose, her teeth as white as pearl, and the profusion of her sable tresses, which, each arranged in its own little spiral of twisted curls, fell down upon as much of a lovely neck and bosom as a simarre of the richest Persian silk, exhibiting flowers in their natural colors embossed upon a purple ground, permitted to be visible — all these constituted a combination of loveliness, which yielded not to the most beautiful of the maidens who surrounded her. It is true, that of the golden and pearl-studded clasps, which closed her vest from her throat to the waist, the three uppermost were left unfastened on account of the heat, which something enlarged the prospect to which we allude. A diamond necklace, with pendants of inestimable value, were by this means also made more conspicuous. The feather of an ostrich fastened in her turban by an agriffe set with brilliants was another distinction of the beautiful Jewess, scoffed and sneered at by the proud dames who sat above her, but secretly envied by those who affected to deride them.

"By the bald scalp of Abraham," said Prince John, "yonder Jewess must be the very model of that perfection whose charms drove frantic the wisest king that ever lived! What sayest thou, Prior Aymer? By the temple of that wise king, which our wiser brother Richard proved unable to recover, she is the very bride of the Canticles!"

"The Rose of Sharon and the Lily of the Valley," — an-

swered the Prior, in a sort of snuffling tone ; "but your Grace must remember she is still but a Jewess."

"Ay!" added Prince John, without heeding him, "and there is my Mammon of unrighteousness too — the Marquis of Marks, the Baron of Byzants, contesting for place with penniless dogs, whose threadbare coats have not a single cross in their pouches to keep the devil from dancing there. By the body of St. Mark, my prince of supplies, with his lovely Jewess, shall have a place in the gallery! What is she, Isaac? Thy wife or thy daughter, that Eastern houri that thou lockest under thy arm as thou wouldst thy treasure casket?"

"My daughter Rebecca, so please your Grace," answered Isaac, with a low congee, nothing embarrassed by the Prince's salutation, in which, however, there was at least as much mockery as courtesy.

"The wiser man thou," said John, with a peal of laughter, in which his gay followers obsequiously joined. "But, daughter or wife, she should be preferred according to her beauty and thy merits. Who sits above there?" he continued, bending his eye on the gallery. "Saxon churls, lolling at their lazy length! Out upon them! — let them sit close, and make room for my prince of usurers and his lovely daughter. I'll make the hinds know they must share the high places of the synagogue with those whom the synagogue properly belongs to."

Those who occupied the gallery to whom this injurious and unpolite speech was addressed, were the family of Cedric the Saxon, with that of his ally and kinsman, Athelstane of Coningsburgh, a personage who, on account of his descent from the last Saxon monarchs of England, was held in the highest respect by all the Saxon natives of the north of England. But with the blood of this ancient royal race, many of their infirmities had descended to Athelstane. He was comely in countenance, bulky and strong in person, and in the flower of his age — yet inanimate in expression, dull-eyed, heavy-browed, inactive and sluggish in all his motions, and so slow in resolution that the sobriquet of one of his ancestors was conferred upon him, and he was very generally called Athelstane the Unready. His friends, and he had many, who, as well as Cedric, were passionately attached to him, contended that his sluggish temper arose not from want of courage, but from mere want of decision ; others alleged that his hereditary vice of drunkenness had obscured his faculties, never of a very acute order, and that

the passive courage and meek good nature which remained behind were merely the dregs of a character that might have been deserving of praise, but of which all the valuable parts had flown off in the progress of a long course of brutal debauchery.

It was to this person, such as we have described him, that the Prince addressed his imperious command to make place for Isaac and Rebecca. Athelstane, utterly confounded at an order which the manners and feelings of the times rendered so injuriously insulting, unwilling to obey, yet undetermined how to resist, opposed only the *vis inertiæ* to the will of John; and, without stirring or making any motion whatever of obedience, opened his large gray eyes, and stared at the Prince with an astonishment which had in it something extremely ludicrous. But the impatient John regarded it in no such light.

"The Saxon porker," he said, "is either asleep or minds me not. Prick him with your lance, De Bracy," speaking to a knight who rode near him, the leader of a band of Free Companions, or Condottieri; that is, of mercenaries belonging to no particular nation, but attached for the time to any prince by whom they are paid. There was a murmur even among the attendants of Prince John; but De Bracy, whose profession freed him from all scruples, extended his long lance over the space which separated the gallery from the lists, and would have executed the commands of the Prince before Athelstane the Unready had recovered presence of mind sufficient even to draw back his person from the weapon, had not Cedric, as prompt as his companion was tardy, unsheathed, with the speed of lightning, the short sword which he wore, and at a single blow severed the point of the lance from the handle. The blood rushed into the countenance of Prince John. He swore one of his deepest oaths, and was about to utter some threat corresponding in violence, when he was diverted from his purpose, partly by his own attendants, who gathered around him conjuring him to be patient, partly by a general exclamation of the crowd, uttered in loud applause of the spirited conduct of Cedric. The Prince rolled his eyes in indignation, as if to collect some safe and easy victim; and chancing to encounter the firm glance of the same archer whom we have already noticed, and who seemed to persist in his gesture of applause, in spite of the frowning aspect which the Prince bent upon him, he demanded his reason for clamoring thus.

"I always add my hollo," said the yeoman, "when I see a good shot or a gallant blow."

"Sayest thou?" answered the Prince; "then thou canst hit the white thyself, I'll warrant."

"A woodsman's mark, and at woodsman's distance, I can hit," answered the yeoman.

"And Wat Tyrrel's mark at a hundred yards," said a voice from behind, but by whom uttered could not be discerned.

This allusion to the fate of William Rufus, his relative, at once incensed and alarmed Prince John. He satisfied himself, however, with commanding the men at arms, who surrounded the lists, to keep an eye on the braggart, pointing to the yeoman.

"By St. Grizzel," he added, "we will try his own skill, who is so ready to give his voice to the feats of others!"

"I shall not fly the trial," said the yeoman, with the composure which marked his whole deportment.

"Meanwhile, stand up, ye Saxon churls," said the fiery Prince; "for, by the light of Heaven, since I have said it, the Jew shall have his seat amongst ye!"

"By no means, an it please your Grace! — it is not fit for such as we to sit with the rulers of the land," said the Jew, whose ambition for precedence, though it had led him to dispute place with the attenuated and impoverished descendant of the line of Montdidier, by no means stimulated him to an intrusion upon the privileges of the wealthy Saxons.

"Up, infidel dog, when I command you," said Prince John, "or I will have thy swarthy hide stripped off and tanned for horse furniture."

Thus urged, the Jew began to ascend the steep and narrow steps which led to the gallery.

"Let me see," said the Prince, "who dare stop him," fixing his eye on Cedric, whose attitude intimated his intention to hurl the Jew down headlong.

The catastrophe was prevented by the clown Wamba, who, springing betwixt his master and Isaac, and exclaiming in answer to the Prince's defiance, "Marry, that will I!" opposed to the beard of the Jew a shield of brawn, which he plucked from beneath his cloak, and with which, doubtless, he had furnished himself, lest the tournament should have proved longer than his appetite could endure abstinence. Finding the abomination of his tribe opposed to his very nose, while the

Jester, at the same time, flourished his wooden sword above his head, the Jew recoiled, missed his footing, and rolled down the steps — an excellent jest to the spectators, who set up a loud laughter, in which Prince John and his attendants heartily joined.

"Deal me the prize, cousin Prince," said Wamba; "I have vanquished my foe in fair fight with sword and shield," he added, brandishing the brawn in one hand and the wooden sword in the other.

"Who and what art thou, noble champion?" said Prince John, still laughing.

"A fool by right of descent," answered the Jester; "I am Wamba, the son of Witless, who was the son of Weatherbrain, who was the son of an alderman."

"Make room for the Jew in front of the lower ring," said Prince John, not unwilling perhaps to seize an apology to desist from his original purpose; "to place the vanquished beside the victor were false heraldry."

"Knave upon fool were worse," answered the Jester, "and Jew upon bacon worst of all."

"Gramercy! good fellow," cried Prince John, "thou pleasest me. Here, Isaac, lend me a handful of byzants."

As the Jew, stunned by the request, afraid to refuse, and unwilling to comply, fumbled in the furred bag which hung by his girdle, and was perhaps endeavoring to ascertain how few coins might pass for a handful, the Prince stooped from his jennet and settled Isaac's doubts by snatching the pouch itself from his side; and flinging to Wamba a couple of the gold pieces which it contained, he pursued his career round the lists, leaving the Jew to the derision of those around him, and himself receiving as much applause from the spectators as if he had done some honest and honorable action.

In the midst of Prince John's cavalcade he suddenly stopped, and appealing to the Prior of Jorvaulx, declared the principal business of the day had been forgotten.

"By my halidom," said he, "we have forgotten, Sir Prior, to name the fair sovereign of Love and of Beauty, by whose white hand the palm is to be distributed. For my part, I am liberal in my ideas, and I care not if I give my vote for the black-eyed Rebecca."

"Holy Virgin," answered the Prior, turning up his eyes in horror, "a Jewess! We should deserve to be stoned out of

the lists; and I am not yet old enough to be a martyr. Besides, I swear by my patron saint that she is far inferior to the lovely Saxon, Rowena."

"Saxon or Jew," answered the Prince, "Saxon or Jew, dog or hog, what matters it? I say, name Rebecca, were it only to mortify the Saxon churls."

A murmur arose even among his own immediate attendants.

"This passes a jest, my lord," said De Bracy; "no knight here will lay lance in rest if such an insult is attempted."

"It is the mere wantonness of insult," said one of the oldest and most important of Prince John's followers, Waldemar Fitzurse, "and if your Grace attempts it, cannot but prove ruinous to your projects."

"I entertained you, sir," said John, reining up his palfrey haughtily, "for my follower, but not for my counselor."

"Those who follow your Grace in the paths which you tread," said Waldemar, but speaking in a low voice, "acquire the right of counselors; for your interest and safety are not more deeply engaged than their own."

From the tone in which this was spoken, John saw the necessity of acquiescence. "I did but jest," he said; "and you turn upon me like so many adders! Name whom you will, in the fiend's name, and please yourselves."

"Nay, nay," said De Bracy; "let the fair sovereign's throne remain unoccupied until the conqueror shall be named, and then let him choose the lady by whom it shall be filled. It will add another grace to his triumph, and teach fair ladies to prize the love of valiant knights who can exalt them to such distinction."

"If Brian de Bois-Guilbert gain the prize," said the Prior, "I will gage my rosary that I name the Sovereign of Love and Beauty."

"Bois-Guilbert," answered De Bracy, "is a good lance; but there are others around these lists, Sir Prior, who will not fear to encounter him."

"Silence, sirs," said Waldemar, "and let the Prince assume his seat. The knights and spectators are alike impatient, the time advances, and highly fit it is that the sports should commence."

Prince John, though not yet a monarch, had in Waldemar Fitzurse all the inconveniences of a favorite minister, who,

in serving his sovereign, must always do so in his own way. The Prince acquiesced, however, although his disposition was precisely of that kind which is apt to be obstinate upon trifles, and, assuming his throne, and being surrounded by his followers, gave signal to the heralds to proclaim the laws of the tournament, which were briefly as follows : —

First, the five challengers were to undertake all comers.

Secondly, any knight proposing to combat might, if he pleased, select a special antagonist from among the challengers, by touching his shield. If he did so with the reverse of his lance, the trial of skill was made with what were called the arms of courtesy — that is, with lances at whose extremity a piece of round flat board was fixed, so that no danger was encountered, save from the shock of the horses and riders. But if the shield was touched with the sharp end of the lance, the combat was understood to be at *outrance* — that is, the knights were to fight with sharp weapons, as in actual battle.

Thirdly, when the knights present had accomplished their vow, by each of them breaking five lances, the Prince was to declare the victor in the first day's tourney, who should receive as prize a war horse of exquisite beauty and matchless strength; and in addition to this reward of valor, it was now declared, he should have the peculiar honor of naming the Queen of Love and Beauty, by whom the prize should be given on the ensuing day.

Fourthly, it was announced that, on the second day, there should be a general tournament, in which all the knights present, who were desirous to win praise, might take part; and being divided into two bands of equal numbers, might fight it out manfully, until the signal was given by Prince John to cease the combat. The elected Queen of Love and Beauty was then to crown the knight whom the Prince should adjudge to have borne himself best in this second day, with a coronet composed of thin gold plate, cut into the shape of a laurel crown. On this second day the knightly games ceased. But on that which was to follow, feats of archery, of bull baiting and other popular amusements, were to be practiced, for the more immediate amusement of the populace. In this manner did Prince John endeavor to lay the foundation of a popularity which he was perpetually throwing down by some inconsiderate act of wanton aggression upon the feelings and prejudices of the people.

The lists now presented a most splendid spectacle. The sloping galleries were crowded with all that was noble, great, wealthy, and beautiful in the northern and midland parts of England; and the contrast of the various dresses of these dignified spectators rendered the view as gay as it was rich, while the interior and lower space, filled with the substantial burgesses and yeomen of merry England, formed, in their more plain attire, a dark fringe, or border, around this circle of brilliant embroidery, relieving and, at the same time, setting off its splendor.

The heralds finished their proclamation with their usual cry of "Largesse, largesse, gallant knights!" and gold and silver pieces were showered on them from the galleries, it being a high point of chivalry to exhibit liberality toward those whom the age accounted at once the secretaries and the historians of honor. The bounty of the spectators was acknowledged by the customary shouts of "Love of Ladies — Death of Champions — Honor to the Generous — Glory to the Brave!" To which the more humble spectators added their acclamations, and a numerous band of trumpeters the flourish of their martial instruments. When these sounds had ceased, the heralds withdrew from the lists in gay and glittering procession, and none remained within them save the marshals of the field, who, armed cap-a-pie, sat on horseback, motionless as statues, at the opposite ends of the lists. Meantime, the inclosed space at the northern extremity of the lists, large as it was, was now completely crowded with knights desirous to prove their skill against the challengers, and, when viewed from the galleries, presented the appearance of a sea of waving plumage, intermixed with glistening helmets and tall lances, to the extremities of which were, in many cases, attached small pennons of about a span's breadth, which, fluttering in the air as the breeze caught them, joined with the restless motion of the feathers to add liveliness to the scene.

At length the barriers were opened, and five knights, chosen by lot, advanced slowly into the area, — a single champion riding in front, and the other four following in pairs. All were splendidly armed, and my Saxon authority (in the Wardour Manuscript) records at great length their devices, their colors, and the embroidery of their horse trappings. It is unnecessary to be particular on these subjects. To borrow lines from a contemporary poet, who has written but too little —

The knights are dust,
And their good swords are rust,
Their souls are with the saints, we trust.

Their escutcheons have long moldered from the walls of their castles. Their castles themselves are but green mounds and shattered ruins — the place that once knew them knows them no more — nay, many a race since theirs has died out and been forgotten in the very land which they occupied, with all the authority of feudal proprietors and feudal lords. What, then, would it avail the reader to know their names, or the evanescent symbols of their martial rank?

Now, however, no whit anticipating the oblivion which awaited their names and feats, the champions advanced through the lists, restraining their fiery steeds, and compelling them to move slowly, while, at the same time, they exhibited their paces, together with the grace and dexterity of the riders. As the procession entered the lists, the sound of a wild barbaric music was heard from behind the tents of the challengers, where the performers were concealed. It was of Eastern origin, having been brought from the Holy Land; and the mixture of the cymbals and bells seemed to bid welcome at once, and defiance, to the knights as they advanced. With the eyes of an immense concourse of spectators fixed upon them, the five knights advanced up the platform upon which the tents of the challengers stood, and there separating themselves, each touched slightly, and with the reverse of his lance, the shield of the antagonist to whom he wished to oppose himself. The lower orders of the spectators in general — nay, many of the higher class, and it is even said several of the ladies, were rather disappointed at the champions choosing the arms of courtesy. For the same sort of persons, who, in the present day, applaud most highly the deepest tragedies, were then interested in a tournament exactly in proportion to the danger incurred by the champions engaged.

Having intimated their more pacific purpose, the champions retreated to the extremity of the lists, where they remained drawn up in a line; while the challengers, sallying each from his pavilion, mounted their horses, and, headed by Brian de Bois-Guilbert, descended from the platform, and opposed themselves individually to the knights who had touched their respective shields.

At the flourish of clarions and trumpets, they started out against each other at full gallop; and such was the superior dexterity or good fortune of the challengers, that those opposed to Bois-Guilbert, Malvoisin, and Front-de-Bœuf, rolled on the ground. The antagonist of Grantmesnil, instead of bearing his lance point fair against the crest or the shield of his enemy, swerved so much from the direct line as to break the weapon athwart the person of his opponent — a circumstance which was accounted more disgraceful than that of being actually unhorsed; because the latter might happen from accident, whereas the former evinced awkwardness and want of management of the weapon and of the horse. The fifth knight alone maintained the honor of his party, and parted fairly with the knight of St. John, both splintering their lances without advantage on either side.

The shouts of the multitude, together with the acclamations of the heralds, and the clangor of the trumpets, announced the triumph of the victors and the defeat of the vanquished. The former retreated to their pavilions, and the latter, gathering themselves up as they could, withdrew from the lists in disgrace and dejection, to agree with their victors concerning the redemption of their arms and their horses, which, according to the laws of the tournament, they had forfeited. The fifth of their number alone tarried in the lists long enough to be greeted by the applause of the spectators, amongst whom he retreated, to the aggravation, doubtless, of his companions' mortification.

A second and a third party of knights took the field; and although they had various success, yet, upon the whole, the advantage decidedly remained with the challengers, not one of whom lost his seat or swerved from his charge — misfortunes which befell one or two of their antagonists in each encounter. The spirits, therefore, of those opposed to them seemed to be considerably damped by their continued success. Three knights only appeared on the fourth entry, who, avoiding the shields of Bois-Guilbert and Front-de-Bœuf, contented themselves with touching those of the three other knights, who had not altogether manifested the same strength and dexterity. This politic selection did not alter the fortune of the field; the challengers were still successful: one of their antagonists was overthrown, and both the others failed in the *attaint*, that is, in striking the helmet and shield of their antagonist firmly and

strongly, with the lance held in a direct line, so that the weapon might break, unless the champion was overthrown.

After this fourth encounter, there was a considerable pause; nor did it appear that any one was very desirous of renewing the contest. The spectators murmured among themselves; for, among the challengers, Malvoisin and Front-de-Bœuf were unpopular from their characters, and the others, except Grantmesnil, were disliked as strangers and foreigners.

But none shared the general feeling of dissatisfaction so keenly as Cedric the Saxon, who saw, in each advantage gained by the Norman challengers, a repeated triumph over the honor of England. His own education had taught him no skill in the games of chivalry, although, with the arms of his Saxon ancestors, he had manifested himself, on many occasions, a brave and determined soldier. He looked anxiously to Athelstane, who had learned the accomplishments of the age, as if desiring that he should make some personal effort to recover the victory which was passing into the hands of the Templar and his associates. But though both stout of heart and strong of person, Athelstane had a disposition too inert and unambitious to make the exertions which Cedric seemed to expect from him.

"The day is against England, my lord," said Cedric, in a marked tone; "are you not tempted to take the lance?"

"I shall tilt to-morrow," answered Athelstane, "in the *mêlée;* it is not worth while for me to arm myself to-day."

Two things displeased Cedric in this speech. It contained the Norman word *mêlée* (to express the general conflict), and it evinced some indifference to the honor of the country; but it was spoken by Athelstane, whom he held in such profound respect that he would not trust himself to canvass his motives or his foibles. Moreover, he had no time to make any remark, for Wamba thrust in his word, observing, "It was better, though scarce easier, to be the best man among a hundred than the best man of two."

Athelstane took the observation as a serious compliment; but Cedric, who better understood the Jester's meaning, darted at him a severe and menacing look; and lucky it was for Wamba, perhaps, that the time and place prevented his receiving, notwithstanding his place and service, more sensible marks of his master's resentment.

The pause in the tournament was still uninterrupted, ex-

cepting by the voices of the heralds exclaiming, "Love of ladies, splintering of lances! stand forth, gallant knights, fair eyes look upon your deeds!"

The music also of the challengers breathed from time to time wild bursts expressive of triumph or defiance, while the clowns grudged a holiday which seemed to pass away in inactivity; and old knights and nobles lamented in whispers the decay of martial spirit, spoke of the triumphs of their younger days, but agreed that the land did not now supply dames of such transcendent beauty as had animated the jousts of former times. Prince John began to talk to his attendants about making ready the banquet, and the necessity of adjudging the prize to Brian de Bois-Guilbert, who had, with a single spear, overthrown two knights and foiled a third.

At length, as the Saracenic music of the challengers concluded one of those long and high flourishes with which they had broken the silence of the lists, it was answered by a solitary trumpet, which breathed a note of defiance from the northern extremity. All eyes were turned to see the new champion which these sounds announced, and no sooner were the barriers opened than he paced into the lists. As far as could be judged of a man sheathed in armor, the new adventurer did not greatly exceed the middle size, and seemed to be rather slender than strongly made. His suit of armor was formed of steel, richly inlaid with gold, and the device on his shield was a young oak tree pulled up by the roots, with the Spanish word *Desdichado*, signifying Disinherited. He was mounted on a gallant black horse, and as he passed through the lists he gracefully saluted the Prince and the ladies by lowering his lance. The dexterity with which he managed his steed, and something of youthful grace which he displayed in his manner, won him the favor of the multitude, which some of the lower classes expressed by calling out, "Touch Ralph de Vipont's shield — touch the Hospitaler's shield; he has the least sure seat, he is your cheapest bargain."

The champion, moving onward amid these well-meant hints, ascended the platform by the sloping alley which led to it from the lists, and, to the astonishment of all present, riding straight up to the central pavilion, struck with the sharp end of his spear the shield of Brian de Bois-Guilbert until it rung again. All stood astonished at his presumption, but none more than the redoubted knight whom he had thus defied to mortal com-

bat, and who, little expecting so rude a challenge, was standing carelessly at the door of the pavilion.

"Have you confessed yourself, brother," said the Templar, "and have you heard mass this morning, that you peril your life so frankly?"

"I am fitter to meet death than thou art," answered the Disinherited Knight; for by this name the stranger had recorded himself in the books of the tourney.

"Then take your place in the lists," said Bois-Guilbert, "and look your last upon the sun; for this night thou shalt sleep in paradise."

"Gramercy for thy courtesy," replied the Disinherited Knight, "and to requite it, I advise thee to take a fresh horse and a new lance, for by my honor you will need both."

Having expressed himself thus confidently, he reined his horse backward down the slope which he had ascended, and compelled him in the same manner to move backward through the lists, till he reached the northern extremity, where he remained stationary, in expectation of his antagonist. This feat of horsemanship again attracted the applause of the multitude.

However incensed at his adversary for the precautions which he recommended, Brian de Bois-Guilbert did not neglect his advice; for his honor was too nearly concerned to permit his neglecting any means which might insure victory over his presumptuous opponent. He changed his horse for a proved and fresh one of great strength and spirit. He chose a new and tough spear, lest the wood of the former might have been strained in the previous encounters he had sustained. Lastly, he laid aside his shield, which had received some little damage, and received another from his squires. His first had only borne the general device of his rider, representing two knights riding upon one horse, an emblem expressive of the original humility and poverty of the Templars, qualities which they had since exchanged for the arrogance and wealth that finally occasioned their suppression. Bois-Guilbert's new shield bore a raven in full flight, holding in its claws a skull, and bearing the motto, *Gare le Corbeau.*

When the two champions stood opposed to each other at the two extremities of the lists, the public expectation was strained to the highest pitch. Few augured the possibility that the encounter could terminate well for the Disinherited Knight, yet

his courage and gallantry secured the general good wishes of the spectators.

The trumpets had no sooner given the signal than the champions vanished from their posts with the speed of lightning, and closed in the center of the lists with the shock of a thunderbolt. The lances burst into shivers up to the very grasp, and it seemed at the moment that both knights had fallen, for the shock had made each horse recoil backward upon his haunches. The address of the riders recovered their steeds by use of the bridle and spur; and having glared on each other for an instant with eyes which seemed to flash fire through the bars of their visors, each made a demivolt, and, retiring to the extremity of the lists, received a fresh lance from the attendants.

A loud shout from the spectators, waving of scarfs and handkerchiefs, and general acclamations, attested the interest taken by the spectators in this encounter, — the most equal, as well as the best performed, which had graced the day. But no sooner had the knights resumed their station, than the clamor of applause was hushed into a silence so deep and so dead, that it seemed the multitude were afraid even to breathe.

A few minutes' pause having been allowed, that the combatants and their horses might recover breath, Prince John with his truncheon signed to the trumpets to sound the onset. The champions a second time sprung from their stations, and closed in the center of the lists, with the same speed, the same dexterity, the same violence, but not the same equal fortune, as before.

In the second encounter the Templar aimed at the center of his antagonist's shield, and struck it so fair and forcibly that his spear went to shivers, and the Disinherited Knight reeled in his saddle. On the other hand, that champion had, in the beginning of his career, directed the point of his lance toward Bois-Guilbert's shield, but changing his aim almost in the moment of encounter, he addressed it to the helmet, a mark more difficult to hit, but which if attained, rendered the shock more irresistible. Fair and true he hit the Norman on the visor, where his lance's point kept hold of the bars. Yet, even at this disadvantage, the Templar sustained his high reputation; and had not the girths of his saddle burst, he might not have been unhorsed. At it chanced, however, saddle, horse, and man rolled on the ground under a cloud of dust.

To extricate himself from the stirrups and fallen steed was to the Templar scarce the work of a moment; and, stung with madness, both at his disgrace and at the acclamations with which it was hailed by the spectators, he drew his sword, and waved it in defiance of his conqueror. The Disinherited Knight sprung from his steed, and also unsheathed his sword. The marshals of the field, however, spurred their horses between them, and reminded them that the laws of the tournament did not, on the present occasion, permit this species of encounter.

"We shall meet again, I trust," said the Templar, casting a resentful glance at his antagonist, "and where there are none to separate us."

"If we do not," said the Disinherited Knight, "the fault shall not be mine. On foot, or horseback, with spear, with ax, or with sword, I am alike ready to encounter thee."

More and angrier words would have been exchanged, but the marshals, crossing their lances betwixt them, compelled them to separate. The Disinherited Knight returned to his first station, and Bois-Guilbert to his tent, where he remained for the rest of the day in an agony of despair.

Without alighting from his horse, the conqueror called for a bowl of wine, and opening the beaver, or lower part of his helmet, announced that he quaffed it, "To all true English hearts, and to the confusion of foreign tyrants." He then commanded his trumpet to sound a defiance to the challengers, and desired a herald to announce to them that he should make no election, but was willing to encounter them in the order in which they pleased to advance against him.

The gigantic Front-de-Bœuf, armed in sable armor, was the first who took the field. He bore on a white shield a black bull's head, half defaced by the numerous encounters which he had undergone, and bearing the arrogant motto, *Cave, adsum*. Over this champion the Disinherited Knight obtained a slight but decisive advantage. Both knights broke their lances fairly, but Front-de-Bœuf, who lost a stirrup in the encounter, was adjudged to have the disadvantage.

In the stranger's third encounter, with Sir Philip Malvoisin, he was equally successful, striking that baron so forcibly on the casque that the laces of the helmet broke, and Malvoisin, only saved from falling by being unhelmeted, was declared vanquished like his companions.

In his fourth combat, with De Grantmesnil, the Disinherited

Knight showed as much courtesy as he had hitherto evinced courage and dexterity. De Grantmesnil's horse, which was young and violent, reared and plunged in the course of the career so as to disturb the rider's aim, and the stranger, declining to take the advantage which this accident afforded him, raised his lance, and passing his antagonist without touching him, wheeled his horse and rode back again to his own end of the lists, offering his antagonist, by a herald, the chance of a second encounter. This De Grantmesnil declined, avowing himself vanquished as much by the courtesy as by the address of his opponent.

Ralph de Vipont summed up the list of the stranger's triumphs, being hurled to the ground with such force that the blood gushed from his nose and mouth, and he was borne senseless from the lists.

The acclamations of thousands applauded the unanimous award of the Prince and marshals, announcing that day's honors to the Disinherited Knight.

FROM THE NIBELUNGENLIED.

TRANSLATED BY W. N. LETTSOM.

How Gunther went to Issland to woo Brunhild.

Beyond the Rhine high tidings again were noised around.
There many a maid was dwelling for beauty wide renowned,
And one of these king Gunther, 'twas said, designed to woo:
Well pleased the monarch's purpose his knights and liegeman true.

There was a queen high seated afar beyond the sea;
Never wielded scepter a mightier than she;
For beauty she was matchless, for strength without a peer;
Her love to him she offered who could pass her at the spear.

She threw the stone, and bounded behind it to the mark;
At three games each suitor with sinews stiff and stark
Must conquer the fierce maiden whom he sought to wed,
Or, if in one successless, straight must lose his head.



SIEGFRIED AND KRIEMHILD

E'en thus for the stern virgin had many a suitor died.
This heard a noble warrior who dwelt the Rhine beside,
And forthwith resolved he to win her for his wife.
Thereby full many a hero thereafter lost his life.

Once on a day together sat with his men the king,
Talking each with the other, and deeply pondering,
What maiden 'twas most fitting for their lord to woo,
One who him might comfort, and grace the country too.

Then spake the lord of Rhineland: "Straight will I hence to sea,
And seek the fiery Brunhild howe'er it go with me.
For love of the stern maiden I'll frankly risk my life;
Ready am I to lose it, if I win her not to wife."

"That would I fain dissuade you," Sir Siegfried made reply,
"Whoe'er would woo fair Brunhild, plays a stake too high;
So cruel is her custom, and she so fierce a foe.
Take good advice, king Gunther, nor on such a journey go."

Then answered thus king Gunther: "Ne'er yet was woman born
So bold and eke so stalwart, but I should think it scorn
Were not this hand sufficient to force a female foe."
"Be still," replied Sir Siegfried, "her strength you little know.

"E'en were you four together, naught could all four devise
'Gainst her remorseless fury; hear then what I advise
From true and steadfast friendship, and, as you value life,
Tempt not for love of Brunhild a vain, a hopeless strife."

"How strong she be soever, the journey will I take,
Whatever chance befall me, for lovely Brunhild's sake;
For her unmeasured beauty I'll hazard all that's mine.
Who knows, but God may bring her to follow me to the Rhine?"

"Since you're resolved," said Hagan, "this would I chief advise:
Request of noble Siegfried in this dread enterprise
To take his part among us; thus 'twould be best, I ween,
For none so well as Siegfried knows this redoubted queen."

Said Gunther: "Wilt thou help me, Siegfried tried and true,
To win the lovely maiden? what I entreat thee, do,
And if I only gain her to my wedded wife,
For thee I'll gladly venture honor, limb, and life."

Thereto answered Siegfried, Siegmund's matchless son:
"Give me but thy sister, and the thing is done.
The stately queen fair Kriemhild let me only gain,
I ask no other guerdon for whatever toil and pain."

"I promise it," said Gunther, "and take in pledge thy hand,
And soon as lovely Brunhild shall come into this land,
To thee to wife my sister surely will I give,
And may you both together long time and happy live."

Then each they swore to th' other, the highborn champions bold,
Which wrought them toil and trouble thereafter manifold,
Ere to full completion they brought their high design,
And led at last the lady to the banks of Rhine.

I have heard strange stories of wild dwarfs, how they fare;
They dwell in hollow mountains, and for protection wear
A vesture that hight cloud cloak, marvelous to tell;
Whoever has it on him may keep him safe and well.

From cuts and stabs of foemen; him none can hear or see
As soon as he is in it, but see and hear can he
Whate'er he will around him, and thus must needs prevail;
He grows besides far stronger; so goes the wondrous tale.

And now with him the cloud cloak took fair Sieglind's son;
The same th' unconquered warrior with labor hard had won
From the stout dwarf Albric in successful fray.
The bold and wealthy champions made ready for the way.

So, as I said, bold Siegfried the cloud cloak bore along.
When he but put it on him, he felt him wondrous strong.
Twelve men's strength then had he in his single body laid.
By trains and close devices he wooed the haughty maid.

Besides, in that strange cloud cloak was such deep virtue found,
That whosoever wore it, though thousands stood around,
Might do whatever pleased him unseen of friend or foe.
Thus Siegfried won fair Brunhild, which brought him bitterest woe.

"Before we start, bold Siegfried, tell me what best would be;
Shall we lead an army across the sounding sea,
And travel thus to Brunhild as fits a royal king?
Straight could we together thirty thousand warriors bring."

"Whate'er our band," said Siegfried, "the same would still ensue:
So savage and so cruel is the queen you woo,
All would together perish by her o'ermastering might;
But I'll advise you better, high and noble knight.

"As simple knights we'll travel adown the Rhine's fair tide,
Two to us two added, and followers none beside.
We four will make the voyage, true comrades one and all,
And thus shall win the lady, whatever thence befall.

"I will be one companion, thou shalt the second be,
The third shall be Sir Hagan, in sooth a goodly three!
The fourth shall be Sir Dankwart that redoubted knight.
Trust me, no thousand champions will dare us four to fight."

"Fain would I learn," said Gunther, "ere we hence depart
On the hard adventure, that so inflames my heart,
Before the royal Brunhild what vesture we should wear,
That may best become us; this, Siegfried, thou declare."

"Garments the best and richest that ever warriors wore
Robe in the land of Brunhild her lieges evermore;
And we should meet the lady arrayed at least as well;
So shame will ne'er await us, when men our tale shall tell."

Then answered good king Gunther: "I'll to my mother dear,
That she and her fair maidens ere we for Issland steer,
May furnish us with raiment in full and copious store,
Which we may wear with honor the stately queen before."

Hagan, the knight of Trony, then spake in courtly wise:
"Why would you ask your mother such service to devise?
If only your fair sister our purpose understood,
She's in all arts so skillful, the clothes would needs be good."

Then sent he to his sister, that he'd to her repair,
And with him only Siegfried; ere they could thither fare,
Kriemhild in choicest vesture her beauty had arrayed;
Little did their coming displease the gentle maid.

And decked too were her women as them best became.
Now were at hand the princess; straight the queenly dame,
As she beheld them coming, rose stately from her seat,
And went the noble stranger and her brother too to greet.

"Welcome to my brother and to his comrade dear,"
Said the graceful maiden, "your news I fain would hear.
Tell me what brings you hither, what deeds are now to do;
Let me know how fares it, noble knights, with you."

Then spake the royal Gunther: "Dame, I will tell my care.
We must with lofty courage a proud adventure dare.
We would hence a wooing far overseas away;
For such a journey need we apparel rich and gay."

"Now sit thee down, dear brother, and tell me frank and free,"
Said the royal maiden, "who these dames may be,
Whom you would go a courting in a distant land."
Both the chosen warriors then took she by the hand.

Anon she both led thither where before she sat
On rich embroidered cushions (I can vouch for that),
O'erwrought with goodly figures well raised in glitt'ring gold.
There they with the fair lady might gentle converse hold.

Many a glance of rapture, many a longing look,
As there talked the lovers, either gave and took,
He in his heart enshrined her; she was to him as life.
Thereafter lovely Kriemhild became bold Siegfried's wife.

Then said to her king Gunther: "Right noble sister mine,
What I wish can never be but with help of thine.
We'll to the land of Brunhild to take our pastime there,
And must before the lady princely apparel wear."

Then spake the queen in answer: "Right loving brother mine,
If aught I can will profit whatever end of thine,
Depend on me to do it; thou'lt find me ready still.
If any aught denied thee, 'twould please thy Kriemhild ill.

"Noble knight, thou shouldst not, as doubting, ask and pray,
But, as my lord and master, command, and I'll obey.
Thou'lt find me, whatsoever thou hast in heart to do,
Not more a loving sister than a servant true."

"Dearest sister Kriemhild, we must wear costly weed,
And therewith to equip us thy snowy hand we need,
And let thy maids their utmost upon the same bestow,
For sure my purposed journey never will I forego."

Then spoke the noble virgin; "Mark now what I say;
I've silk myself in plenty; on shields, as best you may,
Precious stones bid bring us to work the clothes withal."
Gunther and eke Siegfried bade bring them at her call.

"And who are the companions," asked the royal maid,
"Who you to court will follow thus gorgeously arrayed?"
"We're four in all," he answered; "two of my men beside,
Dankwart and Hagan, with us to court will ride.

"And, dame, mark well, I pray thee, what I have yet to say.
Let each be well provided three changes every day,
And for four days successive, and all be of the best;
So back shall I wend homeward no scorned, dishonored guest."

So with kind dismissal away the warriors strode.
Then quick the fair queen summoned from bowers where they abode
Thirty maids, her brother's purpose to fulfill,
Who in works of the needle were the chief for craft and skill.

Silks from far Arabia, white as driven snow,
And others from Zazamanc, green as grass doth grow,
They decked with stones full precious; Kriemhild the garments planned,
And cut them to just measure with her own lily hand.

Of the hides of foreign fishes were linings finely wrought;
Such then were seen but rarely, and choice and precious thought;
Fine silk was sewn above them to suit the wearers well.
Now of the rich apparel hear me fresh marvels tell.

From the land of Morocco and from the Libyan coast
The best silk and the finest e'er worn and valued most
By kin of mightiest princes, of such had they good store.
Well Kriemhild showed the favor that she the wearers bore.

E'er since the chiefs were purposed the martial queen to win,
In their sight was precious the goodly ermelin
With coal-black spots besprinkled on whiter ground than snow,
E'en now the pride of warriors at every festal show.

Many a stone full precious gleamed from Arabian gold;
That the women were not idle, scarcely need be told.
Within seven weeks, now ready was the vesture bright,
Ready too the weapons of each death-daring knight.

Now when all was ready, by the Rhine you might mark
Built with skill and labor a stout though little bark,
Wherein adown the river to sea they were to go.
To the noble maidens their toil brought mickle woe.

When now 'twas told the champions, that the vesture gay,
Which they should carry with them, was ready for the way,
And that naught impeded their firmly fixed design,
No longer would they tarry by the banks of Rhine.

So to their loving comrades a messenger was sent,
That they the goodly vesture might see before they went,
If it for the warriors too short were or too long.
Much thanks they gave the women when found was nothing wrong.

Whomever met the warriors, all could not but admire;
In all the world not any had seen such fair attire;
At Brunhild's court 'twould surely become the wearers well.
Of better knightly garments not a tongue could tell.

Much thanked was each fair seamstress for her successful toil.
Meanwhile, on point of parting for a far and dangerous soil,
The warriors would of Kriemhild take leave in knightly wise,
Whereat moist clouds of sorrow bedimmed her sun-bright eyes.

Said she: "Why thus, dear brother, to foreign regions run?
Stay here and woo another; that were far better done,
Than on so dire a venture to set your fame and life,
You'll find among our neighbors a fairer, nobler wife."

Their hearts, I ween, foreboded what thence was to befall.
How spake they ever boldly, sore wept they one and all.
Their tears the gold o'ermoistened that on their breasts they wore;
So thick they from their eyelids streamed down upon the floor.

"To you," said she, "Sir Siegfried, at least may I resign,
To your faith, to your honor, this brother dear of mine,
That no mischance beset him in Brunhild's fatal land."
Straight promised he the maiden, and clasped her clay-cold hand.

Then spake the loving champion: "Long as I have life,
Dismiss the cares, fair lady, that in your breast are rife.
I'll bring you back your brother safe and well apayed;
Take that for sure and certain." Low bowed the thankful maid.

Their golden-colored bucklers were borne down to the strand,
With all their costly vesture, and softly led in hand
Were their high-mettled chargers; they now would straight depart.
Then many an eye was weeping, and throbbing many a heart.

Fair maids stood at the windows as they hoisted sail;
The bark rocked, and the canvas flapped with the freshening gale.
So on the Rhine were seated the comrades frank and free;
Then said good king Gunther, "Who shall our steersman be?"

"I will," said noble Siegfried; "well all our course I know,
Well the tides with currents how they shift and flow.
Trust me, good knight, to pilot you and your company."
So from Worms and Rhineland they parted joyously.

With that straight seized Sir Siegfried a pole that lay at hand,
And with strong effort straining 'gan push off from the strand;
Gunther himself as ready took in hand an oar;
So fell off the vessel and parted from the shore.

They had on board rich viands, thereto good store of wine,
The best that could be met with e'en on the banks of Rhine.
Their steeds in easy quarters stood tractable and still;
The level bark ran smoothly; nothing with them went ill.

Their sail swelled to the breezes, the ropes were stretched and tight;
Miles they ran full twenty ere the fall of night.
With a fair wind to seaward down dropped the gallant crew.
Their dames had cause long after their high emprise to rue.

By the twelfth bright morning, as we have heard it told,
The winds the bark had wafted with the warriors bold
Towards Isenstein, a fortress in the martial maiden's land;
'Twas only known to Siegfried of all th' adventurous band.

Soon as saw king Gunther, wondering as well he might,
The far-stretched coast, and castles frowning from every height,
"Look! friend," said he, "Sir Siegfried, if thou know'st, declare,
Whose are all these fair castles, and all this land as fair.

"In all my life, assure thee, the simple truth to tell,
I never met with castles planned and built so well,
Anywhere soever, as here before us stand.
He must needs be mighty who took such work in hand."

Thereto made answer Siegfried: "Well what you ask I know.
Brunhild's are all these castles, this land, so fair a show,
And Isenstein this fortress; 'tis true what now I say.
Here will you meet, Sir Gunther, many a fair dame to-day.

"I'll give you counsel, heroes! e'en as it seems me good;
Keep in one tale together; be this well understood.
To-day we must, as fits us, at Brunhild's court be seen;
We must be wise and wary when we stand before the queen.

"When we behold the fair one and all her train around
Let but this single story in all your mouths be found:
That Gunther is my master, and I am but his man;
To give him all his longing you'll find no surer plan.

"'Tis not so much for thy sake, I own, such part I bear,
As for thy sister Kriemhild's, the fairest of the fair.
She to me is ever as my own soul and life.
Fain do I such low service to win her for my wife."

With one accord they promised to do as he desired;
None through pride or envy to thwart his wish aspired.
So all took Siegfried's counsel, and sure it brought them good
Soon after, when king Gunther before queen Brunhild stood.

How Gunther won Brunhild.

Meanwhile the bark had drifted unto the shore so nigh
Beneath the high-towered castle, that the king could spy
Many a maiden standing at every window there;
That all to him were strangers, was what he ill could bear.

Forthwith he asked of Siegfried, his valiant friend and true,
"Know you aught of these maidens, whom here we have in view,
Down upon us looking, though not, methinks, in scorn?
Whoe'er their lord they're surely high-minded and highborn."

Him answered Siegfried smiling: "Now you may closely spy,
And tell me of these damsels which pleases best your eye,
And which, if you could win her, you for your own would hold."
"So will I," answered Gunther, the hardy knight and bold.

"One see I at a window stand in a snow-white vest;
Around her all are lovely, but she's far loveliest.
Her have mine eyes selected; Sir Siegfried, on my life,
If I can only gain her, that maid shall be my wife."



GÜNTHER AND BRÜNHILD

"In all this world of beauty thine eyes have chosen well;
That maid's the noble Brunhild, at once so fair and fell,
She, who thy heart bewilders, she, who enchants thy sight."
Her every act and gesture to Gunther was delight.

Then bade the queen her maidens from the windows go;
Them it ill befitted to stand a sight and show
For the rude eyes of strangers; they bowed to her behest,
But what next did the ladies, we since have heard confest.

They robed them in their richest to meet the strangers' gaze;
Such, ever since were women, were ever women's ways.
Through every chink and loophole was leveled many an eye
At the unweeting champions, through love to peep and pry.

There were but four together who came into the land.
The far-renowned Siegfried led a horse in hand.
This Brunhild at a window marked with heedful eye.
As lord of such a liegeman was Gunther valued high.

Then humbly by the bridle he held the monarch's steed,
Huge of limb and puissant and of the purest breed,
Till in the royal saddle king Gunther proudly sat;
So served him noble Siegfried, which he too soon forgat.

Then his own the warrior led from ship to shore;
He of a truth such service hath seldom done before,
As to stand at the stirrup, when another mounted steed.
Of all, close at the windows, the women took good heed.

To look upon these champions was sure a glorious sight;
Their horses and their garments were both of snowy white,
And both matched well together; each bore a polished shield,
Which, still as it was shaken, flashed around the field.

So forward rode they lordly to Brunhild's gorgeous hall:
Rich stones beset their saddles, their poitrals, light and small,
Had golden bells down-hanging that tinkled as they went.
On moved the proud companions led by their bold intent.

Their spears were newly sharpened as if to meet a foe;
Their swords of choicest temper down to the spur hung low;
Keen of edge was each one, and thereto broad of blade.
All this was marked by Brunhild, the chief-defying maid.

With them together Dankwart and Hagan came ashore.
'Tis told us in old stories that these two warriors wore
Apparel of the richest, but raven black of hue;
Ponderous were their bucklers, broad and bright and new.

Stones from the land of India displayed each gorgeous guest,
That ever gleamed and glittered in the flutt'ring vest.
They left their bark unguarded beside the dashing wave,
And straight on to the fortress rode the champions brave.

Six and eighty turrets saw they there in all,
Three palaces wide-stretching, and the fairest hall
Of the purest marble (never was grass so green),
Where with her fair damsels sat the fairer queen.

Unlocked was straight the castle, the gates flew open wide;
Up in haste to meet them Brunhild's liegemen hied,
And bade the strangers welcome to their lady's land,
And took his horse from each one and the shield from every hand.

A chamberlain then bespoke them: "Be pleased to give us now
Your swords and glitt'ring breastplates." "That can we ne'er allow,"
Hagan of Trony answered, "our arms ourselves will bear."
The custom of the castle then Siegfried 'gan declare.

"'Tis the use of this castle, as I can well attest,
That never warlike weapons should there be borne by guest.
'Twere best to keep the custom; let th' arms aside be laid."
Hagan, Gunther's liegeman, unwillingly obeyed.

Wine to the guests they offered, and goodly welcome gave;
Then might you see appareled in princely raiment brave
Many a stately warrior, on to court that passed,
And many a glance of wonder upon the strangers cast.

Meanwhile to fair queen Brunhild one came and made report,
That certain foreign warriors had come unto her court
In sumptuous apparel, wafted upon the flood.
Then thus began to question the maiden fair and good.

"Now tell me," said the princess, "and let the truth be shown,
Who are these haughty champions from foreign shores unknown,
Whom there I see so stately standing in rich array,
And on what hard adventure have they hither found their way?"

One of her court then answered: "I can aver, fair queen,
Of this stout troop of warriors none have I ever seen,
Save one, who's much like Siegfried, if I may trust my eyes.
Him well receive and welcome; this is what I advise.

"The next of the companions, he of the lofty mien,
If his power match his person, is some great king, I ween,
And rules with mighty scepter broad and princely lands.
See, how among his comrades so lordly there he stands!

"The third of the companions — a low'ring brow has he,
And yet, fair queen, you rarely a manlier form may see.
Note but his fiery glances, how quick around they dart!
Firm is, I ween, his courage, and pitiless his heart.

"The fourth knight is the youngest, he with the downy cheek,
So maidenly in manner, so modest and so meek.
How gentle all his bearing! how soft his lovely cheer!
Yet we all should rue it, should wrong be done him here.

"How mild soe'er his manner, how fair soe'er his frame,
Cause would he give for weeping to many a highborn dame,
Were he once stirred to anger; sure he's a warrior grim,
Trained in all knightly practice, bold of heart and strong of limb."

Then spake the royal Brunhild: "Bring me my vesture straight,
If far-renowned Siegfried aspire to be my mate,
And is hither come to woo me, on the cast is set his life;
I fear him not so deeply, as to yield me for his wife."

Soon was the lovely Brunhild in her robes arrayed.
With their lovely mistress went many a lovely maid,
Better than a hundred, and all were richly dight;
For the noble strangers, I trow, a goodly sight.

With them of Brunhild's warriors advanced a chosen band,
Better than five hundred, each bearing sword in hand,
The very flower of Issland; 'twas a fair yet fearful scene.
The strangers rose undaunted as near them came the queen.

Soon as the noble Siegfried met the fair Brunhild's sight,
In her modest manner she thus bespoke the knight:
"You're welcome, good Sir Siegfried; now, if it please you, show
What cause has brought you hither; that I would gladly know."

"A thousand thanks, Dame Brunhild," the warrior made reply,
"That thou hast deigned to greet me before my better nigh,
Before this noble hero, to whom I must give place.
He is my lord and master; his rather be the grace.

"On the Rhine is his kingdom; what should I further say?
Through love of thee, fair lady, we've sailed this weary way.
He is resolved to woo thee whatever thence betide;
So now betimes bethink thee; he'll ne'er renounce his bride.

"The monarch's name is Gunther, a rich and mighty king;
This will alone content him, thee to the Rhine to bring.
For thee above the billows with him I've hither run;
Had he not been my master, this would I ne'er have done."

Said she: "If he's thy master, and thou, it seems, his man,
Let him my games encounter, and win me if he can.
If he in all be victor, his wedded wife am I.
If I in one surpass him, he and you all shall die."

Then spake the knight of Trony: "Come, lady, let us see
The games that you propose us; ere you the conqueress be,
Of my good lord king Gunther, hard must you toil, I ween.
He trusts with full assurance to win so fair a queen."

"He must cast the stone beyond me, and after it must leap,
Then with me shoot the javelin; too quick a pace you keep;
Stop, and awhile consider, and reckon well the cost,"
The warrioress made answer, "ere life and fame be lost."

Siegfried in a moment to the monarch went;
To the queen he bade him tell his whole intent.
"Never fear the future, cast all cares away;
My trains shall keep you harmless, do Brunhild what she may."

Then spake the royal Gunther: "Fair queen, all queens before,
Now say what you command us, and, were it yet e'en more,
For the sake of your beauty, be sure, I'd all abide.
My head I'll lose, and willing, if you be not my bride."

These words of good king Gunther when heard the royal dame,
She bade bring on the contest as her well became.
Straight called she for her harness, wherewith she fought in field,
And her golden breastplate, and her mighty shield.

Then a silken surcoat on the stern maiden drew,
Which in all her battles steel had cut never through,
Of stuff from furthest Libya; fair on her limbs it lay;
With richest lace 'twas bordered, that cast a gleaming ray.

Meanwhile upon the strangers her threatening eyes were bent;
Hagan there stood with Dankwart in anxious discontent,
How it might fall their master in silence pondering still.
Thought they, "This fatal journey will bring us all to ill."

The while, ere yet observer his absence could remark,
Sudden the nimble Siegfried stepped to the little bark,
Where from a secret corner his cloud cloak forth he took,
And slipped into it deftly while none was there to look.

Back in haste returned he; there many a knight he saw,
Where for the sports queen Brunhild was laying down the law.
So went he on in secret, and moved among the crowd,
Himself unseen, all-seeing, such power was in his shroud!

The ring was marked out ready for the deadly fray,
And many a chief selected as umpires of the day,
Seven hundred all in harness with ordered weapons fair,
To judge with truth the contest which they should note with care.

There too was come fair Brunhild; armed might you see her stand,
As though resolved to champion all kings for all their land.
She bore on her silk surcoat gold spangles light and thin,
That quivering gave sweet glimpses of her fair snowy skin.

Then came on her followers, and forward to the field
Of ruddy gold far sparkling bore a mighty shield,
Thick, and broad, and weighty, with studs of steel o'erlaid,
The which was wont in battle to wield the martial maid.

As thong to that huge buckler a gorgeous band there lay;
Precious stones beset it as green as grass in May;
With varying hues it glittered against the glittering gold.
Who would woo its wielder must be boldest of the bold.

Beneath its folds enormous three spans thick was the shield,
If all be true they tell us, that Brunhild bore in field.
Of steel and gold compacted all gorgeously it glowed.
Four chamberlains, that bore it, staggered beneath the load.

Grimly smiled Sir Hagan, Trony's champion strong,
And muttered as he marked it trailed heavily along!
"How now, my lord king Gunther? who thinks to scape with life?
This love of yours and lady — 'faith she's the devil's wife."

Hear yet more of the vesture worn by the haughty dame:
From Azagouc resplendent her silken surcoat came
Of all-surpassing richness, that from about her shone
The eye-bedimming luster of many a precious stone.

Then to the maid was carried heavily and slow
A strong well-sharpened javelin, which she ever used to throw,
Huge and of weight enormous, fit for so strong a queen,
Cutting deep and deadly with its edges keen.

To form the mighty spearhead a wondrous work was done;
Three weights of iron and better were welded into one;
The same three men of Brunhild's scarcely along could bring;
Whereat deeply pondered the stout Burgundian king.

To himself thus thought he: "What have I not to fear?
The devil himself could scarcely scape from such danger clear.
In sooth, if I were only in safety by the Rhine,
Long might remain this maiden free from all suit of mine."

So thinking luckless Gunther his love repented sore;
Forthwith to him only his weapons pages bore,
And now stood clad the monarch in arms of mighty cost.
Hagan through sheer vexation, his wits had nearly lost.

On this Hagan's brother undaunted Dankwart spake:
"Would we had ne'er sailed hither for this fell maiden's sake!
Once we passed for warriors; sure we have cause to rue,
Ingloriously thus dying, and by a woman too;

"Full bitterly it irks me to have come into this land.
Had but my brother Hagan his weapons in his hand,
And I with mine were by him, proud Brunhild's chivalry,
For all their overweening, would hold their heads less high.

"Ay, by my faith, no longer should their pride be borne;
Had I oaths a thousand to peace and friendship sworn,
Ere I'd see thus before me my dearest master die,
Fair as she is, this maiden a dreary corse should lie."

"Ay," said his brother Hagan, "we well could quit this land
As free as we came hither, were but our arms at hand.
Each with his breast in harness, his good sword by his side,
Sure we should lower a little this gentle lady's pride."

Well heard the noble maiden the warrior's words the while,
And looking o'er her shoulder said with a scornful smile:
"As he thinks himself so mighty, I'll not deny a guest;
Take they their arms and armor, and do as seems them best.

"Be they naked and defenseless, or sheathed in armor sheen,
To me it nothing matters," said the haughty queen.
"Feared yet I never mortal, and, spite of yon stern brow
And all the strength of Gunther, I fear as little now."

Soon as their swords were given them, and armed was either knight,
The cheek of dauntless Dankwart reddened with delight.
"Now let them sport as likes them, nothing," said he, "care I;
Safe is noble Gunther with us in armor by."

Then was the strength of Brunhild to each beholder shown.
Into the ring by th' effort of panting knights a stone
Was borne of weight enormous, massy and large and round.
It strained twelve brawny champions to heave it to the ground.

This would she cast at all times when she had hurled the spear;
The sight of bold Burgundians filled with care and fear.
Quoth Hagan: "She's a darling to lie by Gunther's side.
Better the foul fiend take her to serve him as a bride."

Her sleeve back turned the maiden, and bared her arm of snow,
Her heavy shield she handled, and brandished to and fro
High o'er her head the javelin; thus began the strife.
Bold as they were, the strangers each trembled for his life;

And had not then to help him come Siegfried to his side,
At once by that grim maiden had good king Gunther died.
Unseen up went he to him, unseen he touched his hand.
His trains bewildered Gunther was slow to understand.

"Who was it just now touched me?" thought he and stared around
To see who could be near him; not a soul he found.
Said th' other: "I am Siegfried, thy trusty friend and true;
Be not in fear a moment for all the queen can do."

Said he: "Off with the buckler and give it me to bear;
Now, what I shall advise thee, mark with thy closest care.
Be it thine to make the gestures, and mine the work to do."
Glad man was then king Gunther, when he his helpmate knew.

"But all my trains keep secret; thus for us both 'twere best;
Else this o'erweening maiden, be sure, will never rest,
Till her grudge against thee to full effect she bring.
See where she stands to face thee so sternly in the ring!"

With all her strength the javelin the forceful maiden threw.
It came upon the buckler, massy, broad and new,
That in his hand unshaken, the son of Sieglind bore.
Sparks from the steel came streaming, as if the breeze before.

Right through the groaning buckler the spear tempestuous broke;
Fire from the mail links sparkled beneath the thund'ring stroke.
Those two mighty champions staggered from side to side;
But for the wondrous cloud cloak both on the spot had died.

From the mouth of Siegfried burst the gushing blood;
Soon he again sprung forward; straight snatched the hero good
The spear that through his buckler she just had hurled amain,
And sent it at its mistress in thunder back again.

Thought he, "'Twere sure a pity so fair a maid to slay;"
So he reversed the javelin, and turned the point away;
Yet, with the butt end foremost, so forceful was the throw,
That the sore-smitten damsel tottered to and fro.

From her mail fire sparkled as driven before the blast;
With such huge strength the javelin by Sieglind's son was cast,
That 'gainst the furious impulse she could no longer stand.
A stroke so sturdy never could come from Gunther's hand.

Up in a trice she started, and straight her silence broke,
"Noble knight, Sir Gunther, thank thee for the stroke."
She thought 'twas Gunther's manhood had laid her on the lea;
No! 'twas not he had felled her, but a mightier far than he.

Then turned aside the maiden; angry was her mood;
On high the stone she lifted rugged and round and rude,
And brandished it with fury, and far before her flung,
Then bounded quick behind it, that loud her armor rung.

Twelve fathoms' length or better the mighty mass was thrown,
But the maiden bounded further than the stone.
To where the stone was lying Siegfried fleetly flew;
Gunther did but lift it, th' Unseen it was who threw.

Bold, tall, and strong was Siegfried, the first all knights among;
He threw the stone far further, behind it further sprung.
His wondrous arts had made him so more than mortal strong,
That with him as he bounded, he bore the king along.

The leap was seen of all men, there lay as plain the stone,
But seen was no one near it, save Gunther all alone.
Brunhild was red with anger, quick came her panting breath.
Siegfried has rescued Gunther that day from certain death.

Then all aloud fair Brunhild bespake her courtier band,
Seeing in the ring at distance unharmed her wooer stand:
"Hither, my men and kinsmen: low to my better bow;
I am no more your mistress; you're Gunther's liegemen now."

Down cast the noble warriors their weapons hastily,
And lowly kneeled to Gunther the king of Burgundy.
To him as to their sovereign was kingly homage done,
Whose manhood, as they fancied, the mighty match had won.

He fair the chiefs saluted, bending with gracious look;
Then by the hand the maiden her conquering suitor took,
And granted him to govern the land with sovereign sway;
Whereat the warlike nobles were joyous all and gay.

Forthwith the noble Gunther she begged with her to go
Into her royal palace; soon as 'twas ordered so,
To his knights her servants such friendly court 'gan make,
That Hagan e'en and Dankwart could it but kindly take.

Wise was the nimble Siegfried; he left them there a space,
And slyly took the cloud cloak back to its hiding place,
Returned then in an instant, where sat the ladies fair,
And straight, his fraud to cover, bespoke king Gunther there.

"Why dally, gracious master? why not the games begin,
Which by the queen, to prove you, have here appointed been?
Come, let us see the contest, and mark each knightly stroke."
As though he had seen nothing, the crafty warrior spoke.

"Why how can this have happened," said the o'ermastered queen,
"That, as it seems, Sir Siegfried, the games you have not seen,
Which 'gainst me good king Gunther has gained with wondrous might?"
The word then up took Hagan, the stern Burgundian knight:

"Our minds indeed you troubled, our hopes o'erclouded dark;
Meanwhile the good knight Siegfried was busy at the bark,
While the lord of Rhineland the game against you won;
Thus," said king Gunther's liegeman, "he knows not what was done."

"Well pleased am I," said Siegfried, "that one so proud and bold
At length has found a master in one of mortal mold,
And has been taught submission by this good lord of mine.
Now must you, noble maiden, hence follow us to the Rhine."

Thereto replied the damsel: "It cannot yet be so;
First must my men and kinsmen th' intended journey know;
To bring my friends together, besides, 'twere surely fit.
'Twere wrong, methinks, so lightly my lands and all to quit."

So messengers in hurry through all the country went;
To liegemen, and to kinsmen, and all her friends she sent.
To Isenstein she begged them to come without delay.
And bade give all in plenty rich gifts and garments gay.

Daily to Brunhild's castle early they rode and late,
In troops from all sides flocking, and all in martial state.
"Ay! ay!" said frowning Hagan, "ill have we done, I fear;
Surely 'twill be our ruin to wait this gathering here.

"Let her strength be only here together brought
(And of the queen's intentions we little know or naught),
If so her passion wills it, we're lost at once, I trow.
In sooth this dainty damsel was born to work us woe."

Then spoke the valiant Siegfried: "I'll undertake for all;
Trust me, what now you look for, that shall ne'er befall.
Safe and sound to keep you, I'll hither bring a crew
Of fierce, selected champions, of whom ye never knew.

"Inquire not of my journey; I hence must instant fare;
The little while I'm absent God have you in his care.
Again here will I quickly with a thousand men be found,
The bravest and the boldest that ever moved on ground."

"Be sure then not to linger," the anxious Gunther said,
"For we meanwhile shall ever be longing for your aid."
"In a few days you'll see me at hand for your defense,
And tell," said he, "fair Brunhild, that you have sent me hence."

How Siegfried came to the Nibelungers.

Thence in his cloud cloak Siegfried descended to the strand;
There he found a shallop, that close lay to the land;
Unseen the bark he boarded, that from the harbor passed
Moved by the son of Siegmund, as though before the blast.

The steersman could see no man; yet the vessel flew
Beneath the strokes of Siegfried the yielding water through.
'Twas a tempest thought they, that drove it furious on.
No! 'twas the strength of Siegfried, fair Sieglind's peerless son.

All that day they were running, and all the night the same,
Then to a famous country of mighty power they came,
Day's journey full a hundred stretching far away,
The Nibelungers' country, where his hard-won treasure lay.

Alone the champion landed in a meadow wide;
Straight to the shore securely the little bark he tied,
And then went to a castle seated upon a hill,
To ask for food and shelter as weary travelers will.

All found he barred and bolted as near the walls he drew;
Men both life and honor kept then as now they do.
The stranger all impatient began a thundering din
At the well-fastened portal. There found he close within

A huge earth-shaking giant the castle set to guard,
Who with his weapons by him kept ever watch and ward.
"Who beats the gate so stoutly?" the yawning monster asked;
His voice, as he gave answer, the crafty hero masked,

And said: "I am a warrior; open me the gate;
I'm wroth with lazy losels who make their betters wait,
While they on down are snoring as if they'd never wake."
It irked the burly porter that thus the stranger spake.

Now had the fearless giant all his weapons donned,
Bound on his head his helmet, and in his monstrous hond
A shield unmeasured taken; open the gate he threw,
And his teeth grimly gnashing at Siegfried fiercely flew.

"How could he dare to call up men of mettle so?"
With that he let fly at him many a wind-swift blow,
That the noble stranger put back with wary fence.
At last upheaved the giant an iron bar immense,

And his firm shield band shattered; scarce could the warrior stand,
He feared, though for a moment, grim death was close at hand,
With his enormous weapon the porter smote so sore;
Yet for his dauntless bearing he loved him all the more.

With the mighty conflict the castle rung around;
To th' hall of the Nibelungers reached the stunning sound.
At length the vanquished porter he bound with conquering hand.
Far and wide flew the tidings through the Nibelungers' land.

While in the dubious combat they both were struggling still,
Albric the wild dwarf heard it far through the hollow hill.
Straight he donned his armor, and thither running found
The noble guest victorious, and the panting giant bound.

A stout dwarf was Albric, and bold as well as stout;
With helm and mail securely he was armed throughout;
A golden scourge full heavy in his hand he swung.
Straight ran he to the rescue, and fierce on Siegfried sprung.

Seven ponderous knobs from th' handle hung, each one by its thong;
With these the dwarf kept pounding so sturdy and so strong,
That he split the shield of Siegfried to the center from the rim,
And put the dauntless champion in care for life or limb.

Away he threw his buckler broken all and smashed;
His long well-tempered weapon into its sheath he dashed;
To spare his own dependents his virtue moved him still,
And to his heart sore went it his chamberlain to kill.

With mighty hands undaunted in on the dwarf he ran;
By the beard he caught him, that age-hoary man,
He dragged him, and he shook him, his rage on him he wreaked,
And handled him so roughly, that loud for pain he shrieked.

Loud cried the dwarf o'ermastered: "Spare me and leave me free,
And could I ever servant save to one hero be,
To whom I've sworn allegiance as long as I have breath,"
Said the crafty Albric, "you would I serve to death."

Then bound was writhing Albric as giant just before;
The nervous grasp of Siegfried pinched him and pained him sore.
Then thus the dwarf addressed him: "Be pleased your name to tell."
Said he, "My name is Siegfried; I thought you knew me well."

"Well's me for these good tidings," Albric the dwarf replied.
"Now know I all your merit, which I by proof have tried.
High rule o'er all this country well you deserve to bear;
I'll do whate'er you bid me; the vanquished only spare."

Then said the noble Siegfried: "You must hence with speed,
And bring me, of the warriors that best we have at need,
A thousand Nibelungers; them I here must view;
No evil shall befall you, if this you truly do."

The dwarf and eke the giant the champion straight unbound;
Then ran at once swift Albric where he the warriors found.
The slumbering Nibelungers he waked with eager care,
Saying, "Up, up, ye heroes! ye must to Siegfried fare."

Up from their beds they started, and instant ready made,
Nimble knights a thousand richly all arrayed.
So flocked they quick where, waiting, they saw Sir Siegfried stand;
Then was there goodly greeting with word of mouth and clasp of hand.

Straight lit was many a taper; then the spiced draught he drank;
His friends, who came so quickly, he did not spare to thank.
He said, "You hence must instant far o'er the wave with me."
He found them for th' adventure as ready as could be.

Full thirty hundred warriors were come at his request;
From these he chose a thousand the bravest and the best.
Helmets and other armor were brought for all the band,
For he resolved to lead them e'en to queen Brunhild's land.

He said: "Good knights adventurous, to my words give heed.
At the proud court of Brunhild our richest robes we'll need.
There many a lovely lady will look on every guest,
So we must all array us in our choicest and our best."

"How?" said a beardless novice, "that sure can never be.
How can be lodged together so many knights as we?
Where could they find them victual? where could they find them vests?
Never could thirty kingdoms keep such a crowd of guests."

You've heard of Siegfried's riches; well could he all afford
With a kingdom to supply him, and Niblung's endless hoard.
Rich gifts were in profusion to all his knights assigned.
Much as he drained the treasure, as much remained behind.

Early upon a morning in haste they parted thence.
What prowest warriors Siegfried brought to his friend's defense!
Their armor darted radiance, their horses tossed the foam.
Well equipped and knightly came they to Brunhild's home.

At the windows standing looked out the maidens gay.
Then cried their royal mistress: "Can any of you say,
What strangers there far-floating over the billows go?
Their canvas they are spreading whiter far than snow."

Then spake the king of Rhineland: "They're men of mine, fair dame,
Whom I left not distant, when late I hither came;
Since, I have bid them join me, and now you see them here."
The noble guests received them with good and friendly cheer.

Then might they see bold Siegfried, arrayed in robes of pride,
Aboard a bark high standing, and many a chief beside.
Then said the queen to Gunther: "Sir king, what now shall I?
Greet the guests advancing, or that grace deny?"

Said he: "To meet them, lady, forth from your palace go,
That, if you're glad to see them, the same they well may know."
Then did the queen, as Gunther had said him seemed the best,
And Siegfried in her greeting distinguished from the rest.

They found them fitting quarters, and took their arms in charge;
The guests were now so many, that they were ill at large,
Such troops of friends and strangers flocked in on every side.
So the bold Burgundians now would homeward ride.

Then said the fair queen Brunhild: "Him for my friend I'd hold,
Who'd help me to distribute my silver and my gold
Among my guests and Gunther's; no little store have I."
Bold Giselher's bold liegeman Dankwart straight made reply:

"Right noble queen and gracious, trust but your keys with me;
Your wealth I'll so distribute, all shall contented be,
And as to blame or damage, let that be mine alone."
That he was free and liberal, that made he clearly shown.

Soon as Hagan's brother had the keys in hand,
Gold began and silver to run away like sand.
If one a mark requested, gifts had he showered so rife,
That home might go the poorest merry and rich for life.

By th' hundred pounds together he gave uncounted out.
Crowds in gorgeous vesture were stalking all about,
Who ne'er had worn such splendor, and scarce so much as seen.
They told the tale to Brunhild; it fretted sore the queen.

Straight she spoke to Gunther: "Sir king, I've cause to grieve.
Your treasurer, I fear me, scarce a rag will leave
Of all my choice apparel, my last gold piece he'll spend.
Would somebody would stop it! I'd ever be his friend.

"He wastes so, he must fancy in his wayward will
I've sent for death to fetch me, but wealth I can use still,
And what my father left me can waste myself, I ween."
Treasurer so free-handed never yet had queen.

Then spake the knight of Trony: "Lady, you must be told,
The king of Rhine has plenty of raiment and of gold,
And can of both so lavish, that we may well dispense
With all fair Brunhild's vesture, nor need bring any pence."

"Nay, for my love," said Brunhild, "with gold and silken vests
Let me from all my treasure fill twenty traveling chests,
That when we come together in Burgundy to live,
This hand may still have something royally to give."

Forthwith her chests were loaded with many a precious stone.
She o'er the work appointed a treasurer of her own.
She would not trust to Dankwart, Giselher's thriftless man.
Gunther thereat and Hagan both to laugh began.

Then spake the martial maiden: "Whom shall I leave my lands?
This first must here be settled by our united hands."
The noble monarch answered: "Who most is in your grace,
Him will we leave behind us to govern in our place."

One of her near relations was standing by the maid;
He was her mother's brother; to him she turned and said:
"Take to your charge my castles, and with them all my land,
Till I or else king Gunther give otherwise command."

She chose a thousand heroes from all her chivalry
To the Rhine's distant borders to bear her company,
With the thousand champions from the Nibelungers' land.
They bowned them for their journey, and hastened to the strand.

Six and eighty women, a hundred maidens too
She took with her from Issland; fair were they all to view.
They now no longer tarried; they ready were to go.
From those they left behind them what tears began to flow!

In manner as became her she left her native ground;
She kissed her nearest kindred who weeping stood around.
So with fair dismissal they came down to the shore.
To her father's country the maid returned no more.

With sound of all sweet music they floated on their way;
From morn to eve was nothing but change of sport and play;
The soft sea breeze they wished for was fluttering in their sail;
Yet for that voyage how many were yet to weep and wail!

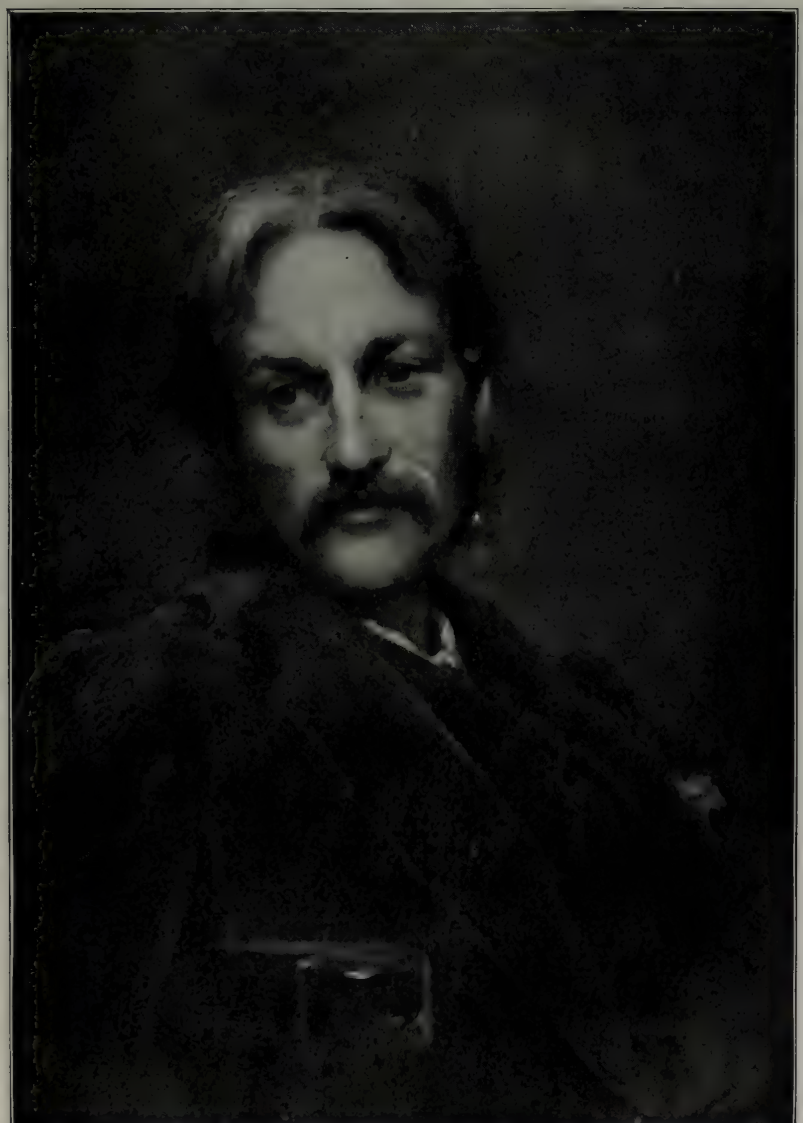
But still her lord deferring with maidenly delay
Brunhild reserved one pleasure to the fair wedding day,
When home to Worms together the king and queenly dame,
Full flown with mirth and rapture, with all their heroes came.

FROM "AUCASSIN AND NICOLETE."

A Song Poem of the Twelfth Century.

Translated by ANDREW LANG.

[Andrew Lang, the distinguished Scotch scholar, critic, poet, and translator, was born at Selkirk, March 31, 1844. He was educated at Edinburgh Academy, St. Andrews University, and Balliol College, Oxford, where he took a classical first-class. In 1868 he was elected Fellow of Merton, and in 1885 received an honorary LL.D. from St. Andrews. He is one of the foremost critics in Great Britain, an authority on folklore, and a constant contributor to periodical literature. In verse he has written: "Ballades and Lyrics of Old France" (1872), his first publication; "Ballades in Blue China"; "Rhymes à la Mode"; "Grass of Parnassus"; "Ban and Arrière Ban." Among his chief prose works are: "Custom and Myth"; "Myth, Ritual, and Religion"; "Books and Bookmen"; "Letters to Dead Authors"; "Homer and the Epic"; a series of fairy books; the novels "Mark of Cain" and "The World's Desire" (with H. Rider



ANDREW LANG

Haggard) ; translations of the Odyssey (with Prof. Butcher), and the Iliad (with Leaf and Myers) ; biographies of Northcote and Lockhart. The monthly causeries, "At the Sign of the Ship," in *Longman's Magazine*, are from his pen.]

'Tis of Aucassin and Nicolete.

Who would list to the good lay
Gladness of the captive gray?
'Tis how two young lovers met,
Aucassin and Nicolete,
Of the pains the lover bore
And the sorrows he outwore,
For the goodness and the grace,
Of his love, so fair of face.

Sweet the song, the story sweet,
There is no man hearkens it,
No man living 'neath the sun,
So outwearied, so foredone,
Sick and woeful, worn and sad,
But is healèd, but is glad,
'Tis so sweet.

So say they, speak they, tell they the Tale : —

How the Count Bougars de Valence made war on Count Garin de Biaucaire, war so great, and so marvelous, and so mortal that never a day dawned, but alway he was there, by the gates and walls, and barriers of the town with a hundred knights, and ten thousand men at arms, horsemen and footmen : so burned he the Count's land, and spoiled his country, and slew his men. Now the Count Garin de Biaucaire was old and frail, and his good days were gone over. No heir had he, neither son nor daughter, save one young man only, such an one as I shall tell you. Aucassin was the name of the damoiseau : fair was he, goodly, and great, and featly fashioned of his body and limbs. His hair was yellow, in little curls, his eyes blue and laughing, his face beautiful and shapely, his nose high and well set, and so richly seen was he in all things good, that in him was none evil at all. But so suddenly overtaken was he of Love, who is a great master, that he would not, of his will, be dubbed knight, nor take arms, nor follow tourneys, nor do whatsoever him beseemed. Therefore his father and mother said to him : —

"Son, go take thine arms, mount thy horse, and hold thy land, and help thy men, for if they see thee among them, more stoutly will they keep in battle their lives and lands, and thine, and mine."

"Father," said Aucassin, "I marvel that you will be speaking. Never may God give me aught of my desire if I be made knight, or mount my horse, or face stour and battle wherein knights smite and are smitten again, unless thou give me Nicolete, my true love, that I love so well."

"Son," said the father, "this may not be. Let Nicolete go; a slave girl she is, out of a strange land, and the Captain of this town bought her of the Saracens, and carried her hither, and hath reared her and let christen the maid, and took her for his daughter in God, and one day will find a young man for her, to win her bread honorably. Herein hast thou naught to make or mend, but if a wife thou wilt have, I will give thee the daughter of a King, or a Count. There is no man so rich in France, but if thou desire his daughter, thou shalt have her."

"Faith! my father," said Aucassin, "tell me where is the place so high in all the world, that Nicolete, my sweet lady and love, would not grace it well? If she were Empress of Constantinople or of Germany, or Queen of France or England, it were little enough for her; so gentle is she and courteous, and debonaire, and compact of all good qualities."

Here singeth one:—

Aucassin was of Biaucaire
Of a goodly castle there,
But from Nicolete the fair
None might win his heart away
Though his father, many a day,
And his mother said him nay,
"Ha! fond child, what wouldest thou?
Nicolete is glad enow!
Was from Carthage cast away,
Paynims sold her on a day!
Wouldst thou win a lady fair
Choose a maid of high degree
Such an one is meet for thee."
"Nay of these have I no care,
Nicolete is debonaire,
Her body sweet and the face of her

Take my heart as in a snare,
Loyal love is but her share
That is so sweet."

Then speak they, say they, tell they the Tale: —

When the Count Garin de Biaucaire knew that he would not avail to withdraw Aucassin his son from the love of Nicolete, he went to the Captain of the city, who was his man, and spake to him, saying: —

"Sir Count; away with Nicolete thy daughter in God; cursed be the land whence she was brought into this country, for by reason of her do I lose Aucassin, that will neither be dubbed knight, nor do aught of the things that fall to him to be done. And wit ye well," he said, "that if I might have her at my will, I would burn her in a fire, and yourself might well be sore adread."

"Sir," said the Captain, "this is grievous to me that he comes and goes and hath speech with her. I had bought the maiden at mine own charges, and nourished her, and baptized, and made her my daughter in God. Yea, I would have given her to a young man that should win her bread honorably. With this had Aucassin thy son naught to make or mend. But, sith it is thy will and thy pleasure, I will send her into that land and that country where never will he see her with his eyes."

"Have a heed to thyself," said the Count Garin, "thence might great evil come on thee."

So parted they each from other. Now the Captain was a right rich man: so had he a rich palace with a garden in face of it; in an upper chamber thereof he let place Nicolete, with one old woman to keep her company, and in that chamber put bread and meat and wine and such things as were needful. Then he let seal the door, that none might come in or go forth, save that there was one window, over against the garden, and strait enough, wherethrough came to them a little air.

Here singeth one: —

Nicolete as ye heard tell
Prisoned is within a cell
That is painted wondrously
With colors of a far countrie,
And the window of marble wrought,
There the maiden stood in thought,

With straight brows and yellow hair
Never saw ye fairer fair!
On the wood she gazed below,
And she saw the roses blow,
Heard the birds sing loud and low,
Therefore spoke she woefully:
"Ah me, wherefore do I lie
Here in prison wrongfully:
Aucassin, my love, my knight,
Am I not thy heart's delight,
Thou that lovest me aright!
'Tis for thee that I must dwell
In the vaulted chamber cell,
Hard beset and all alone!
By our Lady Mary's Son
Here no longer will I wonn,
If I may flee!"

Then speak they, say they, tell they the Tale: —

Nicolete was in prison, as ye have heard soothly, in the chamber. And the noise and bruit of it went through all the country and all the land, how that Nicolete was lost. Some said she had fled the country, and some that the Count Garin de Biaucaire had let slay her. Whosoever had joy thereof, Aucassin had none, so he went to the Captain of the town and spake to him saying: —

"Sir Captain, what hast thou made of Nicolete, my sweet lady and love, the thing that best I love in all the world? Hast thou carried her off or ravished her away from me? Know well that if I die of it, the price shall be demanded of thee, and that will be well done, for it shall be even as if thou hadst slain me with thy two hands, for thou hast taken from me the thing that in this world I love the best."

"Fair Sir," said the Captain, "let these things be. Nicolete is a captive that I did bring from a strange country. Yea, I bought her at my own charges of the Saracens, and I bred her up and baptized her, and made her my daughter in God. And I have cherished her, and one of these days I would have given her a young man, to win her bread honorably. With this hast thou naught to make, but do thou take the daughter of a King or a Count. Nay more, what wouldst thou deem thee to have gained, hadst thou made her thy leman, and taken her to thy

bed? Plentiful lack of comfort hadst thou got thereby, for in Hell would thy soul have lain while the world endures, and into Paradise wouldst thou have entered never."

"In Paradise what have I to win? Therein I seek not to enter, but only to have Nicolete my sweet lady that I love so well. For into Paradise go none but such folk as I shall tell thee now: Thither go these same old priests, and halt old men and maimed, who all day and night cower continually before the altars and in the crypts; and such folk as wear old amices and old clouted frocks, and naked folk and shoeless, and covered with sores, perishing of hunger and thirst, and of cold, and of little ease. These be they that go into Paradise; with them have I naught to make. But into Hell would I fain go; for into Hell fare the goodly clerks, and goodly knights that fall in tourneys and great wars, and stout men at arms, and all men noble. With these would I liefly go. And thither pass the sweet ladies and courteous that have two lovers, or three, and their lords also thereto. Thither goes the gold, and the silver, the cloth of *vair*, and cloth of *gris*, and harpers, and makers, and the prince of this world. With these I would gladly go, let me but have with me Nicolete, my sweetest lady."

"Certes," quoth the Captain, "in vain wilt thou speak thereof, for never shalt thou see her; and if thou hadst word with her, and thy father knew it, he would let burn in a fire both her and me, and thyself might well be sore adread."

"That is even what irketh me," quoth Aucassin. So he went from the Captain sorrowing.

Here singeth one :—

Aucassin did so depart
Much in dole and heavy at heart
For his loss so bright and dear,
None might bring him any cheer,
None might give good words to hear,
To the palace doth he fare
Climbeth up the palace stair,
Passeth to a chamber there,
Thus great sorrow doth he bear
For his lady and love so fair.

"Nicolete how fair art thou,
Sweet thy footfall, sweet thine eyes,
Sweet the mirth of thy replies,

Sweet thy laughter, sweet thy face,
Sweet thy lips and sweet thy brow,
And the touch of thine embrace,
All for thee I sorrow now,
Captive in an evil place,
Whence I ne'er may go my ways
Sister, sweet friend!"

So say they, speak they, tell they the Tale: —

While Aucassin was in the chamber sorrowing for Nicolete his love, even then the Count Bougars de Valence, that had his war to wage, forgat it no whit, but had called up his horsemen and his footmen, so made he for the castle to storm it. And the cry of battle arose, and the din, and knights and men at arms busked them, and ran to walls and gates to hold the keep. And the townsfolk mounted to the battlements, and cast down bolts and pikes. Then while the assault was great, and even at its height, the Count Garin de Biaucaire came into the chamber where Aucassin was making lament, sorrowing for Nicolete, his sweet lady that he loved so well.

"Ha! son," quoth he, "how caitiff art thou, and cowardly, that canst see men assail thy goodliest castle and strongest. Know thou that if thou lose it, thou losest all. Son, go to, take arms, and mount thy horse, and defend thy land, and help thy men, and fare into the stour. Thou needst not smite nor be smitten. If they do but see thee among them, better will they guard their substance, and their lives, and thy land and mine. And thou art so great, and hardy of thy hands, that well mightst thou do this thing, and to do it is thy devoir."

"Father," said Aucassin, "what is this thou sayest now? God grant me never aught of my desire, if I be dubbed knight, or mount steed, or go into the stour where knights do smite and are smitten, if thou givest me not Nicolete, my sweet lady, whom I love so well."

"Son," quoth his father, "this may never be: rather would I be quite disinherited and lose all that is mine, than that thou shouldst have her to thy wife, or to love *par amours*."

So he turned him about. But when Aucassin saw him going he called to him again, saying,

"Father, go to now, I will make with thee fair covenant."

"What covenant, fair son?"

"I will take up arms, and go into the stour, on this cove-

nant, that, if God bring me back sound and safe, thou wilt let me see Nicolete my sweet lady, even so long that I may have of her two words or three, and one kiss."

"That will I grant," said his father.

At this was Aucassin glad.

Here one singeth: —

Of the kiss heard Aucassin
That returning he shall win.
None so glad would he have been
Of a myriad marks of gold
Of a hundred thousand told.
Called for raiment brave of steel,
Then they clad him, head to heel,
Twyfold hauberk doth he don,
Firmly braced the helmet on.
Girt the sword with hilt of gold,
Horse doth mount, and lance doth wield,
Looks to stirrups and to shield,
Wondrous brave he rode to field.
Dreaming of his lady dear
Setteth spurs to the destrere
Rideth forward without fear,
Through the gate and forth away
To the fray.

So speak they, say they, tell they the Tale: —

Aucassin was armed and mounted as ye have heard tell. God! how goodly sat the shield on his shoulder, the helm on his head, and the baldric on his left haunch! And the damoiseau was tall, fair, featly fashioned, and hardy of his hands, and the horse whereon he rode swift and keen, and straight had he spurred him forth of the gate. Now believe ye not that his mind was on kine, nor cattle of the booty, nor thought he how he might strike a knight, nor be stricken again: nor no such thing. Nay, no memory had Aucassin of aught of these; rather he so dreamed of Nicolete, his sweet lady, that he dropped his reins, forgetting all there was to do, and his horse, that had felt the spur, bore him into the press and hurled among the foe, and they laid hands on him all about, and took him captive, and seized away his spear and shield, and straight-

way they led him off a prisoner, and were even now discoursing of what death he should die.

And when Aucassin heard them,

"Ha! God," said he, "sweet Savior. Be these my deadly enemies that have taken me, and will soon cut off my head? And once my head is off, no more shall I speak with Nicolete, my sweet lady that I love so well. Natheless have I here a good sword, and sit a good horse unwearied. If now I keep not my head for her sake, God help her never, if she love me more!"

The damoiseau was tall and strong, and the horse whereon he sat was right eager. And he laid hand to sword, and fell a smiting to right and left, and smote through helm and *nasal*, and arm and clenched hand, making a murder about him, like a wild boar when hounds fall on him in the forest, even till he struck down ten knights, and seven he hurt, and straightway he hurled out of the press, and rode back again at full speed, sword in hand. The Count Bougars de Valence heard say they were about hanging Aucassin, his enemy, so he came into that place, and Aucassin was ware of him, and gat his sword into his hand, and lashed at his helm with such a stroke that he drave it down on his head, and he being stunned, fell groveling. And Aucassin laid hands on him, and caught him by the *nasal* of his helmet, and gave him to his father.

"Father," quoth Aucassin, "lo here is your mortal foe, who hath so warred on you with all malengin. Full twenty years did this war endure, and might not be ended by man."

"Fair son," said his father, "thy feats of youth shouldst thou do, and not seek after folly."

"Father," saith Aucassin, "sermon me no sermons, but fulfill my covenant."

"Ha! what covenant, fair son?"

"What, father, hast thou forgotten it? By mine own head, whosoever forgets, will I not forget it, so much it hath me at heart. Didst thou not covenant with me when I took up arms, and went into the stour, that if God brought me back safe and sound, thou wouldst let me see Nicolete, my sweet lady, even so long that I may have of her two words or three, and one kiss? So didst thou covenant, and my mind is that thou keep thy word."

"I!" quoth the father, "God forsake me when I keep this covenant! Nay, if she were here, I would let burn her in the fire, and thyself shouldst be sore adread."

"Is this thy last word?" quoth Aucassin.

"So help me God," quoth his father, "yea!"

"Certes," quoth Aucassin, "this is a sorry thing meseems when a man of thine age lies.

"Count of Valence," quoth Aucassin, "I took thee?"

"In sooth, sir, didst thou," saith the Count.

"Give me thy hand," saith Aucassin.

"Sir, with good will."

So he set his hand in the other's.

"Now givest thou me thy word," saith Aucassin, "that never whiles thou art living man wilt thou avail to do my father dishonor, or harm him in body, or in goods, but do it thou wilt?"

"Sir, in God's name," saith he, "mock me not, but put me to my ransom; ye cannot ask of me gold nor silver, horses nor palfreys, *vair* nor *gris*, hawks nor hounds, but I will give you them."

"What?" quoth Aucassin. "Ha, knowest thou not it was I that took thee?"

"Yea, sir," quoth the Count Bougars.

"God help me never, but I will make thy head fly from thy shoulders, if thou makest not troth," said Aucassin.

"In God's name," said he, "I make what promise thou wilt."

So they did the oath, and Aucassin let mount him on a horse, and took another and so led him back till he was in all safety.

Here one singeth: —

When the Count Garin doth know
That his child would ne'er forego
Love of her that loved him so,
Nicolete, the bright of brow,
In a dungeon deep below
Childe Aucassin did he throw.
Even there the Childe must dwell
In a dun-walled marble cell.
There he waileth in his woe
Crying thus as ye shall know.

"Nicolete, thou lily white,
My sweet lady, bright of brow,
Sweeter than the grape art thou,

Sweeter than sack posset good
In a cup of maple wood!
Was it not but yesterday
That a palmer came this way,
Out of Limousin came he,
And at ease he might not be,
For a passion him possessed
That upon his bed he lay,
Lay, and tossed, and knew not rest
In his pain discomforted.
But thou camest by the bed,
Where he tossed amid his pain,
Holding high thy sweeping train,
And thy kirtle of ermine,
And thy smock of linen fine,
Then these fair white limbs of thine,
Did he look on, and it fell
That the palmer straight was well,
Straight was hale—and comforted,
And he rose up from his bed,
And went back to his own place,
Sound and strong, and full of face!
My sweet lady, lily white,
Sweet thy footfall, sweet thine eyes,
And the mirth of thy replies.
Sweet thy laughter, sweet thy face,
Sweet thy lips and sweet thy brow,
And the touch of thine embrace.
Who but doth in thee delight?
I for love of thee am bound
In this dungeon underground,
All for loving thee must lie
Here where loud on thee I cry,
Here for loving thee must die
For thee, my love."

FROM THE "GULISTAN" OF SA'DI.

TRANSLATED BY FRANCIS J. GLADWIN.

[SA'DI, the assumed name of Shaikh Muslih al Din, one of the greatest of Persian poets, was born at Shiraz about 1190, a descendant of Ali, Mohammed's son-in-law. He studied at Bagdad, whence he made the first of fifteen pilgrim-

ages to Mecca, and traveled extensively in Europe, Asia, and Africa. While in Syria he was taken prisoner by the Crusaders and compelled to work on the fortifications of Tripoli, but was ransomed by a merchant of Aleppo, who gave him his daughter in marriage. Sa'di lived to an extreme old age, and after his death was honored by his native city with a mausoleum, which is still visited. His most celebrated work is the "Gulistan," or Rose Garden, a collection of unconnected moral stories, historical and fictitious, with an admixture of verse.]

Worldly Prudence.

A person had arrived at the head of his profession in the art of wrestling; he knew three hundred and sixty capital sleights in this art, and every day exhibited something new; but having a sincere regard for a beautiful youth, one of his scholars, he taught him three hundred and fifty-nine sleights, reserving however one sleight to himself. The youth excelled so much in skill and in strength, that no one was able to cope with him. He at length boasted, before the Sultan, that the superiority which he allowed his master to maintain over him was out of respect to his years, and the consideration of having been his instructor; for otherwise he was not inferior in strength, and was his equal in point of skill. The king did not approve of this disrespectful conduct, and commanded that there should be a trial of skill. An extensive spot was appointed for the occasion. The ministers of state, and other grandees of the court, were in attendance. The youth, like a lustful elephant, entered with a percussion that would have removed from its base a mountain of iron. The master, being sensible that the youth was his superior in strength, attacked with the sleight which he had kept to himself. The youth not being able to repel it, the master with both hands lifted him from the ground, and, raising him over his head, flung him on the earth. The multitude shouted. The king commanded that a dress, and a reward in money, should be bestowed on the master, and reproved and derided the youth for having presumed to put himself in competition with his benefactor, and for having failed in the attempt. He said, "O king, my master did not gain the victory over me through strength or skill; but there remained a small part in the art of wrestling which he had withheld from me, and by that small feint he got the better of me." The master observed, "I reserved it for such an occasion as the present; the sages having said, Put not yourself so much in the power of your friend, that if he should be disposed to be inimical, he may be able to effect his pur-

pose. Have you not heard what was said by a person who had suffered injury from one whom he had educated? Either there never was any gratitude in the world, or else no one at this time practices it. I never taught any one the art of archery, who in the end did not make a butt of me."

They have related that a certain vizier had shown clemency towards those of an inferior degree, and had sought to accommodate every one. It happened that, having fallen under the king's displeasure, they all exerted their interest to obtain his release, and those to whose custody he was committed showed him great indulgence in guarding him, and the other grandees represented his virtues to the king, till at length the monarch pardoned his fault.

A righteous man, when apprised of the circumstances, said, "Sell even your patrimonial garden to gain the hearts of your friends. In order to boil your wellwisher's pot, it is advisable to burn all your furniture. Do good even unto the wicked; for it is best to close the dog's mouth with a morsel."

One of the sons of Haroon ur Rusheed went to his father in a rage, complaining that the son of a certain officer had spoken disrespectfully of his mother. Haroon asked his ministers what was the just punishment for such an offense. One was for having him put to death; another said that his tongue ought to be cut out; and another, that he should be fined and banished. Haroon said, "My son, charity requires that you should pardon him; but if you have not strength of mind to do this, then abuse his mother in return, but not so much as to exceed the bounds of vengeance, for then the injury would be imputable to our side." In the opinion of the wise, he is not a brave man who combats with a furious elephant; but he is a man indeed, who, even in wrath, uttereth not idle words. A man of a bad disposition abused another, who took it patiently, and called him a hopeful youth. "I am worse than you can say of me, for I know my own defects better than you can possibly discover them."

There were two brothers, one of whom was in the service of the king, and the other ate the bread of his own industry. Once the rich man said to his poor brother, "Why do you not enter into the service of the king, to relieve yourself from the

affliction of labor?" He asked, "And why do you not work, that you may be relieved from the baseness of servitude? for the sages have said that to eat one's bread, and to sit down at ease, is preferable to wearing a golden girdle and standing up in service; to use your hands in making mortar of quicklime is preferable to placing them on your breast in attendance on the Umeer. Precious life has been spent in these cares, What shall I eat in the summer, and with what shall I be clothed in the winter? O ignoble belly, satisfy yourself with a loaf of bread, that you may not bend your back in servitude."

Somebody brought to Noushirvan the Just the good tidings that the God of majesty and glory has taken away such an one, who was your enemy. He asked, "Have you heard that he will by any means spare me? The death of my enemy is no cause of joy to me, since neither is my own life eternal."

Contentment.

I heard of a Durwaish [mendicant priest] who was suffering great distress from poverty, and sewing patch upon patch, but who comforted himself with the following verse: "I am contented with stale bread, and a coarse woolen frock, since it is better to bear the weight of one's own necessities than to suffer the load of obligation from mankind." Somebody said to him, "Why do you sit quiet, whilst such an one in this city has a liberal mind, and possesses universal benevolence, being ever willing to assist the pious, and always ready to comfort every heart? If he were apprised of your condition, he would consider it an obligation to satisfy your wants." He replied, "Be silent, for it is better to die of want than to expose our necessities to any one; for they have said that to sew patch upon patch and be patient, is preferable to writing a petition to a great man for clothing." Of a truth, it is equal to the torments of hell to enter into paradise by the help of one's neighbor.

A certain learned man who had a large family to support, with very scanty means, represented his case to a great man who entertained a favorable opinion of him. He disapproved of the application, deeming it unworthy of a man of spirit. When you are dissatisfied with your fortune, approach not

your dearest friend, or you will turn his pleasure into sorrow. When you expose your distress, preserve a lively and smiling appearance; he never fails in his pursuit who maintains a joyful countenance. It is said that the great man increased his pension a little, but treated him with less respect than formerly. After some time, perceiving this diminution of affection, he said: "Evil is that food which you obtain in the time of distress; the kettle is indeed upon the hearth, but your reputation is diminished. He increased my bread, and lessened my honor; it is better to be destitute of means than to suffer the disgrace of solicitation."

A thief said to a mendicant, "Are you not ashamed to hold out your hand to every sordid wretch to obtain a grain of silver?" He replied, "It is better to stretch out the hand for a grain of silver, than to have it cut off for having stolen a dang and a half."

The Supremacy of Luck.

They tell a story of a wrestler, who from adverse fortune was reduced to the extremity of misery. With a craving appetite, and destitute of the means of subsistence, he came complaining to his father, and requested leave to travel, if perchance by the strength of his arm he might be able to accomplish his wishes. Talents and skill are of no value without being exhibited; they put lignum aloes on the fire, and rub musk. The father said, "O son, get out of your head impracticable imaginations, and draw back the foot of contentment within the skirt of safety; for the sages have said, 'Riches are not to be obtained by bodily exertion, but the remedy against want is to moderate our desires. No one can seize the skirt of wealth by force; it is lost labor to anoint the eyes of the blind with salve.' If every hair of your head possessed two hundred accomplishments, they would be of no use when fortune is unpropitious. What can a strong but unfortunate man do? The arm of fortune is better than the arm of strength."

The son said: "O father! the advantages of traveling are many, the recreation of the mind, profitable attainments, to see wonders and to hear strange things; the view of cities; the conversation of mankind, the acquisition of honor, and attainment of manners; the increase of wealth, the means of gaining

a livelihood, forming intimate connections, and the experience of the world, in the manner as has been observed by men of piety, 'As long as you stick to your shop, and to your house, never, O simpleton! will you become a man. Go and travel over the world, before the time shall arrive for your quitting it.'"

The father made answer: "O son, the advantages of traveling in the manner that you have set forth are doubtless very great; but most especially so for five classes of men: First, the merchant, who, possessing wealth and dignity, with beautiful slaves and handmaids and active servants, may pass every day in a new city, and every night in a different place, and may every minute, in delightful spots, recreate himself with worldly luxuries. The rich man is not a stranger, neither in the mountains nor in the deserts; wherever he goes he pitches his tent and takes up his quarters; whilst he who possesses not the comforts of life, but is destitute of the means of supporting himself, is a stranger, and unknown in his native country. Secondly, a learned man who on account of his sweet speeches, powerful eloquence, and store of knowledge, wherever he goes is universally sought after and respected.

"The presence of a wise man resembles pure gold, because whithersoever he goeth they know his intrinsic value and consequence. An ignorant son of a rich man is like leather money passing current in a particular city, but which in a foreign country no one will receive for anything. Thirdly, the beautiful person, to whom the hearts of the virtuous are inclined, set a high value on his company, and consider it an honor to do him service. According to the saying, 'A little beauty is preferable to great wealth.' A beautiful person is the balm for a wounded heart, and is the key of the locked door. The beautiful person, wheresoever he goes, meets with honor and respect, even if his father and mother should turn him out with displeasure. I saw a peacock's feather in the leaves of a Koran. I said, 'I consider this an honor much greater than your quality deserves.' He replied, 'Be silent; for whosoever has beauty, wherever he puts his foot, doth not every one receive him with respect? The son who is endowed with elegance and beauty careth not for his father's anger.'

"He is a rare pearl, let him not remain in the parent shell; and of a precious pearl every one will be the purchaser. Fourthly, a sweet singer, who with the throat of David arrests

the waters in their course, and suspends the birds in their flight; consequently, by the power of this perfection, he captivates the hearts of mankind in general, and the religious are desirous of associating with him. My attention is engaged in listening to a sweet voice: who is this beautiful person playing on the double chord? How delightful is a tender and plaintive voice at the dawn of day, in the ears of those intoxicated with love! A sweet voice is better than a beautiful face; for the one gives sensual delight, and the other invigorates the soul. Fifthly, the mechanic, who gains subsistence by the labor of his arm, that his good name may not be disgraced by the want of bread. According to this saying of the wise: —

"'If a mechanic goes a journey from his own city, he suffers not difficulty nor distress; but if the king of Neemroze should wander out of his kingdom, he would sleep hungry.' The above-mentioned qualities, which I have explained, are the means of affording comfort to the mind in traveling, and are the bestowers of sweet delight; but he who does not possess them will enter the world with vain expectations; and no one will hear his name, nor see any signs of him. Whomsoever the revolutions of Heaven in malice afflict, the world betrays. The pigeon who is not to see his nest again, fate conducts to the grain and snare."

The son said: "O father, how can I contradict another maxim of the sages, which says, 'The necessaries of life are distributed to all, yet the attainment thereof requires exertion; and although misfortune is decreed, it is our duty to shun the way by which it enters'? Although our daily bread doubtlessly may come to us, yet reason requires that we should seek it out of doors. Although no one can die before it is decreed by fate, you have no occasion to run into the jaws of the dragon. In my present situation, I am able to encounter a furious elephant, and to combat a devouring lion; and I have besides this inducement to travel, that I am no longer able to suffer indigence. When a man falls from his rank and dignity, what has he more to concern himself about? he is a citizen of the world. A rich man repairs at night to his palace, but wheresoever the Durwaish is overtaken by night, that place is his inn."

This he said, took leave of his father, asked his blessing, and departed. At his departure he was heard to say, "The artist to whom fortune is not propitious goeth to a place where

his name is not known." He traveled until he arrived on the banks of a river, so rapid that stones dashed against stones, and the noise was heard at many miles' distance. It was a tremendous water, in which even waterfowls were not in safety; and the smallest of its waves would impel a millstone from the shore. He saw a number of people sitting at the ferry, each of whom had a small piece of money, and they were making up their bundles for the passage. The young man, having no money, used supplications, but without effect, they saying, "You cannot here commit violence on any one, and if you have money, there is no need of force." The inhuman boatman laughed at him, and turned away, saying, "You have no money, and you cannot cross the river by means of your strength. Of what avail is the strength of ten men? Bring the money of one." The young man, incensed at this sarcasm, wished to be revenged on him. The boat had put off; he called out, "If you will be satisfied with this garment, which I have on my back, I will freely give it you." The boatman being greedy, brought back the boat. Covetousness sews up the eyes of the cunning, and covetousness brings both bird and fish into the net. As soon as the young man's hands were in reach of the boatman's beard and collar, he dragged him towards him, and knocked him down without ceremony. One of his comrades stepped out of the boat to help him, but experienced such rough treatment that he desisted. They both thought it advisable to pacify the young man, and compromised with him for the fare. When you see fighting, be peaceable, for a peaceable disposition shuts the door of contention. Oppose kindness to perverseness: the sharp sword will not cut soft silk.

By using sweet words, and gentleness, you may lead an elephant with a hair. In expiation of what had happened, they fell at his feet, and after bestowing hypocritical kisses on his hands and face, brought him into the boat, and carried him over, until they came to a pillar of Grecian building that stood in the river, when the boatman called out, "The boat is in danger! let one of you who is the strongest and most courageous get upon this pillar, and lay hold of the boat's rope, that we may save the vessel." The young man, in the vanity of his strength, of which he had boasted, thoughtless of the offended heart of his enemy, paid no attention to this maxim of the sages, "If you have committed an offense towards an-

other, and should afterwards confer a hundred kindnesses, think not that he will forget to retaliate upon thee that single offense; for the arrow may be extracted from the wound, but the sense of injury still rankles in the heart." What excellent advice gave Yuktash to Khiltash! If you have scratched your enemy, do not consider yourself safe. When from your hand the heart of another hath suffered injury, expect not to be free from affliction thyself. Fling not a stone against the walls of a castle, lest perchance a stone may be thrown at you from the castle. As soon as he had gathered the rope round his arm, and had reached the top of the pillar, the boatman snatched the rope out of his hand and drove forward the vessel. The helpless young man remained astonished: for two days, he suffered much distress, and underwent great hardship; the third day sleep overpowered him and flung him into the river. After a day and a night he reached shore with some small remains of life. He fed on leaves of trees and roots of grass, until he had somewhat recruited his strength, when he bent his course to the desert, and arrived thirsty and hungry, and faint, at a well. He saw a number of people gathered round it, who were drinking a draught of water for a small piece of money. The young man, having no money, beseeched them for water, which they denying, he attempted to obtain it by force, but in vain; he knocked some of them down and beat them. They at length overpowered him, beat him unmercifully, and wounded him.

A swarm of gnats will engage an elephant, notwithstanding all his strength and valor. The little ants, when they meet with an opportunity, will strip off the skin of the fierce lion. Sick and wounded, he fell in with a caravan, which from necessity he followed. In the evening they arrived at a place that was infested by robbers. He saw the people of the caravan trembling through fear, and looking as if they expected to die. He said, "Be not afraid, for I am one amongst you, who will encounter fifty men, and other men will support me." The men, encouraged by his boasting, rejoiced at being in his company, and they supplied him with victuals and drink. The cravings of the young man's appetite being very powerful, he ate and drank so much, that at length the inner demon was quieted, and being overpowered with fatigue, he fell asleep. An old experienced man, who had seen the world, and was in the caravan, said: "O companions, I am more afraid of your guard

than of the robbers, for they tell a story of an Arab, who, having collected together some money, would not sleep alone in his house, for fear of being robbed by the Lowrians, but got one of his friends to stay with him, from the apprehension he had of being alone. He stayed with him several nights, but as soon as he got intelligence of the direms, he seized them, and made off. The next morning, they saw the Arab despoiled and lamenting. They asked what can be the matter, excepting that the thieves may have stolen your money? He replied, 'By God, not they, but the person who was the guard.' I never thought myself secure from the serpent, because I knew his disposition. A wound from the teeth of an enemy is most severe, when it is given under the semblance of friendship. How do you know, my friends, but what this young man may be one of the thieves, who by stratagem has introduced himself amongst us, in order that, when he finds an opportunity, he may give intelligence to his comrades? My advice, therefore, is this, that we leave him asleep and depart." The advice of the old man was approved by his juniors, and as they were suspicious of this strong man, they took up their baggage, and, leaving him asleep, departed. The young man, when the sun shone on his shoulders, lifted up his head, and discovered that the caravan was departed. He wandered about a long time without being able to find the road. Thirsty and without food, he laid his head on the ground, in a style of despondency: "Who will converse with me now that the yellow camels are departed? A traveler has no friend, besides a traveler. He is the readiest to distress a traveler, who has not himself experienced the difficulties of traveling." He was uttering this sentence, when the king's son, having lost his attendants in pursuit of game, happening to come to the spot, overheard him, and seeing him of a good appearance, and in distressed circumstances, asked from whence he was, and how he came there. He gave a short account of what had befallen him; and the king's son, compassionating him, bestowed on him a garment, and money, and ordered a trusty person to accompany him, and see him safe to his own city. The father was rejoiced at the sight of him, and thanked God for his safe return. At night he related to his father what had happened in the boat, of the violence of the boatman, and of the peasants, and the treachery of the caravan. The father said: "O son! did I not tell you, at the time of your departure, that the strong but poor

man has his hand tied; and that his foot, though resembling the paw of a lion, is broken? What an excellent saying is that of the needy gladiator, — 'A grain of gold is worth more than fifty pounds of strength.'"

The son replied: "O father! of a truth, without encountering difficulty, you cannot acquire riches; and without you endanger your life, you cannot gain the victory over your enemy; and without sowing seed, you cannot fill your barn. Don't you perceive that, in return for the little distress that I suffered, how much wealth I have brought with me; and for the sting that I endured, what a stock of honey I have acquired? Although we cannot enjoy more than Providence has assigned us, we ought not to be negligent in acquiring it. If the diver were to think of the jaw of the crocodile, he would never get in his possession precious pearls. The lower millstone does not move, and therefore sustains a great weight. What food can a ravenous lion find in his den? What game can be taken by a hawk that cannot fly? If you wait in your house for provision, your hands and feet will become as thin as those of a spider." The father said: "O son, Heaven has befriended you this time, and good fortune has been your guide, so that you have been able to pluck the rose from the thorn, and to extract the thorn from your foot; and a great man met with you, pitied and enriched you, and healed your broken condition. But such instances are rare, and we ought not to expect wonders. The hunter doth not always carry off the game: perchance himself may one day become the prey of the tiger. In like manner as it happened to one of the kings of Persia, who, possessing a ring set with a valuable jewel, went once on a party of pleasure with some of his particular associates to Mussula Shiraz, and ordered that they should fix the ring on the dome of Asud, with a proclamation that whoever shot an arrow through the circlet of it should have the ring. It chanced there were at that time four hundred experienced archers attending him, whose arrows all missed: but as a boy was playing on the terrace roof of the monastery, and shooting his arrows at random, the morning breeze conducted one of them through the ring. The prize was bestowed on him, together with other rich gifts. After this the boy burnt his bow and arrows, and on their asking him why he had done so, he replied, 'That this my first repute may be lasting.' It may happen that the prudent counsel of an enlightened sage does

not succeed; and it may chance that an unskillful boy, through mistake, hits the mark with his arrow."

Silence is Golden.

A sensible young man, who had made considerable progress in learning and virtue, was at the same time so discreet, that he would sit in the company of learned men without uttering a word. Once his father said to him, "My son, why do you not also say something of what you know?" He replied: "I fear lest they should question me about something of which I am ignorant, whereby I should suffer shame.

"Have you not heard of a Sufi that was driving some nails into his sandals, when an officer, laying hold of his sleeve, said, 'Come and shoe my horse?' Whilst you are silent, no one has any business with you; but when you speak, you must be ready with your proofs."

A certain poet went to the chief of a gang of robbers, and recited verses in his praise: the chief ordered him to be stripped of his clothes and expelled the village. The dogs attacking him in his rear, he wanted to take up some stones, but they were frozen to the ground. Thus distressed he said, "What a vile set of men are these, who let loose their dogs and fasten their stones."

The chief, having heard him from a window, laughed and said, "O wise man, ask a boon of me."

He answered: "I want my garment, if you will vouchsafe to bestow it. A man entertains hopes from those who are virtuous. I have no expectation from your virtue, only do me no injury. We are satisfied with your benevolence in suffering us to depart."

The chief of the robbers took compassion on him, ordered his garment to be restored, and added to it a robe of fur, together with some direms.

Rules for Conduct in Life.

Two persons took trouble in vain, and used fruitless endeavors, — he who acquired wealth, without enjoying it, and he who taught wisdom, but did not practice it. How much soever you may study science, when you do not act wisely, you are ignorant. The beast whom they load with books is not profoundly learned and wise: what knoweth his empty skull whether he carrieth firewood or books?

Science is to be used for the preservation of religion, and not for the acquisition of wealth. Whosoever prostituted his abstinence, reputation, and learning for gain, formed a granary and then consumed it entirely.

A learned man, without temperance, is a blind man carrying a link: he showeth the road to others, but doth not guide himself. He who through inadvertency trifled with life, threw away his money without purchasing anything.

Three things are not permanent without three things: wealth without commerce, science without argument, nor a kingdom without government.

Showing mercy to the wicked is doing injury to the good, and pardoning oppressors is injuring the oppressed. When you connect yourself with base men, and show them favor, they commit crimes with your power, whereby you participate in their guilt.

Reveal not to a friend every secret that you possess, for how can you tell but what he may some time or other become your enemy? Likewise inflict not on an enemy every injury in your power, for he may afterwards become your friend. The matter which you wish to preserve as a secret, impart it not to any one, although he may be worthy of confidence; for no one will be so true to your secret as yourself.

It is safer to be silent than to reveal one's secret to any one, and telling him not to mention it. O good man! stop the water at the spring head, for when it is in full stream you cannot arrest it. You should never speak a word in secret which may not be related in every company.

Speak in such manner between two enemies, that, should they afterwards become friends, you may not be put to the blush. Hostility between two people is like fire, and the evil-fated backbiter supplies fuel. Afterwards, when they are reconciled together, the backbiter is hated and despised by both parties. To kindle a flame between two persons, is to burn yourself inconsiderately in the midst.

When you see an enemy weak, twist not your whiskers in boasting: there is marrow in every bone, and every coat covers a man.

Anger, when excessive, createth terror; and kindness out of season destroys authority. Be not so severe as to cause disgust, nor so lenient as to encourage audacity. Severity and lenity should be tempered together,—like the surgeon, who when he uses the lancet applies also a plaster. A wise man carries not severity to excess, nor suffers such relaxation as will lessen his own dignity. He overrates not himself; neither doth he altogether neglect his consequence. A shepherd said to his father, "O thou who art wise, teach me one maxim from your experience." He replied, "Be complacent, but not to that degree that they may insult you with the sharp teeth of the wolf."

A wicked man is a captive in the hand of the enemy, for wherever he goeth he cannot escape from the clutches of his own punishment. If the wicked man should escape to heaven from the hand of calamity, he would continue in calamity from the sense of his own evil disposition.

Bruise the serpent's head with the hand of your enemy, which cannot fail of producing one of these two advantages. If the enemy succeeds, you have killed the snake; and if the latter prevails, you have got rid of your enemy.

In the day of battle consider not yourself safe because your adversary is weak; for he who becomes desperate will take out the lion's brains.

When you have anything to communicate that will distress the heart of the person whom it concerns, be silent, in order that he may hear from some one else. O nightingale! bring thou the glad tidings of spring, and leave bad news to the owl!

Take care how you listen to the voice of the flatterer, who, in return for his little stock, expects to derive from you considerable advantage. If one day you do not comply with his wishes, he imputes to you two hundred defects instead of perfections.

Unless some one points out to an orator his defects, his discourse will never be correct. Be not vain of the elegance of your discourse from the commendation of an ignorant person, neither upon the strength of your own judgment.

Every one thinks his own wisdom perfect, and his own child beautiful. A Jew and a Mohammedan were disputing in a

manner that made me laugh. The Mohammedan said in wrath, "If this deed of conveyance is not authentic, may God cause me to die a Jew!" The Jew said, "I make oath on the Pentateuch, and if I swear falsely, I am a Mohammedan like you." If wisdom was to cease throughout the world, no one would suspect himself of ignorance.

He who when he hath the power doeth not good, when he loses the means will suffer distress. There is not a more unfortunate wretch than the oppressor; for in the day of adversity, nobody is his friend.

Life depends upon the support of a single breath, and worldly existence is between two non-existences. Those who sell religion for the world are asses; they sell Joseph, and get nothing in return.

I have heard that in the land of the East they are forty years in making a china cup: they make a hundred in a day at Bagdad, and consequently you see the meanness of the price. A chicken, as soon as it comes out of the egg, seeks its food; but an infant hath not reason and discrimination. That which was something all at once, never arrives at much perfection; and the other by degrees surpasses all things in power and excellence. Glass is everywhere, and therefore of no value; the ruby is obtained with difficulty, and on that account is precious.

Publish not men's secret faults; for by disgracing them you make yourself of no repute.

If every night was a night of power, many of such nights would be disregarded. If every stone was a Budukshân ruby, the ruby and the pebble would be of equal value.

The vicious cannot endure the sight of the virtuous; in the same manner as the curs of the market howl at a hunting dog, but dare not approach him.

When a mean wretch cannot vie with another in virtue, out of his wickedness he begins to slander. The abject envious wretch will slander the virtuous man when absent; but when brought face to face, his loquacious tongue becomes dumb.

The wise man who engages in a controversy with those who

are ignorant of the subject, should not entertain any expectation of gaining credit. If an ignorant man, by his loquacity, should overpower a wise man, it is not to be wondered at, because a common stone will break a jewel. Why is it surprising if a nightingale should not sing, when a crow is in the same cage? If a virtuous man is injured by a vagabond, he ought not to be sorry, or angry. If a worthless stone bruise a golden cup, its own worth is not thereby increased, nor the value of the gold lessened.

If a wise man, falling in company with mean people, does not get credit for his discourse, be not amazed; for the sound of the harp cannot overpower the noise of the drum; and the fragrance of ambergris is overcome by fetid garlic. The ignorant wretch was proud of his loud voice, because he had impudently confounded the man of understanding. Are you ignorant that the musical mode of Hijaz is confounded by the noise of the warrior's drum? If a jewel falls into the mud, it is still the same precious stone; and if dust flies up to the sky, it retains its original baseness. A capacity without education is deplorable, and education without capacity is thrown away. Ashes, although of high origin, fire being of a noble nature, yet having no intrinsic worth, are no better than dust. Sugar obtains not its value from the cane, but from its innate quality. Musk has the fragrance in itself, and not from being called a perfume by the druggist. The wise man is like the druggist's chest, — silent, but full of virtues; and the blockhead resembles the warrior's drum, — noisy, but an empty prattler. A wise man in the company of those who are ignorant, has been compared by the sages to a beautiful girl in the company of blind men, or to the Koran in the house of an infidel. When the land of Canaan was without virtue, the birth of Joseph did not increase its dignity. Show your virtue, if you possess nobility; for the rose sprang from the thorn, and Abraham from Azur.

A friend whom you have been gaining during your whole life, you ought not to be displeased with in a moment. A stone is many years becoming a ruby; take care that you do not destroy it in an instant against another stone.

Reason is under the power of sense; as a man becomes weak in the hand of an artful woman. Shut the door of that house

of pleasure, which you hear resounding with the loud voice of a woman.

Two things are morally impossible: to enjoy more than Providence has allotted, or to die before the appointed time. Destiny will not be altered by our uttering a thousand lamentations and sighs, nor by our praises or complaints. The angel who presides over the treasury of winds, what does he care if the lamp of an old widow is extinguished?

The envious man begrudgeth the bountiful goodness of God, and is inimical to those who are innocent.

I heard a little fellow with dry brains speaking disrespectfully of a person of rank. I said, "O sir, if you are unfortunate, what crime have fortunate men committed?" Wish not ill to the envious man, for the unfortunate wretch is a calamity to himself. Where is the need of your showing enmity towards him who has such an adversary at his heels?

A learned man without works is a bee without honey. Say to the austere and uncivil bee, "When you cannot afford honey, do not sting."

They asked Iman Mûrsheed Mohammed Ben Mohammed Ghezaly, on whom be the mercy of God! by what means he had attained to such a degree of knowledge? He replied, "In this manner, — whatever I did not know, I was not ashamed to inquire about." There will be reasonable hopes of recovery when you get a skillful physician to feel your pulse. Inquire about everything that you do not know; since, for the small trouble of asking, you will be guided in the respectable road of knowledge.

Whenever you are certain that anything will be known to you in time, be not hasty in inquiring after it, as you will thereby lessen your authority and respectability. When Lokman saw that in the hand of David iron became miraculously like wax, he did not ask how he did it, being persuaded that without asking it would be made known.

Tell your story in conformity to the temper of the hearer, if you know that he is well disposed towards you. Any wise man who associates with Mujnoon will talk of nothing else but of the face of Leila.

Man is, beyond dispute, the most excellent of created beings, and the vilest animal is a dog; but the sages agree that a grateful dog is better than an ungrateful man. A dog never forgets a morsel, although you pelt him a hundred times with stones. But if you cherish a mean wretch for an age, he will fight with you for a mere trifle.

It is said in the Gospel, "O sons of Adam, if I should grant you riches, you would be more intent on them than on me; and if I should make you poor, your hearts would be sorrowful; and then, how could you properly celebrate my praise, and after what manner would you worship me? Sometimes in affluence you are proud and negligent; and again in poverty, you are afflicted and wounded. Since such is your disposition, both in happiness and in misery, I know not at what time you will find leisure to worship God."

A Durwaish [mendicant priest] whose end is good is better than a king whose end is evil. It is better to suffer sorrow before, than after, the enjoyment of happiness.

The sky enriches the earth with showers, and the earth returns it nothing but dust. A jar exudes whatever it contains. If my disposition is not worthy in your sight, quit not your own good manners. The Almighty beholdeth the crime, and concealeth it; and the neighbor seeth not, yet proclaimeth it aloud. God preserve us! if men knew what is done in secret, no one would be free from the interference of others.

Those who do not pity the weak, will suffer violence from the powerful. It does not always happen that the strong arm can overpower the hand of the weak. Distress not the heart of the weak, lest you fall by one more powerful than yourself.

The gamester wants three sixes, but three aces turn up. Pasture land is a thousand times better than the plain; but the horse has not command of the reins.

A Durwaish, in his prayer, said, "O God, show pity towards the wicked, for on the good thou hast already bestowed mercy, by having created them virtuous."

When you perceive what is just, and that it must be given, it is better to give it with kindness than with contention and displeasure. If a man does not pay the tax willingly, the officer's servant will exact it by force.

What can an old prostitute do but vow not to sin any more? or a degraded superintendent of police, besides promising not to injure mankind? A youth who makes choice of retirement, is a lionlike man in the path of God; for an old man is not able to move from his corner.

RUSTAM AND AKWAN DEV.

By FERDAUSI.

(From the Shah-nameh: translated by E. H. Palmer.)

Kai Khosrau sat in a garden bright
With all the beauties of balmy Spring;
And many a warrior armor-dight
With a stout kamand and an arm of might
Supported Persia's King.

With trembling mien and a pallid cheek,
A breathless hind to the presence ran;
And on bended knee, in posture meek,
With faltering tongue that scarce could speak,
His story thus began: —

"Alackaday! for the news I bear
Will like to the follies of Fancy sound;
Thy steeds were stabled and stalled with care,
When a Wild Ass sprang from its forest lair
With a swift resistless bound, —

"A monster fell, of a dusky hue,
And eyes that flashed with a hellish glow;
Many it maimed and some it slew,
Then back to the forest again it flew,
As an arrow leaves the bow."

Kai Khosrau's rage was a sight to see:
"Now curses light on the foul fiend's head!
Full rich and rare shall his guerdon be
Whose stalwart arm shall bring to me
The monster, alive or dead!"

But the mailclad warriors kept their ground,
And their bronzèd cheeks were blanched with fear;
With scorn the Shah on the cowards frowned, —
"One champion bold may yet be found
While Rustam wields a spear!"

No tarrying made the son of Zal,
Small reck had he of the fiercest fray;
But promptly came at the monarch's call,
And swore that the monster fiend should fall
Ere closed the coming day.

The swift Rakush's sides he spurred,
And speedily gained the darksome wood;
Nor was the trial for long deferred, —
But soon a hideous roar was heard,
Had chilled a baser blood.

Then darting out like a flashing flame,
Traverse his path the Wild Ass fled;
And the hero then with unerring aim
Hurled his stout kamand, but as erst it came, —
Unscathed the monster fled.

"Now Khuda in Heaven!" bold Rustam cried, —
"Thy chosen champion deign to save!
Not all in vain shall my steel be tried,
Though he who my powers has thus defied
Be none but Akwan Dev."

Then steadily chasing his fiendish foe,
He thrust with hanger, he smote with brand;
But ever avoiding the deadly blow
It vanished away like the scenes that show
On Balkh's delusive sand.

For full three wearisome nights and days
Stoutly he battled with warlike skill;
But the Demon such magical shifts essays
That leaving his courser at large to graze,
He rests him on a hill.

But scarce can slumber his eyelids close,
Ere Akwan Dev from afar espies;
And never disturbing his foe's repose,
The earth from under the mound he throws,
And off with the summit flies.

"Now, daring mortal!" the Demon cried, —
"Whither wouldst have me carry thee?
Shall I cast thee forth on the mountain side,
Where the lions roar and the reptiles glide,
Or hurl thee into the sea?"

"O bear me off to the mountain side,
Where the lions roar and the serpents creep!
For I fear not the creatures that spring or glide;
But where is the arm that can stem the tide,
Or still the raging deep?"

Loud laughed the fiend as his load he threw
Far plunging into the roaring flood;
And louder laughed Rustam as out he flew,
For he fain had chosen the sea, but knew
The fiend's malignant mood.

Soon all the monsters that float or swim,
With ravening jaws down on him bore;
But he hewed and hacked them limb from limb,
And the wave pellucid grew thick and dim
With streaks of crimson gore.

With thankful bosom he gains the strand,
And seeketh his courser near and far,
Till he hears him neigh, and he sees him stand
Among the herds of a Tartar band,
The steeds of Isfendiyar.

But Rustam's name was a sound of dread,
And the Tartar heart it had caused to quake;
The herd was there, but the hinds had fled, —
So all the horses he captive led
For good Kai Khosrau's sake.

Then loud again through the forest rings
The fiendish laugh and the taunting cry;
But his kamand quickly the hero flings,
And around the Demon it coils and clings,
As a cobweb wraps a fly.

Kai Khosrau sat in his garden fair,
Mourning his Champion lost and dead,
When a shout of victory rent the air,
And Rustam placed before his chair
A Demon Giant's head.



VENETIANS AND SARACENS

From a painting by Lepoitevin

THE FOURTH CRUSADE.

By Mrs. OLIPHANT.

(From the "Makers of Venice.")

[Mrs. Margaret Oliphant, whose maiden name was Margaret O. Wilson, a Scotch novelist, biographer, and historical writer, was born at Wallyford, near Musselburgh, in Midlothian, in 1828. She was the author of over seventy novels, which have had a large sale in Great Britain and the United States. Among them are: "Passages in the Life of Mrs. Margaret Maitland" (her earliest work), "Adam Graeme," "Zaidee," "Chronicles of Carlingford" (upon which her reputation is based), "Story of Valentine and his Brother," "Sir Tom," "In Trust," "Kirsteen." Her other writings include admirable biographies of Edward Irving, Montalembert, Francis of Assisi, Jeanne d'Arc, Thomas Chalmers, and Laurence Oliphant; "Makers of Florence, Venice, and Rome," "Historical Sketches of the Reign of George II.," "Royal Edinburgh," "Literary History of England," "Victorian Age of English Literature." She died at Wimbledon, June 25, 1897.]

Dandolo was the first doge, if not to sign the *promissione*, or solemn ducal oath of fidelity to all the laws and customs of the republic, at least to reach the period of history when such documents began to be preserved. His oath is full of details which show the jealousy of the new *régime* in defining and limiting the doge's powers. He vows not only to rule justly, to accept no bribes, to show no favoritism, to subordinate his own affairs and all others to the interests of the city, but also not to write letters on his own account to the Pope or any other prince; to submit his own affairs to the arbitrament of the common tribunals, and to maintain two ships of war at his own expense — stipulations which must have required no small amount of self-control on the part of men scarcely as yet educated to the duties of constitutional princes. The beginning of Dandolo's reign was distinguished by the usual expeditions to clear the Adriatic and reconfirm Venetian supremacy on the Dalmatian coast; also, by what was beginning to be equally common, certain conflicts with the Pisans, who began to rival Venice in the empire of the seas. These smaller commotions, however, were dwarfed and thrown into the shade by the great expedition, known in history as the Fourth Crusade, which ended in the destruction of Constantinople and great aggrandizement of the republic, but, so far as the objects of the Crusade were concerned, in nothing.

The setting out of this expedition affords one of the most picturesque and striking scenes in Venetian history, though its

details come to us rather from the chronicles of the Crusade than from the ancient historians of Venice, who record them briefly with a certain indifference and at the same time with a frankness which sounds cynical. Perhaps the conviction of a later age, that the part played by Venice was not a very noble one, may have here restrained the record. "In those days a great occasion presented itself to the Venetians to increase their dominions," Sabellico says, calmly putting aside all pretense at more generous motives. Villehardouin, however, has left a succession of pictures which could not be surpassed in graphic force, and which place all the preliminaries before us in the most brilliant daylight. He describes how the French princes who had taken the cross sent an embassy to Venice in order to arrange, if possible, for means of transport to the Holy Land — six noble Frenchmen, in all their bravery and fine manners, and fortunately with that one among them who carried a pen as well as a sword. It is evident that this proposal was considered on either side as highly important, and was far from being made or received as merely a matter of business. The French messengers threw themselves at once upon the generosity, the Christian feeling, of the masters of the sea. Money and men they had in plenty; but only Venice, so powerful on the seas, so rich, and at peace with all her neighbors, could give them ships. From the beginning their application is an entreaty, and their prayers supported by every argument that earnestness could suggest. The doge received them in the same solemn manner, submitting their petition to the council, and requiring again and again certain days of delay in order that the matter should be fully debated. It was at last settled with royal magnificence not only that the ships should be granted, but that the republic should fit out fifty galleys of her own to increase the force of the expedition; after which, everything being settled (which again throws a curious side light upon popular government), the doge called the Venetians together in San Marco — ten thousand of them in the most beautiful church that ever was, says the Frenchman — and bade the strangers plead their own cause before the people. When we consider that everything was arranged beforehand, it takes something from the effect of the scene and suggests uncomfortable ideas of solemn deceits practiced upon the populace in all such circumstances — but in itself the picture is magnificent.

Mass being celebrated, the doge called the ambassadors,

and told them to ask humbly of the people whether the proposed arrangement should be carried into effect. Godfrey de Villehardouin then stood forth to speak in the name of all, with the following result: —

"Messieurs, the noblest and most powerful barons of France have sent us to you, to pray you to have pity upon Jerusalem in bondage to the Turk, and for the love of God to accompany us to avenge the shame of Christ; and knowing that no nation is so powerful on the seas as you, they have charged us to implore your aid and not to rise from our knees till you have consented to have pity upon the Holy Land."

With this the six ambassadors knelt down, weeping. The doge and all the people then cried out with one voice, raising their hands to heaven, "We grant it, we grant it!" And so great was the sound that nothing ever equaled it. The good doge of Venice, who was most wise and brave, then ascended the pulpit and spoke to the people. "Signori," he said, "you see the honor which God has done you, that the greatest nation on earth has left all other peoples in order to ask your company, that you should share with them this great undertaking, which is the reconquest of Jerusalem." Many other fine and wise things were said by the doge which I cannot here recount. And thus the matter was concluded.

It must have been a strange and imposing sight for these feudal lords to see the crowd that filled San Marco, and overflowed in the Piazza, the vast trading, seafaring multitude tanned with the sunshine and the sea, full of their own importance, listening like men who had to do it, no submissive crowd of vassals, but each conscious (though, as we have seen, with but little reason) that he individually was appealed to, while those splendid petitioners knelt and wept — moved, no doubt, on their side by that wonderful sea of faces, by the strange circumstances, and the rising wave of enthusiasm which began to move the crowd. The old doge, rising up in the pulpit, looking with dim eyes across the heads of the multitude, with the great clamor of the "*Concediomo*" still echoing under the dome, the shout of an enthusiastic nation, gives the last touch of pictorial effect. His eyes still glowed, though there was so little vision in them; pride and policy and religious enthusiasm all mingled in his words and looks. The greatest nation of the world had come as a suppliant — who could refuse her petition? This was in the winter, early in the year 1201. It is not difficult to imagine the wintry after-

noon, the dim glories of the choir going off into a golden gloom behind, the lights glimmering upon the altars, the confused movement and emotion of the countless crowd, indistinct under the great arches, extending into every corner — while all the light there was concentrated in the white hair and cloth of gold of the venerable figure to which every eye was turned, standing up against the screen at the foot of the great cross.

The republic by this bargain was pledged to provide transport for four thousand five hundred cavaliers, and nearly thirty thousand men on foot; along with provisions for a year for this multitude; for which the Frenchmen pledged themselves to pay eighty-five thousand silver marks, "according to the weight of Cologne," in four different installments. The contingent of Venice, apart from this, was to consist of fifty galleys. The ships were to be ready at the feast of SS. Peter and Paul in the same year, when the first installment of the money was to be paid.

In the mean time, however, while the workmen in the arsenal were busily at work, and trade must have quickened throughout Venice, various misfortunes happened to the other parties to the engagement. Young Thibaut of Champagne died in the flower of his youth, and many small parties of Crusaders went off from other quarters in other vessels than those of Venice; so that when at last the expedition arrived, it was considerably diminished in numbers, and, what was still more disastrous, the leaders found themselves unable to pay the first installment of the appointed price. The knights denuded themselves of all their valuables, but this was still insufficient. In these circumstances an arrangement was resorted to which produced many and great complications, and changed altogether the character of the expedition. Venice has been in consequence reproached with the worldliness and selfishness of her intentions. It has been made to appear that her religious fervor was altogether false, and her desire to push her own interests her sole motive. No one will attempt to deny that this kind of selfishness, which in other words is often called patriotism, was very strong in her. But on the other side it would be hard to say that it was with any farseeing plan of self-aggrandizement that the republic began this great campaign, or that Dandolo and his counselors perceived how far they should go before their enterprise was brought to an end. They were led on from point to point like those whom they influenced,

and were themselves betrayed by circumstances and a crowd of secondary motives, as well as the allies whom they are believed to have betrayed.

The arrangement proposed was, since the Crusaders could not pay the price agreed for their ships, that they should delay their voyage to the Holy Land long enough to help the Venetians in subduing Zara, which turbulent city had again, as on every possible occasion, rebelled. The greater part of the Frenchmen accepted the proposal with alacrity; though some objected that to turn their arms against Christians, however rebellious, was not the object of the soldiers of the cross. In the long run, however, and notwithstanding the remonstrances of Pope Innocent, of which the independent Venetians made light, the bargain was accepted on all hands, and all the preliminaries concluded at last. Another of the wonderful scenic displays with which almost every important step was accompanied in Venice took place before the final start.

One day, upon a Sunday, all the people of the city, and the greater part of the barons and pilgrims, met in San Marco. Before Mass began the doge rose in the pulpit and spoke to the people in this manner: "Signori, you are associated with the greatest nation in the world in the most important matter which can be undertaken by men. I am old and weak and need rest, having many troubles in the body, but I perceive that none can so well guide and govern you as I who am your lord. If you will consent that I should take the sign of the cross to care for you and direct you, and that my son should, in my stead, regulate the affairs of the city, I will go to live and die with you and the pilgrims."

When they heard this, they cried with one voice, "Yes! we pray you, in the name of God, take it and come with us."

Then the people of the country and the pilgrims were greatly moved and shed many tears, because this heroic man had so many reasons for remaining at home, being old. But he was strong and of a great heart. He then descended from the pulpit and knelt before the altar, weeping, and the cross was sewn upon the front of his great cap, so that all might see it. And the Venetians that day in great numbers took the cross.

It was in October, 1202, that the expedition finally sailed, a great fleet of nearly three hundred ships; the Frenchmen in their shining mail with their great war horses furnishing a wonderful spectacle for the Venetians, to whom these noble creatures, led unwillingly on board the galleys, were so little

familiar. The whole city watched the embarkation with excitement and high commotion; no doubt with many a woman's tears and wistful looks, anguish of the old, and more impassioned grief of the young, as the fifty galleys which contained the Venetian contingent slowly filled with all the best in the republic, the old doge at their head. Bound for the Holy Land, to deliver it from the infidel! That, no doubt, was what the people believed who had granted with acclamation their aid to the barons in San Marco. And to watch the great fleet which streamed along, with all its sails, against the sunshine through the tortuous, narrow channels that thread the lagoon; line after line of high-beaked painted galleys, with their endless oars, and all their bravery; it must have seemed as if the very sea had become populous, and such a host must carry all before it. Days must have passed in bustle and commotion ere, with the rude appliances of their time, three hundred vessels could have been got under way. They streamed down the Adriatic, a maritime army rather than a fleet, imposing to behold; frightening the turbulent towns along the coast which were so ready, when the Venetian galleys were out of sight, to rebel — and arrived before Zara in crushing strength. The citizens closed the harbor with a chain, and with a garrison of Hungarians to help them, made a brave attempt to defend themselves. But against such an overwhelming force their efforts were in vain, and after a resistance of five days the city surrendered. It was by this time the middle of November, and to tempt the wintry sea at that season was contrary to the habits of the time. The expedition accordingly remained at Zara, where many things took place which decided the course of its after movements. It was not a peaceful pause. The French and the Venetians quarreled in the first place over their booty or their privileges in the sacked and miserable city. When that uproar was calmed, which took the leaders some time, another trouble arrived in the shape of letters from Pope Innocent, which disturbed the French chiefs greatly, though the old doge and his counselors paid but little attention. Innocent called the Crusaders to account for shedding Christian blood when they ought to have been shedding pagan, and for sacking a city which belonged to their brethren in the faith, to whom he commanded them to make restitution and reparation. Whether the penitent barons gave up their share of the booty is not told us, but they wrote humble letters asking pardon, and declaring that to

take Zara was a necessity which they had no power to resist. The Pope was moved by their submission, but commanded them to proceed to Syria with all possible speed, "neither turning to the right hand nor to the left," and as soon as they had disembarked on the Syrian shores to separate themselves from the Venetians, who seem to have been excommunicated (which did not greatly disturb them) for their indifference to the papal commands.

This correspondence with Rome must have given a certain amount of variety, if not of a very agreeable kind, to the winter sojourn on the Adriatic, confused with tumults of the soldiery and incessant alarms lest their quarrels should break out afresh; quarrels which — carried on in the midst of a hostile people bitterly rejoicing to see their conquerors at enmity among themselves, and encouraged by the knowledge that the Pope had interfered on their behalf — must have made the invaders doubly uncomfortable. From the Venetian side there is not a word of the excommunication leveled against themselves, and generally so terrible a weapon. Such punishments perhaps were more easily borne abroad than at home, and the republic already stoutly held its independence from all external interference.

While Pope Innocent's letters were thus occupying all minds, and the French Crusaders chafing at the delay, and perhaps also at the absence of all excitement and occupation in the Dalmatian town, another incident occurred of the most picturesque character, as well as of the profoundest importance. This was — first, the arrival of ambassadors from the Emperor Philip of Swabia with letters recommending the young Alexius, the son of Isaac, dethroned Emperor of the Greeks, to the Crusaders; and secondly that young prince himself, an exile and wanderer, with all the recommendations of injured helplessness and youth in his favor. The ambassadors brought letters telling such a story as was most fit to move the chivalrous leaders of the Christian host. The youth for whom their appeal was made was the true heir of the great house of Comnenus, born in the purple, — a young Hamlet whose father had been, not killed, but overthrown, blinded, and imprisoned by his own brother, and now lay miserable in a dungeon at Constantinople while the usurper reigned in his stead. What tale so likely to move the pity of the knights and barons of France? And, the suppliants added, what enterprise so fit to promote

and facilitate the object of the Crusaders? For Constantinople had always been a difficulty in the way of the conquest of Syria, and now more than ever, when a false and cruel usurper was on the throne; whereas, if old Isaac and his young son were restored, the Crusaders would secure a firm footing, a stronghold of moral as well as physical support in the East, which would make their work easy. One can imagine the high excitement, the keen discussions, the eagerness of some, the reluctance of others, the heat of debate and diverse opinion which arose in the camp. There were some among the pilgrims upon whom the Pope's disapproval lay heavy, and who longed for nothing so much as to get away, to have the wearisome preliminaries of the voyage over, and to find themselves upon the holy soil which they had set out to deliver; while there were some, perhaps more generous than devout, to whom the story of the poor young prince, errant through the world in search of succor, and the blind imperial prisoner in the dungeon, was touching beyond description, calling forth every sentiment of knighthood. The Venetians had still another most moving motive; it seems scarcely possible to believe that they did not at once perceive the immense and incalculable interests involved. They were men of strictly practical vision, and Constantinople was their market place at once and their harvest ground. To establish a permanent footing there by all the laws of honor and gratitude — what a thing for Venice! It is not necessary to conclude that they were untouched by other inducements. They, better than any, knew how many hindrances Constantinople could throw in the way; how treacherous her support was; how cunning her enmity, and what an advantage it would be to all future enterprises if a power bound to the west by solid obligations could be established on the Bosphorus. Nor is it to be supposed that as men they were inaccessible to the pleas of humanity and justice urged by Philip. But at the same time the dazzle of the extraordinary advantages thus set before themselves must have been as a glamor in their eyes.

It was while the whole immense, tumultuous band, the Frenchmen and knights of Flanders, the barons of the Low Country, the sailor princes of the republic, were in full agitation over this momentous question, and all was uncertainty and confusion, that the young Alexius arrived at Zara. There was a momentary lull in the agitation, to receive as was his due

this imperial wanderer, so young, so highborn, so unfortunate. The Marquis of Montserrato was his near kinsman, his rank was undoubted, and his misfortunes, the highest claim of all, were known to every one. The troops were turned out to receive him with all the pomp of military display, the doge's silver trumpets sounding, and all that the Crusaders could boast of in music and magnificence. The monks, who had been pressing hotly from band to band, urging Pope Innocent's commands and the woes of Jerusalem; the warlike leaders, who had been anxiously attempting to reconcile their declared purpose with the strong temptations of such a chivalrous undertaking — all for the moment arrested their arguments, their self-reasonings, their mutual upbraidings, to hear what their young guest had to say. And Alexius had everything to say that extreme necessity could suggest. He would give subsidies unlimited — two hundred thousand marks of silver, all the costs of the expedition, as much as it pleased them to require. He would himself accompany the expedition, he would furnish two thousand men at once, and for all his life maintain five hundred knights for the defense of Jerusalem. Last of all, and greatest, he vowed — a bait for Innocent himself, an inducement which must have stopped the words of remonstrance on the lips of the priests and made their eyes glow — to renounce forever the Greek heresy and bring the Eastern Church to the supremacy at Rome!

Whether it was this last motive, or simply a rush of sudden enthusiasm, such as was, and still is, apt to seize upon a multitude, the scruples and the doubts of the Crusaders melted like wax before the arguments of the young prince, and his cause seems to have been taken up by general consent. A few pilgrims of note indeed left the expedition and attempted to find another way to the Holy Land, but it was with very slightly diminished numbers that the expedition set sail in April, 1203, for Constantinople. Zara celebrated their departure by an immediate rising, once more asserting its independence, and necessitating a new expedition sent by Renier Dandolo, the doge's son and deputy, to do all the work of subjugation over again. But that was an occurrence of every day.

The Crusaders went to Corfu first, where they were received with acclamation, the islanders offering at once their homage to Alexius; and lingered thereabouts until the eve of Pentecost, when they set sail directly for Constantinople. Over these summer seas the crowd of ships made their way with ensigns

waving and lances glittering in the sun, like an army afloat, as indeed they were, making the air resound with their trumpets and warlike songs. The lovely islands, the tranquil waters, the golden shores, filled these northmen with enthusiasm — nothing so beautiful, so luxuriant, so wealthy and fair, had ever been seen. Where was the coward who would not dare to strike a blow for such a land? The islands, as they passed, received Alexius with joy; all was festal and splendid in the advance. It was the 24th of June, the full glory of midsummer, when the fleet passed close under the walls of Constantinople. We need not enter into a detailed description of the siege. The Venetians would seem to have carried off the honors of the day. The French soldiers having failed in their first assault by land, the Venetians, linking a number of galleys together by ropes, ran them ashore, and seemed to have gained possession, almost without pausing to draw breath, of a portion of the city. We will quote from Gibbon, whose classical splendor of style is so different from the graphic simplicity of our chroniclers, a description of this extraordinary attack. He is not a historian generally favorable to the Venetians, so that his testimony may be taken as an impartial one.

On the side of the harbor the attack was more successfully conducted by the Venetians; and that industrious people employed every resource that was known and practiced before the invention of gunpowder. A double line, three bowshots in front, was formed by the galleys and ships; and the swift motion of the former was supported by the weight and loftiness of the latter, whose decks and poops and turrets were the platforms of military engines that discharged their shot over the heads of the first line. The soldiers who leaped from the galleys on shore immediately planted and ascended their scaling ladders, while the large ships, advancing more slowly into the intervals and lowering a drawbridge, opened a way through the air from their masts to the rampart. In the midst of the conflict the doge's venerable and conspicuous form stood aloft in complete armor on the prow of his galley. The great standard of St. Mark was displayed before him; his threats, promises, and exhortations urged the diligence of the rowers; his vessel was the first that struck; and Dandolo was the first warrior on shore. The nations admired the magnanimity of the blind old man, without reflecting that his age and infirmities diminished the price of life and enhanced the value of immortal glory. On a sudden, by an invisible hand (for the standard bearer was probably slain), the banner of the republic was fixed on the rampart, twenty-five towers

were rapidly occupied, and, by the cruel expedient of fire, the Greeks were driven from the adjacent quarter.

A finer battle picture than this — of the galleys fiercely driven inshore, the aged prince high on the prow, the Venetians rushing on the dizzy bridge from the rigging to the ramparts, and suddenly, miraculously, the lion of St. Mark unfolding in the darkened air full of smoke and fire, and bristling showers of arrows — could scarcely be. The chroniclers of Venice say nothing of it all. For once they fail to see the pictorial effect, the force of the dramatic situation. Andrea Dandolo's moderate description of his ancestor's great deed is all we have to replace the glowing narrative in which the Venetians have recorded other facts in their history. "While they [the French] were," he says, "pressed hard, on account of their small numbers, the doge with the Venetians burst into the city, and he, though old and infirm of vision, yet being brave and eager of spirit, joined himself to the French warriors, and all of them together, fighting with great bravery, their strength reviving and their courage rising, forced the enemy to retire, and at last, the Greeks yielding on every side, the city was taken."

The results of the victory were decisive, if not lasting. The old blind emperor Isaac was taken from his dungeon — his usurping brother having fled — and replaced upon his throne; and the young wanderer Alexius, the favorite and plaything of the crusading nobles, the *fanciullo*, as the Venetians persist in calling him, was crowned in St. Sophia as his father's coadjutor with great pomp and rejoicing. But this moment of glory was short-lived. As soon as the work was done, when there began to be talk of the payment, and of all the wonderful things which had been promised, these brilliant skies were clouded over. It appeared that Alexius had neither authority to make such promises nor any power of fulfilling them. Not even the money could be paid without provoking new rebellions; and as for placing the Greek Church under the power of Rome, that was more than any emperor could do. Nor was this all; for it very soon appeared that the throne set up by foreign arms was anything but secure. The Crusaders, who had intended to push on at once to their destination, the Holy Land, were again arrested, partly by a desire to secure the recompense promised for their exertions, partly because the young prince, whom his own countrymen disliked for his close alliance with

the strangers, implored them to remain till his throne should be more firmly established. But that throne was not worth a year's purchase to its young and unfortunate tenant. Notwithstanding the great camp of the invaders at Galata, and the Venetian galleys in the Bosphorus, another sudden revolution undid everything that had been done. The first assault had been made in June, 1203. So early as March of the next year, the barons and the doge were taking grim counsel together as to what was to be done with the spoil — such spoil as was not to be found in any town in Europe — when they should have seized the city, in which young Alexius lay murdered, and his old father dead of misery and grief.

The second siege was longer and more difficult than the first, for the new emperor, Marzoufle, he of the shaggy eyebrows, was bolder and more determined than the former usurper. But at last the unhappy city was taken, and sacked with every circumstance of horror that belongs to such an event. The chivalrous Crusaders, the brave Venetians, the best men of their age, either did not think it necessary, or were unable to restrain the lowest instincts of an excited army. And what was terrible everywhere was worse in Constantinople, the richest of all existing cities, full of everything that was most exquisite in art and able in invention. "The Venetians only, who were of gentler soul," says Romanin, "took thought for the preservation of those marvelous works of human genius, transporting them afterward to Venice, as they did the four famous horses which now stand on the façade of the great Basilica, along with many columns, jewels, and precious stones, with which they decorated the *Pala d'oro* and the treasury of San Marco." This proof of gentler soul was equally demonstrated by Napoleon when he carried off those same bronze horses to Paris in the beginning of the century, but it was not appreciated either by Italy or the world. Altogether this chapter in the history of the Venetian armaments, as in that of the Crusaders and Western Christendom in general, is a terrible and painful one. The pilgrims had got into a false and miserable vortex, from which they could not clear their feet. All that followed is like some feverish and horrible dream, through which the wild attempts to bring some kind of order, and to establish a new rule, and to convince themselves that they were doing right and not wrong, make the ruinous complications only more apparent. During the whole period of their lingering, of their besieging, of their

elections of Latin emperors and archbishops, — futile and short-lived attempts to make something of their conquest, — letters from Pope Innocent were raining upon them, full of indignant remonstrances, appeals, and reproaches; and little groups of knights were wandering off toward their proper destination sick at heart, while the rest appointed themselves lords and suzerains, marshals and constables, of a country which they neither understood nor could rule.

In less than a year there followed the disastrous defeat of Adrianople, in which the ranks of the Crusaders were broken, and the unfortunate newly elected emperor, Baldwin, disappeared, and was heard of no more. The old doge, Enrico Dandolo, died shortly after, having both in success and defeat performed prodigies of valor, which his great age (ninety-seven, according to the chroniclers) makes almost incredible, and keeping to the last a keen eye upon the interests of Venice, which alone were forwarded by all that had happened. But he never saw Venice again. He died in June, 1205, — two years after the first attack upon Constantinople, three years after his departure from Venice, — and was buried in St. Sophia. Notwithstanding the royal honors that we are told attended his funeral, one cannot but feel that the dim eyes of the old warrior must have turned with longing to the rest that ought to have been his in his own San Marco, and that there must have echoed in his aged heart something of a pang that went through that of a later pilgrim whose last fear it was that he should lay his bones far from the Tweed.

DIES IRÆ.

(Hymn by St. Thomas of Celano, about 1230.)

Dies iræ, dies illa!
Solvet sæclum in favilla,
Teste David cum Sibylla.

Quantus tremor est futurus,
Quando judex est venturus,
Cuncta stricte discussurus.

Tuba mirum spargens sonum
Per sepulchra regionum
Coget omnes ante thronum.

Mors stupebit et natura,
Cum resurget creatura,
Judicanti responsura.

Liber scriptus proferetur
In quo totum continetur
Unde mundus judicetur.

Judex ergo cum sedebit,
Quidquid latet apparebit:
Nil inultum remanebit.

Quid sum miser tunc dicturus,
Quem patronum rogaturus,
Cum vix justus sit securus?

Rex tremendæ majestatis,
Qui salvandos salvas gratis
Salva me, fons pietatis.

Recôrdare, Jesu pie,
Quod sum causa tuæ viæ:
Ne me perdas illa die.

Quærens me, sedisti lassus:
Redemisti, crucem passus:
Tantus labor non sit cassus.

Juste judex ultionis,
Donum fac remissionis
Ante diem rationis.

Ingemisco, tanquam reus:
Culpa rubet voltus meus:
Supplicanti parce, Deus.

Qui Mariam absolvisti,
Et latronem exaudisti,
Mihi quoque spem dedisti.

Preces meæ non sunt dignæ;
Sed tu bonus fac benigne:
Ne perenni cremer igne.

Inter oves locum præsta,
Et ab hædis me sequestra,
Statuens in parte dextra.

Confutatis maledictis,
Flammis acribus addictis,
Voca me cum benedictis.

Oro supplex et acclinis;
Cor contritum quasi cinis:
Gere curam mei finis.

Lachrymosa dies illa,
Qua resurget ex favilla
Judicandus homo reus:
Huic ergo parce, Deus.

Pie Jesu, Domine,
Dona eis requiem.
Amen.

VERSION BY CHARLES W. STONE.

Day of wrath, behold that day!
Time shall float in flame away;
Pagan seers with David say.

Ah what quaking fear shall be,
Ere the Earth her Lord shall see
Searching all with stern decree.

Blazing trumpet's awful tone
O'er the tombs of ages blown
All shall call before the throne.

Death and Nature gaze aghast,
While the rising soul at last
Meets its Lord to own the past.

Scroll with fateful writing fraught,
Forth in final judgment brought,
All shall show that Earth hath wrought.

Throned on high he waits; and lo,
All that darkling lies shall show:
Naught without avenge can go.

There what word my woe can plead?
Who my prayer for aid can heed,
While the just are sore in need?

Awful, all majestic King,
Who thine own to grace wilt bring,
Lead me nigh that saving spring.

Jesu sweet; recall, I pray,
'Twas for me thou trod'st thy way:
Lose me ne'er from thee that day.

Weary thou for me hast lain
'Neath that saving cross of pain:
May such anguish be not vain.

Lord of vengeance, stern and just,
Grant the pardoning grace we trust,
Ere the day that calls our dust.

Loud I cry in guilt's despair:
Flushing shame my features wear:
Thou, O Lord, thy suppliant spare.

Thou that madest Mary free,
Thou that heard'st the robber's plea,
Gavest hope for even me.

For some worthy prayer I yearn:
Still in mercy do not spurn:
May I not forever burn.

Where thy sheep go, turn my way:
Drive me ne'er with goats astray:
Nigh thy right hand make me stay.

Ere the accursed their fate shall know,
Doomed to burn in flames of woe,
Call me where thy sainted go.

Lowly, suppliant, I bend;
Contrite heart as sackcloth rend:
Take compassion o'er my end.

Day of weeping, oh that day,
When from ashes floats away
Man of guilt to meet the rod:
Spare him then, O thou our God!

Thou, Lord Jesu blest,
Grant to them thy rest.
Amen.

VERSION BY THOMAS MACKELLAR.

I.

Day of wrath! the day that endeth
Time, the world ablaze, impendeth!
So old prophecy portendeth.

II.

What the trembling consternation
When the Judge of all creation
Comes for strict investigation!

III.

Lo! the startling trumpet swelling,
Through the graves its blast impelling,
Man before the throne is knelling!

IV.

Struck aghast both Death and Nature,
When upcometh every creature
To the dreaded judicature.

V.

Bringing forth the Book indited,
All the world's misdeeds recited
Will in judgment be requited.

VI.

When the Judge his seat assumeth,
What is hidden He untombeth;
None escape whom justice doometh.

VII.

Woe is me! what exculpation?
Who can proffer mediation,
Since the just scarce find salvation?

VIII.

King of majesty astounding!
With thy grace thine own surrounding,
Save me, Fount of love abounding!

IX.

Holy Lord! recall thy yearning,
E'en when I thy ways was spurning;
Keep me on that day of burning!

X.

Waiting, weary, me thou soughtest;
On the cross my soul thou boughtest;
Not in vain be work thou wroughtest!

XI.

Judge avenging! with contrition
I entreat thy full remission
Ere that day of inquisition!

XII.

Wailing, as one self-accusing,
Guilt my crimsoned face suffusing,
Spare me, Lord! of thy good choosing.

XIII.

Mary was by thee forgiven,
And by thee the thief was shriven;
Let not hope from me be driven.

XIV.

Worthless all my prayers ascending,
Yet, thy grace benign extending,
Save me from the fires unending!

XV.

With thy sheep infold me ever
At thy right hand, wandering never;
From the goats my portion sever.

XVI.

When the wicked, self-confounded,
Are by angry flames surrounded,
Be my name with blessing sounded.

XVII.

Prostrate, for thy mercy crying,
Heart as if in ashes lying,
Care for me when I am dying.

On that tearful day of terror,
At the fiery resurrection,
Judging man for sinful error,
God, grant this one thy protection!

O kind Jesus, Lord and Savior,
Give to them thy restful favor!
Amen.

"ART THOU WEARY?"

(By St. Stephen the Sabaite: translated by J. M. Neale.)

Art thou weary, art thou languid,
Art thou sore distrest?
"Come to me," saith One, "and coming,
Be at rest."

Hath he marks to lead me to him,
If he be my guide?
"In his feet and hands are wound prints,
And his side."

Hath he diadem, as monarch,
That his brow adorns?
"Yea, a crown, in very surety,
But of thorns."

If I find him, if I follow,
What his guerdon here?
"Many a sorrow, many a labor,
Many a tear."

If I still hold closely to him,
What hath he at last?
"Sorrow vanquished, labor ended,
Jordan past."

If I ask him to receive me,
Will he say me nay?
"Not till earth and not till heaven
Pass away."

Finding, following, keeping, struggling,
Is he sure to bless?
"Saints, apostles, prophets, martyrs,
Answer, Yes."

THE RHYTHM OF BERNARD DE MORLAIX.

TRANSLATED BY JOHN MASON NEALE.

[JOHN MASON NEALE, an English theologian and hymnologist, was born in London, January 24, 1818; died at East Grimstead, August 6, 1886. A graduate of Trinity College, Cambridge, he took orders in the Church of England, became incumbent of Crawley, and warden of Sackville College, East Grimstead. He belonged to the most advanced section of the High Church party, and was the founder of the well-known sisterhood of St. Margaret. His works, nearly seventy in all, include: "History of the Holy Eastern Church," "Mediæval Preachers," and several collections of hymns, original and adapted, among them being the famous "Jerusalem the Golden," based on a portion of Bernard of Cluny's "De Contemptu Mundi."]

[BERNARD OF CLUNY was born of English parents at Morlaix, Brittany, about 1140. He was a monk at Cluny, and author of a poem, in three thousand lines, entitled "De Contemptu Mundi" (On the Contempt of World). Portions of the work were translated by John Mason Neale, the hymns "Jerusalem the Golden" and "The World is Very Evil" especially becoming very popular.]

THE world is very evil;
The times are waxing late:
Be sober and keep vigil;
The Judge is at the gate:
The Judge that comes in mercy,
The Judge that comes with might,
To terminate the evil,
To diadem the right.
When the just and gentle Monarch
Shall summon from the tomb,
Let man, the guilty, tremble,
For Man, the God, shall doom.
Arise, arise, good Christian,
Let right to wrong succeed;
Let penitential sorrow
To heavenly gladness lead;
To the light that hath no evening,
That knows nor moon nor sun,
The light so new and golden,
The light that is but one.

And when the Sole Begotten
 Shall render up once more
The kingdom to the Father,
 Whose own it was before, —
Then glory yet unheard of
 Shall shed abroad its ray,
Resolving all enigmas,
 An endless Sabbath day.
Then, then from his oppressors
 The Hebrew shall go free,
And celebrate in triumph
 The year of Jubilee;
And the sunlit Land that recks not
 Of tempest nor of fight,
Shall fold within its bosom
 Each happy Israelite:
The Home of fadeless splendor,
 Of flowers that fear no thorn,
Where they shall dwell as children,
 Who here as exiles mourn.
Midst power that knows no limit,
 And wisdom free from bound,
The Beatific Vision
 Shall glad the Saints around:
The peace of all the faithful,
 The calm of all the blest,
Inviolate, unvaried,
 Divinest, sweetest, best.
Yes, peace! for war is needless, —
 Yes, calm! for storm is past, —
And goal from finished labor,
 And anchorage at last.
That peace — but who may claim it?
 The guileless in their way,
Who keep the ranks of battle,
 Who mean the thing they say:
The peace that is for heaven,
 And shall be too for earth:
The palace that reëchoes
 With festal song and mirth;
The garden, breathing spices,
 The paradise on high;
Grace beautified to glory,
 Unceasing minstrelsy.
There nothing can be feeble,

There none can ever mourn,
There nothing is divided,
There nothing can be torn:
'Tis fury, ill, and scandal,
'Tis peaceless peace below;
Peace, endless, strifeless, ageless,
The halls of Syon know.
O happy, holy portion,
Refection for the blest;
True vision of true beauty,
Sweet cure of all distrest!
Strive, man, to win that glory;
Toil, man, to gain that light;
Send hope before to grasp it,
Till hope be lost in sight:
Till Jesus gives the portion
Those blessed souls to fill,
The insatiate, yet satisfied,
The full, yet craving still.
That fullness and that craving
Alike are free from pain,
Where thou, midst heavenly citizens,
A home like theirs shall gain.
Here is the warlike trumpet;
There, life set free from sin;
When to the last Great Supper
The faithful shall come in:
When the heavenly net is laden
With fishes many and great;
So glorious in its fullness,
Yet so inviolate:
And the perfect from the shattered,
And the fallen from them that stand,
And the sheep flock from the goat herd
Shall part on either hand:
And these shall pass to torment,
And those shall pass to rest;
The new peculiar nation,
The fullness of the Blest.
Jerusalem demands them:
They paid the price on earth,
And now shall reap the harvest
In blissfulness and mirth:
The glorious holy people,
Who evermore relied



"Jerusalem the golden, with milk and honey blest"

From a painting by H. Lauenstein

Upon their Chief and Father,
The King, the Crucified:
The sacred ransomed number
Now bright with endless sheen,
Who made the Cross their watchword
Of Jesus Nazarene:
Who, fed with heavenly nectar,
Where soul-like odors play,
Draw out the endless leisure
Of that long vernal day:
While through the sacred lilies,
And flowers on every side,
The happy dear-bought nations
Go wandering far and wide.
Their breasts are filled with gladness,
Their mouths are tuned to praise,
What time, now safe forever,
On former sins they gaze:
The fouler was the error,
The sadder was the fall,
The ampler are the praises
Of Him who pardoned all.
Their one and only anthem,
The fullness of His love,
Who gives, instead of torment,
Eternal joys above:
Instead of torment, glory;
Instead of death, that life
Wherewith your happy Country,
True Israelites! is rife.

Brief life is here our portion;
Brief sorrow, short-lived care;
That life that knows no ending,
The tearless life, is There.
O happy retribution!
Short toil, eternal rest;
For mortals and for sinners
A mansion with the blest!
That we should look, poor wand'rers,
To have our home on high!
That worms should seek for dwellings
Beyond the starry sky!
To all one happy guerdon
Of one celestial grace;

For all, for all, who mourn their fall,
 Is one eternal place:
And martyrdom hath roses
 Upon that heavenly ground:
And white and virgin lilies
 For virgin souls abound.
Their grief is turned to pleasure;
 Such pleasure, as below
No human voice can utter,
 No human heart can know.
And after fleshly scandal,
 And after this world's night,
And after storm and whirlwind,
 Is calm, and joy, and light.
And now we fight the battle,
 But then shall wear the crown
Of full and everlasting
 And passionless renown:
And now we watch and struggle,
 And now we live in hope,
And Syon, in her anguish,
 With Babylon must cope:
But He whom now we trust in
 Shall then be seen and known,
And they that know and see Him
 Shall have Him for their own.
The miserable pleasures
 Of the body shall decay:
The bland and flattering struggles
 Of the flesh shall pass away:
And none shall there be jealous,
 And none shall there contend:
Fraud, clamor, guile — what say I? —
 All ill, all ill shall end!
And there is David's Fountain,
 And life in fullest glow,
And there the light is golden,
 And milk and honey flow:
The light that hath no evening,
 The health that hath no sore,
The life that hath no ending,
 But lasteth evermore.

There Jesus shall embrace us,
 There Jesus be embraced, —

That spirit's food and sunshine
 Whence meaner love is chased.
Amidst the happy chorus,
 A place, however low,
Shall show Him us; and showing,
 Shall satiate evermo.
By hope we struggle onward,
 While here we must be fed
With milk, as tender infants,
 But there with Living Bread.
The night was full of terror,
 The morn is bright with gladness:
The Cross becomes our harbor,
 And we triumph after sadness:
And Jesus to His true ones
 Brings trophies fair to see:
And Jesus shall be loved, and
 Beheld in Galilee:
Beheld, when morn shall waken,
 And shadows shall decay;
And each true-hearted servant
 Shall shine as doth the day:
And every ear shall hear it;—
 Behold thy King's array;
Behold thy God in beauty;
 The Law hath past away!
Yes! God my King and portion,
 In fullness of His grace,
We then shall see forever,
 And worship face to face.
Then Jacob into Israel,
 From earthlier self estranged,
And Leah into Rachel
 Forever shall be changed:
Then all the halls of Syon
 For aye shall be complete;
And in the Land of Beauty,
 All things of beauty meet.

For thee, O dear dear Country;
 Mine eyes their vigils keep;
For very love, beholding
 Thy happy name, they weep:
The mention of Thy glory
 Is unction to the breast,

And medicine in sickness,
 And love, and life, and rest.
O one, O only Mansion!
 O Paradise of Joy!
Where tears are ever banished
 And smiles have no alloy:
Beside thy living waters
 All plants are, great and small,
The cedar of the forest,
 The hyssop of the wall:
With jaspers glow thy bulwarks;
 Thy streets with emeralds blaze;
The sardius and the topaz
 Unite in thee their rays:
Thine ageless walls are bonded
 With amethysts unpriced:
Thy Saints build up its fabric,
 And the corner stone is Christ.
The Cross is all thy splendor,
 The Crucified thy praise:
His laud and benediction
 Thy ransomed people raise:
Jesus, the Gem of Beauty;
 True God and Man, they sing:
The never-failing Garden,
 The ever-golden Ring;
The Door, the Pledge, the Husband,
 The Guardian of His Court:
The Daystar of Salvation,
 The Porter and the Port.
Thou hast no shore, fair ocean!
 Thou hast no time, bright day!
Dear fountain of refreshment
 To pilgrims far away!
Upon the Rock of Ages
 They raise thy holy tower:
Thine is the victor's laurel,
 And thine the golden dower:
Thou feel'st in mystic rapture,
 O Bride that know'st no guile,
The Prince's sweetest kisses,
 The Prince's loveliest smile:
Unfading lilies, bracelets
 Of living pearl, thine own;
The Lamb is ever near thee,

The Bridegroom thine alone:
The Crown is He to guerdon,
The Buckler to protect,
And He Himself the Mansion,
And He the Architect.
The only art thou needest,
Thanksgiving for thy lot:
The only joy thou seekest,
The Life where Death is not:
And all thine endless leisure
In sweetest accents sings,
The ill that was thy merit,—
The wealth that is thy King's!

Jerusalem the golden,
With milk and honey blest,
Beneath thy contemplation
Sink heart and voice oppressed:
I know not, O I know not,
What social joys are there;
What radiancy of glory,
What light beyond compare!
And when I fain would sing them,
My spirit fails and faints,
And vainly would it image
The assembly of the Saints.
They stand, those halls of Syon,
Conjubilant with song,
And bright with many an angel,
And all the martyr throng:
The Prince is ever in them;
The daylight is serene;
The pastures of the Blessed
Are decked in glorious sheen.
There is the Throne of David,—
And there, from care released,
The song of them that triumph,
The shout of them that feast;
And they who, with their Leader,
Have conquered in the fight,
Forever and forever
Are clad in robes of white!

O holy, placid harp notes
Of that eternal hymn!

O sacred, sweet refection,
And peace of Seraphim!
O thirst, forever ardent,
Yet evermore content!
O true, peculiar vision
Of God cunctipotent!
Ye know the many mansions
For many a glorious name,
And divers retributions
That divers merits claim:
For midst the constellations
That deck our earthly sky,
This star than that is brighter, —
And so it is on high.

Jerusalem the glorious!
The glory of the Elect!
O dear and future vision
That eager hearts expect:
Even now by faith I see thee:
Even here thy walls discern:
To thee my thoughts are kindled,
And strive and pant and yearn:
Jerusalem the only,
That look'st from heaven below,
In thee is all my glory;
In me is all my woe;
And though my body may not,
My spirit seeks thee fain,
Till flesh and earth return me
To earth and flesh again.
O none can tell thy bulwarks,
How gloriously they rise:
O none can tell thy capitals
Of beautiful device:
Thy loveliness oppresses
All human thought and heart:
And none, O peace, O Syon,
Can sing thee as thou art.
New mansion of new people,
Whom God's own love and light
Promote, increase, make holy,
Identify, unite.
Thou City of the Angels!
Thou City of the Lord!

Whose everlasting music
 Is the glorious decachord!
And there the band of Prophets
 United praise ascribes,
And there the twelvefold chorus
 Of Israel's ransomed tribes:
The lily beds of virgins,
 The roses' martyr glow,
The cohort of the Fathers
 Who kept the faith below.
And there the Sole Begotten
 Is Lord in regal state;
He, Judah's mystic Lion,
 He, Lamb Immaculate.
O fields that know no sorrow!
 O state that fears no strife!
O princely bowers! O land of flowers!
 O Realm and Home of Life!

Jerusalem, exulting
 On that securest shore,
I hope thee, wish thee, sing thee,
 And love thee evermore!
I ask not for my merit:
 I seek not to deny
My merit is destruction,
 A child of wrath am I:
But yet with Faith I venture
 And Hope upon my way;
For those perennial guerdons
 I labor night and day.
The Best and Dearest Father
 Who made me and Who saved,
Bore with me in defilement,
 And from defilement laved:
When in His strength I struggle,
 For very joy I leap;
When in my sin I totter,
 I weep, or try to weep:
And grace, sweet grace celestial,
 Shall all its love display,
And David's Royal Fountain
 Purge every sin away.

O mine, my golden Syon!
 O lovelier far than gold!

With laurel-girt battalions,
And safe victorious fold:
O sweet and blessed Country,
Shall I ever see thy face?
O sweet and blessed Country,
Shall I ever win thy grace?
I have the hope within me
To comfort and to bless!
Shall I ever win the prize itself?
O tell me, tell me, Yes!

Exult, O dust and ashes!
The Lord shall be thy part:
His only, His forever,
Thou shalt be, and thou art!
Exult, O dust and ashes!
The Lord shall be thy part:
His only, His forever,
Thou shalt be, and thou art.

VILLAGE LIFE IN ENGLAND SIX HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

(A Lecture by Augustus Jessopp.)

[Rev. Augustus Jessopp, English essayist and antiquarian, was born in Hertfordshire, 1824. He graduated at St. John's College, Cambridge, and has a D.D. from Worcester College, Oxford. He has been head master of important schools, and is rector of Scarning, in Norfolk. He has written and edited many works of antiquarian and ecclesiastical interest, but his general fame rests on his volumes of essays: "Arcadia, for Better for Worse" (1887), "The Coming of the Friars," etc. (1888), "Studies by a Recluse" (1892), "Random Roaming and Other Papers" (1894).]

Few things have struck me more forcibly since I have cast in my lot among country people, than the strange ignorance which they exhibit of the *history of themselves*. I do not allude to those unpleasant secrets which we should be very sorry indeed for our next-door neighbors to be acquainted with, nor to any such matters as our experience or memories of actual facts could bring to our minds; I mean something very much more than that. Men and women are not only the beings they appear to be at any one moment of their lives, they are not single separate

atoms like grains of sand. Rather they are like branches or leaves of some great tree, from which they have sprung and on which they have grown, whose life in the past has come at last to them in the present, and without whose deep anchorage in the soil, and its ages of vigor and vitality, not a bud or a spray that is so fresh and healthful now would have had any existence.

Consider for a moment — Who are we, and what do we mean by *Ourselves?* When I meet a ragged, shuffling tramp on the road (and I meet a good many of them in my lonely walks) I often find myself asking the question, "How did that shambling vagabond come to his present condition? Did his father turn him out of doors? Did his mother drink? Did he learn nothing but lying and swearing and thieving when he was a child? Was his grandfather hanged for some crime, or was his great-grandfather a ruffian killed in a fight?" And I say to myself, "Though I do not know the truth, yet I am sure that man was helped towards his vagabondism, helped to become an outcast as he is, by the neglect or the wickedness, the crimes or the bad example, of his fathers and forefathers on one side or the other; for if he had come of decent people on both sides, people who had been honestly and soberly brought up themselves, as they tried to bring up their children, yonder dirty tramp would not and could not have sunk to his present self, for we and ourselves are what we come to, partly by our own sins and vices, but partly (and much more than some like to believe) by the sins, negligences, and ignorances of those whose blood is in our veins."

My friends, it surely must be worth our while to know much more than most of us do know about *Ourselves*. . . .

Six hundred years ago all the land in England was supposed to belong to the king in the first instance. The king had in former times parceled it out into tracts of country, some large and some small, and made over these tracts to his great lords, or barons, as they were called. The barons were supposed to hold these tracts, called fiefs, as *tenants* of the king, and in return they were expected to make an acknowledgment to the king in the shape of some *service*, which, though it was not originally a money payment, yet became so eventually, and was always a substantial charge upon the land. These fiefs were often made up of estates in many different shires; and, because it was impossible for the barons to cultivate all their estates themselves, they let them out to *subtenants*, who in their turn

were bound to render services to the lord of the fief. These subtenants were the great men in the several parishes, and became the actual lords of the manors, residing upon the manors, and having each, on their several manors, very large powers for good or evil over the tillers of the soil.

A manor six hundred years ago meant something very different from a manor now. The lord was a petty king, having his subjects very much under his thumb. But his subjects differed greatly in rank and status. In the first place, there were those who were called the free tenants. The free tenants were they who lived in houses of their own and cultivated land of their own, and who made only an annual money payment to the lord of the manor as an acknowledgment of his lordship. The payment was trifling, amounting to some few pence an acre at the most, and a shilling or so, as the case might be, for the house. This was called the *rent*, but it is a very great mistake indeed to represent this as the same thing which we mean by rent nowadays. It really was almost identical with what we now call in the case of house property, "ground rent," and bore no proportion to the value of the produce that might be raised from the soil which the tenant held. The free tenant was neither a yearly tenant, nor a leaseholder. His holding was, to all intents and purposes, his own — subject, of course, to the payment of the ground rent. But if he wanted to sell out of his holding, the lord of the manor exacted a payment for the privilege. If he died, his heir had to pay for being admitted to his inheritance, and if he died without heirs, the property went back to the lord of the manor, who then, but only then, could raise the ground rent if he pleased, though he rarely did so. So much for the free tenants.

Besides these were the *villeins* or *villani*, or *natives*, as they were called. The villeins were tillers of the soil, who held land under the lord, and who, besides paying a small money ground rent, were obliged to perform certain arduous services to the lord, such as to plow the lord's land for so many days in the year, to carry his corn in the harvest, to provide a cart on occasion, etc. Of course these burdens pressed very heavily at times, and the services of the villeins were vexatious and irritating under a hard and unscrupulous lord. But there were other serious inconveniences about the condition of the villein or native. Once a villein, always a villein. A man or woman born in villeinage could never shake it off. Nay, they might

not even go away from the manor to which they were born, and they might not marry without the lord's license, and for that license they always had to pay. Let a villein be ever so shrewd or enterprising or thrifty, there was no hope for him to change his state, except by the special grace of the lord of the manor. (I do not take account of those who ran away to the corporate towns. I suspect that there were many more cases of this than some writers allow. It was sometimes a serious inconvenience to the lords of manors near such towns as Norwich or Lynn. A notable example may be found in the "Abbrev. Placit.," p. 316 (6°. E. ii. Easter term). It seems that no less than eighteen villeins of the Manor of Cossey were named in a mandate to the Sheriff of Norfolk and Suffolk, who were to be taken and reduced to villeinage, and their goods seized. Six of them pleaded that they were citizens of Norwich — the city being about four miles from Cossey.) Yes, there *was* one means whereby he could be set free, and that was if he could get a bishop to ordain him. The fact of a man being ordained at once made him a free man, and a knowledge of this fact must have served as a very strong inducement to young people to avail themselves of all the helps in their power to obtain something like an education, and so to qualify themselves for admission to the clerical order and to the rank of freeman.

At Rougham there was a certain Ralph Red, who was one of these villeins under the lord of the manor, a certain William le Butler. Ralph Red had a son Ralph, who I suppose was an intelligent youth, and made the most of his brains. He managed to get ordained about six hundred years ago, and he became a chaplain, perhaps to that very chapel of ease I mentioned before. His father, however, was still a villein, liable to all the villein services, and *belonging* to the manor and the lord, he and all his offspring. Young Ralph did not like it, and at last, getting the money together somehow, he bought his father's freedom, and, observe, with his freedom the freedom of all his father's children too, and the price he paid was twenty marks. (N.B. — A man could not buy his own freedom.) That sounds a ridiculously small sum, but I feel pretty sure that six hundred years ago twenty marks would be almost as difficult for a penniless young chaplain to get together as £500 for a penniless young curate to amass now. Of the younger Ralph, who bought his father's freedom, I know little more; but, less than one hundred and fifty years after the elder man received his

liberty, a lineal descendant of his became lord of the manor of Rougham, and, though he had no son to carry on his name, he had a daughter who married a learned judge, Sir William Yelverton, Knight of the Bath, whose monument you may still see at Rougham Church, and from whom were descended the Yelvertons, Earls of Sussex, and the present Lord Avonmore, who is a scion of the same stock.

When Ralph Red bought his father's freedom of William le Butler, William gave him an acknowledgment for the money, and a written certificate of the transaction, but he did not sign his name. In those days nobody signed their names, not because they could not write, for I suspect that just as large a proportion of people in England could write well six hundred years ago, as could have done so forty years ago, but because it was not the fashion to sign one's name. Instead of doing that, everybody who was a free man, and a man of substance, in executing any legal instrument, affixed to it his *seal*, and that stood for his signature. People always carried their seals about with them in a purse or small bag, and it was no uncommon thing for a pickpocket to cut off this bag and run away with the seal, and thus put the owner to very serious inconvenience. This was what actually did happen once to William le Butler's father-in-law. He was a certain Sir Richard Bellhouse, and he lived at North Tuddenham, near Dereham. Sir Richard was High Sheriff for the counties of Norfolk and Suffolk in 1291, and his duties brought him into court on January 25th of that year, before one of the Judges at Westminster. I suppose the court was crowded, and in the crowd some rogue cut off Sir Richard's purse, and made off with his seal. I never heard that he got it back again.

And now I must return to the point from which I wandered when I began to speak of the free tenants and the "villeins." William le Butler, who sold old Ralph Red to his own son, the young Ralph, was himself sprung from a family who had held the Manor of Rougham for about a century. His father was Sir Richard le Butler, who died about 1280, leaving behind him one son, our friend William, and three daughters. Unfortunately, William le Butler survived his father only a very short time, and he left no child to succeed him. The result was that the inheritance of the old knight was divided among his daughters, and what had been hitherto a single lordship became three lordships, each of the parceners looking very jeal-

ously after his own interest, and striving to make the most of his powers and rights.

Though each of the husbands of Sir Richard le Butler's daughters was a man of substance and influence — yet, when the manor was divided, no one of them was anything like so great a person as the old Sir Richard. In those days, as in our own, there were much richer men in the country than the country gentlemen, and in Rougham at this time there were two very prosperous men who were competing with one another as to which should buy up most land in the parish and be the great man of the place. The one of these was a gentleman called Peter the Roman, and the other was called Thomas the Lucky. They were both the sons of Rougham people, and it will be necessary to pursue the history of each of them to make you understand how things went in those "good old times."

First let me deal with Peter the Roman. He was the son of a Rougham lady named Isabella, by an Italian gentleman named Iacomo de Ferentino, or if you like to translate it into English, James of Ferentinum.

How James of Ferentinum got to Rougham and captured one of the Rougham heiresses we shall never know for certain. But we do know that in the days of King Henry, who was the father of King Edward, there was a very large incursion of Italian clergy into England, and that the Pope of Rome got preferment of all kinds for them. In fact, in King Henry's days the Pope had immense power in England, and it looked for a while as if every valuable piece of preferment in the kingdom would be bestowed upon Italians who did not know a word of English, and who often never came near their livings at all. One of these Italian gentlemen, whose name was *John* de Ferentino, was very near being made Bishop of Norwich; he *was* Archdeacon of Norwich, but though the Pope tried to make him bishop, he happily did not succeed in forcing him into the see that time, and John of Ferentinum had to content himself with his archdeaconry and one or two other preferments.

Our friend at Rougham may have been, and probably was, some kinsman of the archdeacon, and it is just possible that Archdeacon Middleton, who, you remember, bought the Lyng House, may have had, as his predecessor in it, another Archdeacon, this John de Ferentino, whose nephew or brother, James, married Miss Isabella de Rucham, and settled down among his

wife's kindred. Be that as it may, John de Ferentino had two sons, Peter and Richard, and it appears that their father, not content with such education as Oxford or Cambridge could afford — though at this time Oxford was one of the most renowned universities in Europe — sent his sons to Rome, having an eye to their future advancement; for in King Henry's days a young man that had friends at Rome was much more likely to get on in the world than he who had only friends in the King's Court, and he who wished to push his interests in the Church must look to the Pope, and not to the King of England, as his main support.

When young Peter came back to Rougham, I dare say he brought back with him some new airs and graces from Italy, and I dare say the new fashions made his neighbors open their eyes. They gave the young fellow the name he is known by in the charters, and to the day of his death people called him Peter Romayn, or Peter the Roman. But Peter came back a changed man in more ways than one. He came back a *cleric.* We in England now recognize only three orders of clergy — bishops, priests, and deacons. But six hundred years ago it was very different. In those days a man might be two or three degrees below a deacon, and yet be counted a cleric and belonging to the clergy; and, though Peter Romayn was not priest or deacon, he was a privileged person in many ways, but a very unprivileged person in one way — he might never marry.

It was a hard case for a young man who had taken to the clerical profession without taking to the clerical life, and all the harder because there were old men living whose fathers or grandfathers had known the days when even a Bishop of Norwich was married, and who could tell of many an old country clergyman who had had his wife and children in the parsonage. But now — just six hundred years ago — if a young fellow had once been admitted a member of the clerical body, he was no longer under the protection of the laws of the realm, nor bound by them, but he was under the dominion of another law, commonly known as the Canon Law, which the Pope of Rome had succeeded in imposing upon the clergy; and in accordance with that law, if he took to himself a wife, he was, to all intents and purposes, a ruined man.

But when laws are pitted against human nature, they may be forced upon people by the strong hand of power, but they are sure to be evaded where they are not broken literally; and

this law of forbidding clergymen to marry *was* evaded in many ways. Clergymen took to themselves wives, and had families. Again and again their consciences justified them in their course, whatever the Canon Law might forbid or denounce. They married on the sly — if that may be called marriage which neither the Church nor the State recognized as a binding contract, and which was ratified by no formality or ceremony civil or religious: but public opinion was lenient; and where a clergyman was living otherwise a blameless life, his people did not think the worse of him for having a wife and children, however much the Canon Law and certain bigoted people might give the wife a bad name. And so it came to pass that Peter Romayn of Rougham, cleric though he were, lost his heart one fine day to a young lady at Rougham, and marry he would. The young lady's name was Matilda. Her father, though born at Rougham, appears to have gone away from there when very young, and made money somehow at Leicester. He had married a Norfolk lady, one Agatha of Cringleford; and he seems to have died, leaving his widow and daughter fairly provided for; and they lived in a house at Rougham, which I dare say Richard of Leicester had bought. I have no doubt that young Peter Romayn was a young gentleman of means, and it is clear that Matilda was a very desirable bride. But then Peter *couldn't* marry! How was it to be managed? I think it almost certain that no religious ceremony was performed, but I have no doubt that the two plighted their troth either to each, and that somehow they did become man and wife, if not in the eyes of Canon Law, yet by the sanction of a higher law to which the consciences of honorable men and women appeal against the immoral enactments of human legislation.

Among the charters at Rougham I find eighteen or twenty which were executed by Peter Romayn and Matilda. In no one of them is she called his wife; in all of them it is stipulated that the property shall descend to whomsoever they shall leave it, and in only one instance, and there I believe by a mistake of the scribe, is there any mention of their *lawful* heirs. They buy land and sell it, sometimes separately, more often conjointly, but in all cases the interests of both are kept in view; the charters are witnessed by the principal people in the place, including Sir Richard Butler himself, more than once; and in one of the later charters Peter Romayn, as if to provide against the contingency of his own death, makes over all his property in

Rougham without reserve to Matilda, and constitutes her the mistress of it all.

Some year or two after this, Matilda executes her last conveyance, and executes it alone. She sells her whole interest in Rougham — the house in which she lives and all that it contains — lands and ground rents, and everything else, for money down, and we hear of her no more. Did she retire from the world, and find refuge in a nunnery? Did she go away to some other home? Who knows? And what of Peter the Roman? I know little of him, but I suspect the pressure put upon the poor man was too strong for him, and I suspect that somehow, and, let us hope, with much anguish and bitterness of heart — but yet somehow, he was compelled to repudiate the poor woman to whom there is evidence to show he was true and stanch as long as it was possible — and when it was no longer possible I *think* he too turned his back upon the Rougham home, and was presented by the Prior of Westacre Monastery to the Rectory of Bodney at the other end of the county, where, let us hope, he died in peace.

It is a curious fact that Peter Romayn was not the only clergyman in Rougham whom we know to have been married. As for Peter Romayn, I believe he was an honorable man according to his light, and as far as any men were honorable in those rough days. But for the other. I do not feel so sure about him.

I said that the two prosperous men in Rougham six hundred years ago were Peter Romayn and Thomas the Lucky, or, as his name appears in the Latin Charters, Thomas Felix. When Archdeacon Middleton gave up living at Rougham, Thomas Felix bought his estate, called the Lyng House; and shortly after he bought another estate, which, in fact, was a manor of its own, and comprehended thirteen free tenants and five villeins; and, as though this were not enough, on September 24, 1292, he took a lease of another manor in Rougham for six years, of one of the daughters of Sir Richard le Butler, whose husband, I suppose, wanted to go elsewhere. Before the lease expired he died, leaving behind him a widow named Sara and three little daughters, the eldest of whom cannot have been more than eight or nine years old. This was in the year 1294. Sara, the widow, was for the time a rich woman, and she made up her mind never to marry again, and she kept her resolve.

When her eldest daughter Alice came to the mature age of fifteen or sixteen, a young man named John of Thyrsford wooed and won her. Mistress Alice was by no means a portionless damsel, and Mr. John seems himself to have been a man of substance. How long they were married I know not; but it could not have been more than a year or two, for less than five years after Mr. Felix's death a great event happened, which produced very momentous effects upon Rougham and its inhabitants in more ways than one.

Up to this time there had been a rector at Rougham, and apparently a good rectory house and some acres of glebe land —how many I cannot say. But the canons of Westacre Priory cast their eyes upon the rectory of Rougham, and they made up their minds they would have it. I dare not stop to explain how the job was managed — that would lead me a great deal too far — but it *was* managed, and accordingly, a year or two after the marriage of little Alice, they got possession of all the tithes and the glebe, and the good rectory house at Rougham, and they left the parson of the parish with a smaller house on the other side of the road, and *not* contiguous to the church, an allowance of two quarters of wheat and two quarters of barley a year, and certain small dues which might suffice to keep body and soul together, but little more.

John of Thyrsford had not been married more than a year or two when he had had enough of it. Whether at the time of his marriage he was already a *cleric*, I cannot tell, but I know that on October 10, 1301, he was a priest, and that on that day he was instituted to the vicarage of Rougham, having been already divorced from poor little Alice. As for Alice — if I understand the case, she never could marry, however much she may have wished it; she had no children to comfort her; she became by and by the great lady of Rougham, and there she lived on for nearly fifty years. Her husband, the vicar, lived on too — on what terms of intimacy I am unable to say. The vicar died some ten years before the lady. When old age was creeping on her she made over all her houses and lands in Rougham to feoffees, and I have a suspicion that she went into a nunnery and there died.

In dealing with the two cases of Peter Romayn and John of Thyrsford I have used the term *cleric* more than once. These two men were, at the end of their career at any rate, what we now understand by clergyman; but there were hosts of men six

hundred years ago in Norfolk who were *clerics*, and yet who were by no means what we now understand by clergymen. The *clerics* of six hundred years ago comprehended all those whom we now call the professional classes; all, *i.e.*, who lived by their brains, as distinct from those who lived by trade or the labor of their hands.

Six hundred years ago it may be said that there were two kinds of law in England, the one was the law of the land, the other was the law of the Church. The law of the land was hideously cruel and merciless, and the gallows and the pillory, never far from any man's door, were seldom allowed to remain long out of use. The ghastly frequency of the punishment by death tended to make people savage and bloodthirsty. (In 1293 a case is recorded of three men, one of them a goldsmith, who had their right hands chopped off in the middle of the street in London.) It tended, too, to make men absolutely reckless of consequences when once their passions were roused. "As well be hung for a sheep as a lamb" was a saying that had a grim truth in it. When a violent ruffian knew that if he robbed his host in the night he would be sure to be hung for it, and if he killed him he could be no more than hung, he had nothing to gain by letting him live, and nothing to lose if he cut his throat. Where another knew that by tampering with the coin of the realm he was sure to go to the gallows for it, he might as well make a good fight before he was taken, and murder any one who stood in the way of his escape. Hanging went on at a pace which we cannot conceive, for in those days the criminal law of the land was not, as it is now, a strangely devised machinery for protecting the wrongdoer, but it was an awful and tremendous power for slaying all who were dangerous to the persons or the property of the community.

The law of the Church, on the other hand, was much more lenient. To hurry a man to death with his sins and crimes fresh upon him, to slaughter men wholesale for acts that could not be regarded as enormously wicked, shocked those who had learnt that the Gospel taught such virtues as mercy and long-suffering, and gave men hopes of forgiveness on repentance. The Church set itself against the atrocious mangling, and branding, and hanging that was being dealt out blindly, hastily, and indiscriminately, to every kind of transgressor; and inasmuch as the Church law and the law of the land six hundred years ago were often in conflict, the Church law acted to a great

extent as a check upon the shocking ferocity of the criminal code. And this is how the check was exercised.

A man who was a *cleric* was only half amenable to the law of the land. He was a citizen of the realm, and a subject of the king, but he was *more:* he owed allegiance to the Church, and claimed the Church's protection also. Accordingly, whenever a *cleric* got into trouble, and there was only too good cause to believe that if he were brought to his trial he would have a short shrift and no favor, scant justice and the inevitable gallows within twenty-four hours at the longest, he proclaimed himself a *cleric*, and demanded the protection of the Church, and was forthwith handed over to the custody of the ordinary or bishop. The process was a clumsy one, and led, of course, to great abuses, but it had a good side. As a natural and inevitable consequence of such a privilege accorded to a class, there was a very strong inducement to become a member of that class; and as the Church made it easy for any fairly educated man to be admitted at any rate to the lower orders of the ministry, any one who preferred a professional career, or desired to give himself up to a life of study, enrolled himself among the *clerics*, and was henceforth reckoned as belonging to the clergy.

The country swarmed with these *clerics*. Only a small proportion of them ever became ministers of religion; they were lawyers, or even lawyers' clerks; they were secretaries; some few were quacks with nostrums; and these all were just as much *clerics* as the chaplains, who occupied pretty much the same position as our curates do now, — clergymen, strictly so called, who were on the lookout for employment, and who earned a very precarious livelihood, — or the rectors and vicars, who were the beneficed clergy, and who were the parsons of parishes occupying almost exactly the same position that they do at this moment, and who were almost exactly in the same social position as they are now. Six hundred years ago there were at least seven of these *clerics* in Rougham, all living in the place at the same time, besides John of Thyrsford, the vicar. Five of them were chaplains, two were merely *clerics*. If there were *seven* of these clerical gentlemen whom I happen to have met with in my examination of the Rougham Charters, there must have been others who were not people of sufficient note to witness the execution of important legal instruments, nor with the means to buy land or houses in the parish. It can hardly be

putting the number too high if we allow that there must have been at least ten or a dozen *clerics* of one sort or another in Rougham six hundred years ago.

How did they all get a livelihood? is a question not easy to answer; but there were many ways of picking up a livelihood by these gentlemen. To begin with, they could take an engagement as tutor in a gentleman's family; or they could keep a small school; or earn a trifle by drawing up conveyances, or by keeping the accounts of the lord of the manor. In some cases they acted as private chaplains, getting their victuals for their remuneration, and sometimes they were merely loafing about, and living upon their friends, and taking the place of the country parson if he were sick or past work. Then, too, the smaller monasteries had one or more chaplains, and I suspect that the canons at Castle Acre always would keep two or three chaplains in their pay, and it is not unlikely that as long as Archdeacon Middleton kept on his big house at Rougham he would have a chaplain, who would be attached to the place, and bound to perform the service in the great man's chapel.

But besides the clerics and the chaplains and the rector or vicar, there was another class, the members of which just at this time were playing a very important part indeed in the religious life of the people, and not in the religious life alone; these were the Friars. If the monks looked down upon the parsons, and stole their endowments from them whenever they could, and if in return the parsons hated the monks and regarded them with profound suspicion and jealousy, both parsons and monks were united in their common dislike of the Friars.

Six hundred years ago the Friars had been established in England about sixty years, and they were now by far the most influential Religionists in the country. The Friars, though always stationed in the towns, and by this time occupying large establishments which were built for them in Lynn, Yarmouth, Norwich, and elsewhere, were always acting the part of itinerant preachers, and traveled their circuits on foot, supported by alms. Sometimes the parson lent them the church, sometimes they held a camp meeting in spite of him, and just as often as not they left behind them a feeling of great soreness, irritation, and discontent; but six hundred years ago the preaching of the Friars was an immense and incalculable blessing to the country, and if it had not been for the wonderful reformation

wrought by their activity and burning enthusiasm, it is difficult to see what we should have come to or what corruption might have prevailed in Church and State.

When the Friars came into a village, and it was known that they were going to preach, you may be sure that the whole population would turn out to listen. Sermons in those days in the country were very rarely delivered. As I have said, there were no pulpits in the churches then. A parson might hold a benefice for fifty years, and never once have written or composed a sermon. A preaching parson, one who regularly exhorted his people or expounded to them the Scriptures, would have been a wonder indeed, and thus the coming of the Friars and the revival of pulpit oratory was all the more welcome because the people had not become wearied by the too frequent iteration of truths which may be repeated so frequently as to lose their vital force. A sermon was an event in those days, and a preacher with any real gifts of oratory was looked upon as a prophet sent by God. Never was there a time when the people needed more to be taught the very rudiments of morality. Never had there been a time when people cared less whether their acts and words were right or wrong, true or false. It had almost come to this, that what a man thought would be to his profit, that was good; what would entail upon him a loss, that was evil.

And this brings me to another point, viz. the lawlessness and crime in country villages six hundred years ago. But before I can speak on that subject it is necessary that I should first try to give you some idea of the everyday life of your forefathers. What did they eat and drink? what did they wear? what did they do from day to day? Were they happy? content? prosperous? or was their lot a hard and bitter one? For according to the answer we get to questions such as these, so shall we be the better prepared to expect the people to have been peaceable citizens, or sullen, miserable, and dangerous ruffians, goaded to frequent outbursts of ferocious savagedom by hunger, oppression, hatred, and despair.

Six hundred years ago no parish in Norfolk had more than a part of its land under tillage. As a rule, the town or village, with its houses, great and small, consisted of a long street, the church and parsonage being situated about the middle of the parish. Not far off stood the manor house, with its hall where the manor courts were held, and its farm buildings, dovecot,

and usually its mill for grinding the corn of the tenants. No tenant of the manor might take his corn to be ground anywhere except at the lord's mill; and it is easy to see what a grievance this would be felt to be at times, and how the lord of the manor, if he were needy, unscrupulous, or extortionate, might grind the faces of the poor while he ground their corn. Behind most of the houses in the village might be seen a croft or paddock, an orchard or a small garden. But the contents of the gardens were very different from the vegetables we see now; there were, perhaps, a few cabbages, onions, parsnips, or carrots, and apparently some kind of beet or turnip. The potato had never been heard of.

As for the houses themselves, they were squalid enough for the most part. The manor house was often built of stone, when stone was to be had, or where, as in Norfolk, no stone was to be had, then of flint, as in so many of our church towers. Usually, however, the manor house was built in great part of timber. The poorer houses were dirty hovels, run up "anyhow," sometimes covered with turf, sometimes with thatch. None of them had chimneys. Six hundred years ago houses with chimneys were at least as rare as houses heated by hot-water pipes are now. Moreover, there were no brick houses. It is a curious fact that the art of making bricks seems to have been lost in England for some hundreds of years. The laborer's dwelling had no windows; the hole in the roof which let out the smoke rendered windows unnecessary, and, even in the houses of the well-to-do, glass windows were rare. In many cases oiled linen cloth served to admit a feeble semblance of light, and to keep out the rain. The laborer's fire was in the middle of his house; he and his wife and children huddled round it, sometimes groveling in the ashes; and going to bed meant flinging themselves down upon the straw which served them as mattress and feather bed, exactly as it does to the present day in the gypsy's tent in our byways. The laborer's only light by night was the smoldering fire. Why should he burn a rushlight when there was nothing to look at? and reading was an accomplishment which few laboring men were masters of.

As to the food of the majority, it was of the coarsest. The fathers of many a man and woman in every village in Norfolk can remember the time when the laborer looked upon wheat bread as a rare delicacy; and those legacies which were left by

kindly people a century or two ago, providing for the weekly distribution of so many *white* loaves to the poor, tell us of a time when the poor man's loaf was as dark as mud, and as tough as his shoe leather. In the winter time things went very hard indeed with all classes. There was no lack of fuel, for the brakes and waste afforded turf which all might cut, and kindling which all had a right to carry away; but the poor horses and sheep and cattle were half starved for at least four months in the year, and one and all were much smaller than they are now. I doubt whether people ever fatted their hogs as we do. When the corn was reaped, the swine were turned into the stubble and roamed about the underwood; and when they had increased their weight by the feast of roots and mast and acorns, they were slaughtered and salted for the winter fare, only so many being kept alive as might not prove burdensome to the scanty resources of the people. Salting down the animals for the winter consumption was a very serious expense. All the salt used was produced by evaporation in *pans* near the seaside, and a couple of bushels of salt often cost as much as a sheep. This must have compelled the people to spare the salt as much as possible, and it must have been only too common to find the bacon more than rancid, and the ham alive again with maggots. If the salt was dear and scarce, sugar was unknown except to the very rich. The poor man had little to sweeten his lot. The bees gave him honey; and long after the time I am dealing with people left not only their hives to their children by will, but actually bequeathed a summer flight of bees to their friends; while the hive was claimed by one, the next swarm might become the property of another.

As for the drink, it was almost exclusively water, beer, and cider. Any one who pleased might brew beer without tax or license, and everybody who was at all before the world did brew his own beer according to his own taste. But in those days the beer was very different stuff from that which you are familiar with. To begin with, people did not use hops. Hops were not put into beer till long after the time we are concerned with. I dare say they flavored their beer with horehound and other herbs, but they did not understand those tricks which brewers are said to practice nowadays for making the beer "heady" and sticky and poisonous. I am not prepared to say the beer was better, or that you would have liked it; but I am pretty sure that in those days it was easier to get pure beer in

a country village than it is now, and if a man chose to drink bad beer he had only himself to thank for it. There was no such monopoly as there is now. I am inclined to think that there were a very great many more people who sold beer in the country parishes than sell it now, and I am sorry to say that the beer sellers in those days had the reputation of being rather a bad lot. It is quite certain that they were very often in trouble, and of all the offenses punished by fine at the manor courts none is more common than that of selling beer in false measures.

The method of cheating their customers by the beer sellers was, we are told, exactly the contrary plan followed by our modern publicans. Now, when a man gets into a warm corner at the pothouse, they tell me that John Barleycorn is apt to serve out more drink than is good for him; but six hundred years ago the beer seller made his profit, or tried to make it, by giving his customer less than he asked for. Tobacco was quite unknown; it was first brought into England about three hundred years after the days we are dealing with. When a man once sat himself down with his pot he had nothing to do but drink. He had no pipe to take off his attention from his liquor. If such a portentous sight could have been seen in those days as that of a man vomiting forth clouds of smoke from his mouth and nostrils, the beholders would have undoubtedly taken to their heels and run for their lives, protesting that the devil himself had appeared to them, breathing forth fire and flames. Tea and coffee, too, were absolutely unknown, unheard of; and wine was the rich man's beverage, as it is now. The fire waters of our own time — the gin and the rum, which have wrought us all such incalculable mischief — were not discovered then. Some little ardent spirits, known under the name of *cordials*, were to be found in the better-appointed establishments, and were kept by the lady of the house among her simples, and on special occasions dealt out in thimblefuls; but the vile grog, that maddens people now, our forefathers of six hundred years ago had never even tasted.

The absence of vegetable food for the greater part of the year, the personal dirt of the people, the sleeping at night in the clothes worn in the day, and other causes, made skin diseases frightfully common. At the outskirts of every town in England of any size there were crawling about emaciated creatures covered with loathsome sores, living heaven knows how. They were called by the common name of lepers, and

probably the leprosy strictly so called was awfully common. But the children must have swarmed with vermin; and the itch, and the scurvy, and the ringworm, with other hideous eruptions, must have played fearful havoc with the weak and sickly.

As for the dress of the working classes, it was hardly dress at all. I doubt whether the great mass of the laborers in Norfolk had more than a single garment — a kind of tunic leaving the arms and legs bare, with a girdle of rope or leather round the waist, in which a man's knife was stuck, to use sometimes for hacking his bread, sometimes for stabbing an enemy in a quarrel. As for any cotton goods, such as are familiar to you all, they had never been dreamt of, and I suspect that no more people in Norfolk wore linen habitually than now wear silk.

Money was almost inconceivably scarce. The laborer's wages were paid partly in rations of food, partly in other allowances, and only partly in money; he had to take what he could get. Even the quitrent, or what I have called the ground rent, was frequently compounded for by the tenant being required to find a pair of gloves, or a pound of cummin, or some other acknowledgment in lieu of a money payment; and one instance occurs among the Rougham Charters of a man buying as much as eleven and one half acres, and paying for them partly in money and partly in barley. (In the year 1276 halfpence and farthings were coined for the first time. This must have been a great boon to the poorer classes, and it evidently was felt to be a matter of great importance.) Nothing shows more plainly the scarcity of money than the enormous interest that was paid for a loan. The only bankers were the Jews; and when a man was once in their hands he was never likely to get out of their clutches again. But six hundred years ago the Jews had almost come to the end of their tether; and in the year 1290 they were driven out of the country, men, women, and children, with unutterable barbarity, only to be replaced by other bloodsuckers who were not a whit less mercenary, perhaps, but only less pushing and successful in their usury.

It is often said that the monasteries were the great supporters of the poor, and fed them in times of scarcity. It may be so, but I should like to see the evidence for the statement. At present I doubt the fact, at any rate as far as Norfolk goes. On the contrary, I am strongly impressed with the belief that

six hundred years ago the poor had no friends. The parsons were needy themselves. In too many cases one clergyman held two or three livings, took his tithes and spent them in the town, and left a chaplain with a bare subsistence to fill his place in the country. There was no parson's wife to drop in and speak a kind word — no clergyman's daughter to give a friendly nod, or teach the little ones at Sunday school — no softening influences, no sympathy, no kindliness. What could you expect of people with such dreary surroundings? — what but that which we know actually was the condition of affairs? The records of crime and outrage in Norfolk six hundred years ago are still preserved, and may be read by any one who knows how to decipher them. I had intended to examine carefully the entries of crime for this neighborhood for the year 1286, and to give you the result this evening, but I have not had an opportunity of doing so. The work has been done for the hundred of North Erpingham by my friend Mr. Rye, and what is true for one part of Norfolk during any single year is not likely to be very different from what was going on in another.

The picture we get of the utter lawlessness of the whole county, however, at the beginning of King Edward's reign is quite dreadful enough. Nobody seems to have resorted to the law to maintain a right or redress a wrong, till every other method had been tried. Starting with the squires, if I may use the term, and those well-to-do people who ought to have been among the most law-abiding members of the community — we find them setting an example of violence and rapacity, bad to read of. One of the most common causes of offense was when the lord of the manor attempted to invade the rights of the tenants of the manor by setting up a fold on the heath, or *Bruary* as it was called. What the lord was inclined to do, that the tenants would try to do also, as when in 1272 John de Swanton set up a fold in the common fields at Billingford; whereupon the other tenants pulled it down, and there was a serious disturbance, and the matter dragged on in the law courts for four years and more. Or as when the Prior of Wymondham impleads William de Calthorp for interfering with his foldage at Burnham, Calthorp replying that the Prior had no right to foldage, and that he (Calthorp) had the right to pull the fold down. In these cases, of course, there would be a general gathering and a riot, for every one's interest was at

stake ; but it was not only when some general grievance was felt that people in those days were ready for a row.

It really looks as if nothing was more easy than to collect a band of people who could be let loose anywhere to work any mischief. One man had a claim upon another for a debt, or a piece of land, or a right which was denied — had the claim, or fancied he had — and he seems to have had no difficulty in getting together a score or two of roughs to back him in taking the law into his own hands. As when John de la Wade in 1270 persuaded a band of men to help him in invading the manor of Hamon de Clere, in this very parish of Tittleshall, seizing the corn and threshing it, and, more wonderful still, cutting down timber and *carrying it off*. There are actually two other cases of a precisely similar kind recorded this same year, one where a gang of fellows in broad day seems to have looted the manors of Dunton and Mileham ; the other case was where a mob, under the leadership of three men, who are named, entered by force into the manor of Dunham, laid hands on a quantity of timber fit for building purposes, and took it away bodily! A much more serious case, however, occurred some years after this, when two gentlemen of position in Norfolk, with twenty-five followers, who appear to have been their regular retainers, and a great multitude on foot and horse, came to Little Barningham, where in the Hall there lived an old lady, Petronilla de Gros ; they set fire to the house in five places, dragged out the old lady, treated her with the most brutal violence, and so worked upon her fears that they compelled her to tell them where her money and jewels were, and having seized them, I conclude that they left her to warm herself at the smoldering ruins of her mansion.

On another occasion there was a fierce riot at Rainham. There the manor had become divided into three portions, as we have seen was the case at Rougham. One Thomas de Hauville had one portion, and Thomas de Ingoldesthorp and Robert de Scales held the other two portions. Thomas de Hauville, peradventure, felt aggrieved because some rogue had not been whipped or tortured cruelly enough to suit his notions of salutary justice, whereupon he went to the expense of erecting a brand-new pillory, and apparently a gallows too, to strike terror into the minds of the disorderly. The other parceners of the manor were indignant at the act, and collecting nearly sixty of the people of Rainham, they pulled down the new pillory and

utterly destroyed the same. When the case came before the judges, the defendants pleaded in effect that if Thomas de Hauville had put up his pillory on his own domain they would have had no objection, but that he had invaded their rights in setting up his gallows without their permission.

If the gentry, and they who ought to have known better, set such an example, and gave their sanction to outrage and savagery, it was only natural that the lower orders should be quick to take their pattern by their superiors, and should be only too ready to break and defy the law. And so it is clear enough that they were. In a single year, the year 1285, in the hundred of North Erpingham, containing thirty-two parishes, the catalogue of crime is so ghastly as positively to stagger one. Without taking any account of what in those days must have been looked upon as quite minor offenses, — such as simple theft, sheep stealing, fraud, extortion, or harboring felons, — there were eleven men and five women put upon their trial for burglary, eight men and four women were murdered; there were five fatal fights, three men and two women being killed in the frays; and, saddest of all, there were five cases of suicide, among them two women, one of whom hanged herself, and the other cut her throat with a razor. We have in the roll recording these horrors very minute particulars of the several cases, and we know too that, not many months before the roll was drawn up, at least eleven desperate wretches had been hanged for various offenses, and one had been torn to pieces by horses for the crime of debasing the king's coin. It is impossible for us to realize the hideous ferocity of such a state of society as this; — the women were as bad as the men, furious beldames, dangerous as wild beasts, without pity, without shame, without remorse; and finding life so cheerless, so hopeless, so very, very dark and miserable, that when there was nothing to be gained by killing any one else they killed themselves.

Anywhere, anywhere out of the world!

Sentimental people who plaintively sigh for the good old times will do well to ponder upon these facts. Think, twelve poor creatures butchered in cold blood in a single year within a circuit of ten miles from your own door! Two of these unhappy victims were a couple of lonely women, apparently living together in their poverty, gashed and battered in the dead of

the night, and left in their blood, stripped of their little all. The motive, too, for all this horrible housebreaking and bloodshed being a lump of cheese or a side of bacon, and the shuddering creatures cowering in the corner of a hovel, being too paralyzed with terror to utter a cry, and never dreaming of making resistance to the wild-eyed assassins, who came to slay rather than to steal.

Let us turn from these scenes, which are too painful to dwell on; and, before I close, let me try and point to some bright spots in the village life of six hundred years ago. If the hovels of the laborer were squalid, and dirty, and dark, yet there was not — no, there was not — as much difference between them and the dwelling of the former class, the employers of labor. Every man who had any house at all had some direct interest in the land; he always had some rood or two that he could call his own; his allotment was not large, but then there were no large farmers. I cannot make out that there was any one in Rougham who farmed as much as two hundred acres all told. What we now understand by tenant farmers were a class that had not yet come into existence. Where a landlord was non-resident he farmed his estate by a bailiff, and if any one wanted to give up an occupation for a time he let it with all that it contained. Thus, when Alice the divorced made up her mind in 1318 to go away from Rougham, — perhaps on a pilgrimage — perhaps to Rome — who knows? — she let her house and land, and all that was upon it, live and dead stock, to her sister Juliana for three years. The inventory included not only the sheep and cattle, but the very hoes and pitchforks, and sacks; and everything, to the minutest particular, was to be returned without damage at the end of the term, or replaced by an equivalent. But this lady, a lady of birth and some position, certainly did not have two hundred acres under her hands, and would have been a very small personage indeed, side by side with a dozen of our West Norfolk farmers to-day. The difference between the laborer and the farmer was, I think, less six hundred years ago than it is now. Men climbed up the ladder by steps that were more gently graduated; there was no great gulf fixed between the employer and the employed.

I can tell you nothing of the amusements of the people in those days. I doubt whether they had any more amusement than the swine or the cows had. Looking after the fowls or the geese, hunting for the hen's nest in the furze brake, and dig-

ging out a fox or a badger, gave them an hour's excitement or interest now and again. Now and then a wandering minstrel came by, playing upon his rude instrument, and now and then somebody would come out from Lynn, or Yarmouth, or Norwich, with some new batch of songs, for the most part scurrilous and coarse, and listened to much less for the sake of the music than for the words. Nor were books so rare as has been asserted. There were even storybooks in some houses, as where John Senekworth, bailiff for Merton College, at Gamlingay in Cambridgeshire, possessed, when he died in 1314, three books of romance; but then he was a thriving yeoman, with carpets in his house, or hangings for the walls.

There was a great deal more coming and going in the country villages than there is now, a great deal more to talk about, a great deal more doing. The courts of the manor were held periodically, and the free tenants were bound to attend and carry on a large amount of petty business. Then there were the periodical visitations by the Archdeacon and the Rural Dean, and now and then more august personages might be seen with a host of mounted followers riding along the roads. The Bishop of Norwich was always on the move when he was in his diocese; his most favorite places of residence were North Elmham and Gaywood; at both of these places he had a palace and a park; that meant that there were deer there and hunting, and all the good and evil that seems to be inseparable from haunches of venison. Nay, at intervals, even the Archbishop of Canterbury himself, the second man in the kingdom, came down to hold a visitation in Norfolk, and exactly 602 years ago the great Archbishop Peckham spent some time in the county, and though I do not think he came near Rougham or Tittleshall, I think it not improbable that his coming may have had some influence in bringing about the separation between Peter Romayn and Matilda de Cringleford, and the divorce of poor Alice from John of Thyrsford.

That year, 1280, or just 602 years ago, when Archbishop Peckham paid his visit to Norfolk, was a very disastrous year for the farmers. It was the beginning of a succession of bad seasons and floods even worse than any that we have known. The rain began on the 1st of August, and we are told that it continued to fall for twenty-four hours, and then came a mighty wind such as men had never known the like of; the waters were out, and there was a great flood, and houses and wind-

mills and bridges were swept away. Nay, we hear of a sad loss of life, and many poor people were drowned, and many lost their all, — flocks, and herds, and corn and hay being whelmed in the deluge. In November there was a frightful tempest, the lightning doing extensive damage; and just at Christmas time the frost set in with such severity as no man had known before. The river Thames was frozen over above London Bridge, so that men crossed it with horses and carts, and when the frost broke up on the 2d of February there was such an enormous accumulation of ice and snow that five of the arches of London Bridge blew up, and all over the country the same destruction of bridges was heard of.

Next year and the year after that, things went very badly with your forefathers, and one of the saddest stories that we get from a Norfolk chronicler who was alive at the time is one in which he tells us that, owing to the continuous rain during these three years, there was an utter failure in garden produce, as well as of the people's hope of harvest. The bad seasons seem to have gone on for six or seven years; but by far the worst calamity which Norfolk ever knew was the awful flood of 1287, when by an incursion of the sea a large district was laid under water, and hundreds of unfortunate creatures were drowned in the dead of the night, without warning. Here, on the higher level, people were comparatively out of harm's way, but it is impossible to imagine the distress and agony that there must have been in other parts of the county not twenty miles from where we are this evening.

After that dreadful year I think there was a change for the better, but it must have been a long time before the county recovered from the "agricultural distress"; and I strongly suspect that the cruel and wicked persecution of the Jews, and the canceling of all debts due to them by the landlords and the farmers, were in some measure owing to the general bankruptcy which the succession of bad seasons had brought about. Men found themselves hopelessly insolvent, and there was no other way of canceling their obligations than by getting rid of their creditors. So when the king announced that all the Jews should be transported out of the realm, you may be sure that there were very few Christians who were sorry for them. There had been a time when the children of Israel had spoiled the Egyptians — was it not fitting that another time should have come when the children of Israel should themselves be spoiled?

The year of the great flood was the frequent talk, of course, of all your forefathers who overlived it, and here in this neighborhood it must have acquired an additional interest from the fact that Bishop Middleton died the year after it, and his brothers then parted with their Rougham property.

Nor was this all, for Bishop Middleton's successor in the see of Norwich came from this immediate neighborhood also. This was Ralph Walpole, son of the lord of the manor of Houghton, in which parish the bishop himself had inherited a few acres of land. In less than forty years no less than three bishops had been born within five miles of where we are this evening: Roger de Wesenham, who became Bishop of Lichfield in 1245; William Middleton, who had just died; and Ralph Walpole, who succeeded him. There must have been much stir in these parts when the news was known. The old people would tell how they had seen "young master Ralph" many a time when he was a boy scampering over Massingham Heath, or coming to pay his respects to the Archdeacon at the Lyng House, or talking of foreign parts with old James de Ferentino or Peter Romayn. Now he had grown to be a very big man indeed, and there were many eyes watching him on both sides of the water. He had a very difficult game to play during the eleven years he was Bishop of Norwich, for the king was dreadfully in need of money, and, being desperate, he resorted to outrageous methods of squeezing it from those whom he could frighten and force, and the time came at last when the bishops and the clergy had to put a bold face on and to resist the tyranny and lawless rapacity of the sovereign.

And this reminds me that though archdeacons, and bishops, and even an archbishop, in those days might be and were very important and very powerful personages, they were all very small and insignificant in comparison with the great King Edward, the king who at this time was looked upon as one of the most mighty and magnificent kings in all the world. He, too, paid many a visit to Norfolk six hundred years ago. He kept his Christmas at Burgh in 1280, and in 1284 he came down with the good Queen Eleanor and spent the whole of Lent in the county; and next year, again, they were in your immediate neighborhood, making a pilgrimage to Walsingham. A few years after this he seems to have spent a week or two within five miles of where we are; he came to Castle Acre, and there he stayed at the great priory whose ruins you all know well.

There a very stirring interview took place between the king and Bishop Walpole, and a number of other bishops, and great persons who had come down as a deputation to expostulate with the king and respectfully to protest against the way in which he was robbing his subjects, and especially the clergy, whom he had been for years plundering in the most outrageous manner. The king gave the deputation no smooth words to carry away, but he sent them off with threatening frowns and insults and in hot anger. Some days after this he was at Massingham, and one of his letters has been preserved, dated from Massingham, 30th of January, 1296, so that it is almost certain the great king passed one night there at least. It is a little difficult to understand what the king was doing at Massingham, for there was no great man living there, and no great mansion. Sometimes I have thought that the king rode out from Castle Acre to see what state the Walpoles of those times were keeping up at Houghton. Had not that audacious Bishop Walpole dared to speak plainly to his Grace the week before? But the more probable explanation is that the king went to Massingham to visit a small religious house or monastery which had been recently founded there. I suspect it had already got into debt and was in difficulties, and it is possible that the king's visit was made in the interest of the foundation. At any rate, there the king stayed; but though he was in Norfolk more than once after this, he never was so near you again, and that visit was one which your forefathers were sure to talk about to the end of their lives.

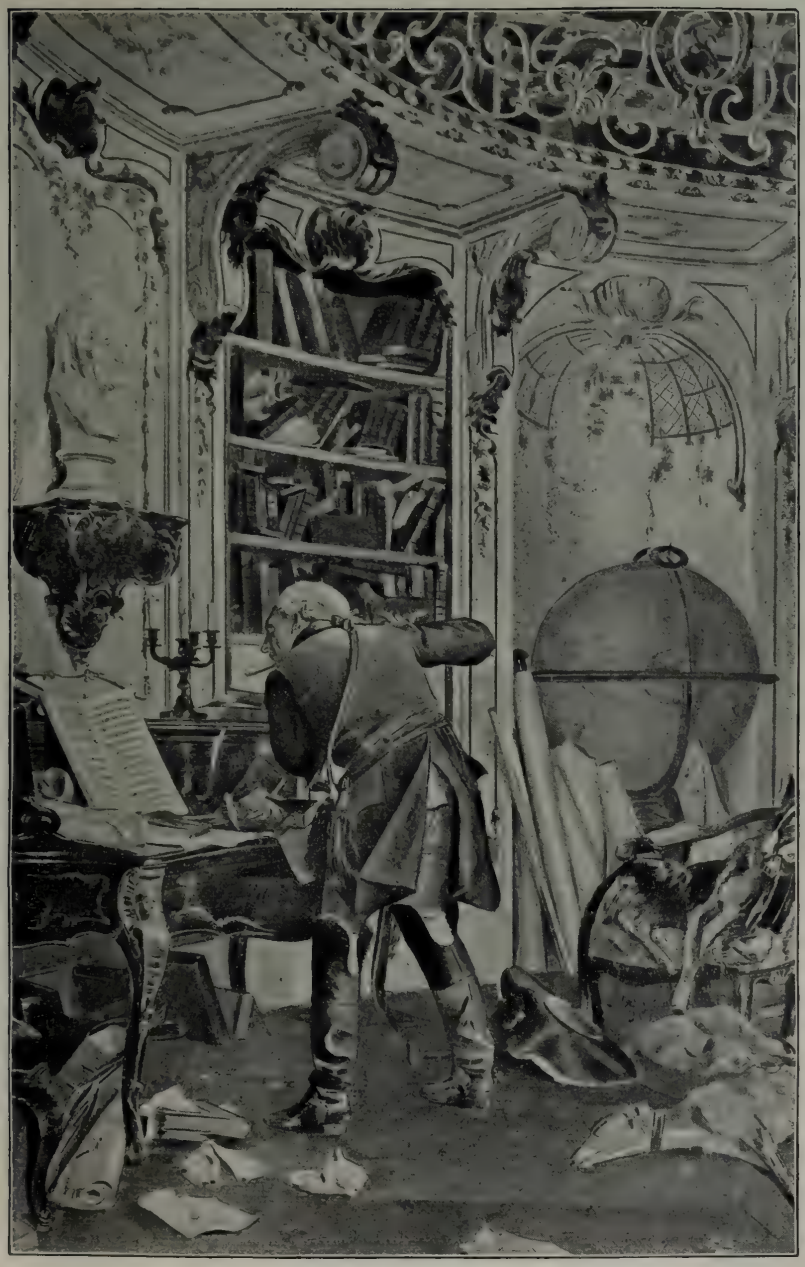
And these were the days of old. But now that we have looked back upon them as they appear through the mists of centuries, the distance distorting some things, obscuring others, but leaving upon us, on the whole, an impression that, after all, these men and women of the past, whose circumstances were so different from our own, were perhaps not so very unlike what we should be if our surroundings were as theirs. Now that we have come to that conclusion, if indeed we have come to it, let me ask you all a question or two. Should we like to change with those forefathers of ours, whose lives were passed in this parish in the way I have attempted to describe, six hundred years ago? Were the former times better than these? Has the world grown worse as it has grown older? Has there been no progress, but only decline?

My friends, the people who lived in this village six hundred years ago were living a life hugely below the level of yours. They were more wretched in their poverty, they were incomparably less prosperous in their prosperity, they were worse clad, worse fed, worse housed, worse taught, worse tended, worse governed; they were sufferers from loathsome diseases which you know nothing of; the very beasts of the field were dwarfed and stunted in their growth, and I do not believe there were any giants in the earth in those days. The death rate among the children must have been tremendous. The disregard of human life was so callous that we can hardly conceive it. There was everything to harden, nothing to soften; everywhere oppression, greed, and fierceness. Judged by our modern standards, the people of our county village were beyond all doubt coarser, more brutal, and more wicked, than they are. Progress is slow, but there has been progress. The days that are, are not what they should be; we still want reforms, we need much reforming ourselves; but the former days were not better than these, whatever these may be; and if the next six hundred years exhibit as decided an advance as the last six centuries have brought about, and if your children's children of the coming time rise as much above your level in sentiment, material comfort, knowledge, intelligence, and refinement, as you have risen above the level which your ancestors attained to, though even then they will not cease to desire better things, they will nevertheless have cause for thankfulness such as you may well feel to-night as you look back upon what you have escaped from, and reflect upon what you are.

THE EMPEROR FREDERICK THE SECOND.

By EDWARD A. FREEMAN.

[Edward Augustus Freeman, a leading English historical scholar, was born in Staffordshire, August 2, 1823; became a Fellow of Trinity College, Oxford. His first preoccupation was with mediæval architecture, which led him to ecclesiastical and political antiquarian studies; he very early formed the design of writing the history of the genesis, achievement, and effects of the Norman Conquest; his detestation alike of the Turks and of the Austrian Empire which protected Europe from the Turks — as both built up on the ruins of the freedom of the East European states — was the basis of a vast quantity of essay and review writing on



FREDERICK THE WONDER OF THE WORLD

From a painting by J. L. Gérôme

mediæval Europe; and there was hardly any historical subject which was not touched upon by his tireless industry, and his enormous and minute scholarship. His first work was a "History of Architecture" (1849); his next a series of lectures on the "History and Conquests of the Saracens" (1856). The chief of his many other works are the unfinished "History of Federal Government" (1863); his masterpiece, the "History of the Norman Conquest" (1867–1876; supplementary volume on the reign of William Rufus, in 1882); several works on early English history, the English constitution, etc.; "Historical Geography of Europe," "General Sketch of European History," and several others in this line; "Comparative Politics"; the "Continuity of History"; four volumes of "Historical Essays"; "Methods of Historical Study"; lectures at Oxford, where he was regius professor of modern history, and four volumes of a "History of Sicily" intended to fill fourteen (1891–1894). He died at Alicante, Spain, March 16, 1892.]

Stupor mundi Fredericus — Frederick the Wonder of the World — is the name by which the English historian Matthew Paris more than once speaks of the Emperor who drew on him the eyes of all men during the greater part of the former half of the thirteenth century, and whose name has ever since lived in history as that of the most wonderful man in a most wonderful age. We do not say the greatest, still less the best, man of his time, but, as Matthew Paris calls him, the most wonderful man; the man whose character and actions shone out most distinctively, the man whose personality was most marked; the man, in short, who was in all things the most unlike to all the other men who were about him.

It is probable that there never lived a human being endowed with greater natural gifts, or whose natural gifts were, according to the means afforded him by his age, more sedulously cultivated, than the last Emperor of the house of Swabia. There seems to be no aspect of human nature which was not developed to the highest degree in his person. In versatility of gifts, in what we may call many-sidedness of character, he appears as a sort of mediæval Alcibiades, while he was undoubtedly far removed from Alcibiades' utter lack of principle or steadiness of any kind. Warrior, statesman, lawgiver, scholar, there was nothing in the compass of the political or intellectual world of his age which he failed to grasp. In an age of change, when, in every corner of Europe and civilized Asia, old kingdoms, nations, systems, were falling and new ones rising, Frederick was emphatically the man of change, the author of things new and unheard of — he was *stupor mundi et immutator mirabilis*. A suspected heretic, a suspected Mahometan, he was the object of all kinds of absurd and self-contradictory charges;

but the charges mark real features in the character of the man. He was something unlike any other Emperor or any other man; whatever professions of orthodoxy he might make, men felt instinctively that his belief and his practice were not the same as the belief and the practice of other Christian men. There can be no doubt that he had wholly freed his mind from the trammels of his own time, and that he had theories and designs which, to most of his contemporaries, would have seemed monstrous, unintelligible, impossible.

Frederick in short was, in some obvious respects, a man of the same stamp as those who influence their own age and the ages which come after them, the men who, if their lot is cast in one walk, found sects, and if it is cast in another, found empires. Of all men, Frederick the Second might have been expected to be the founder of something, the beginner of some new era, political or intellectual. He was a man to whom some great institution might well have looked back as its creator, to whom some large body of men, some sect or party or nation, might well have looked back as their prophet or founder or deliverer. But the most gifted of the sons of men has left behind him no such memory, while men whose gifts cannot bear a comparison with his are reverenced as founders by grateful nations, churches, political and philosophical parties. Frederick in fact founded nothing, and he sowed the seeds of the destruction of many things. His great charters to the spiritual and temporal princes of Germany dealt the deathblow to the Imperial power, while he, to say the least, looked coldly on the rising power of the cities and on those commercial leagues which were in his time the best element of German political life.

In fact, in whatever aspect we look at Frederick the Second, we find him, not the first, but the last, of every series to which he belongs. An English writer, two hundred years after his time, had the penetration to see that he was really the last Emperor. (Capgrave, in his Chronicle, dates by Emperors down to Frederick, and then adds: "Fro this tyme forward oure annotacion schal be aftir the regne of the Kyngis of Ynglond; *for the Empire, in maner, sesed here.*") He was the last prince in whose style the Imperial titles do not seem a mockery; he was the last under whose rule the three Imperial kingdoms retained any practical connection with one another and with the ancient capital of all. Frederick, who sent his trophies to Rome to be guarded by his own subjects in his own city, was

a Roman Cæsar in a sense in which no other Emperor was after him. And he was not only the last Emperor of the whole Empire: he might almost be called the last king of its several kingdoms. After his time Burgundy vanishes as a kingdom; there is hardly an event to remind us of its existence except the fancy of Charles the Fourth, of all possible Emperors, to go and take the Burgundian crown at Arles. Italy too, after Frederick, vanishes as a kingdom; any later exercise of the royal authority in Italy was something which came and went wholly by fits and starts. Later Emperors were crowned at Milan, but none after Frederick was King of Italy in the same real and effective sense that he was. Germany did not utterly vanish, or utterly split in pieces, like the sister kingdoms; but after Frederick came the Great Interregnum, and after the Great Interregnum the royal power in Germany never was what it had been before. In his hereditary kingdom of Sicily he was not absolutely the last of his dynasty, for his son Manfred ruled prosperously and gloriously for some years after his death. But it is none the less clear that from Frederick's time the Sicilian kingdom was doomed; it was marked out to be, what it has been ever since, divided, reunited, divided again, tossed to and fro between one foreign sovereign and another. Still more conspicuously than all was Frederick the last Christian King of Jerusalem, the last baptized man who really ruled the Holy Land or wore a crown in the Holy City. And yet, strangely enough, it was at Jerusalem, if anywhere, that Frederick might claim in some measure the honors of a founder. If he was the last more than nominal King of Jerusalem, he was also, after a considerable interval, the first; he recovered the kingdom by his own address, and, if he lost it, its loss was, of all the misfortunes of his reign, that which could be with the least justice attributed to him as a fault.

In the world of elegant letters Frederick has some claim to be looked on as the founder of that modern Italian language and literature which first assumed a distinctive shape at his Sicilian court. But in the wider field of political history Frederick appears nowhere as a creator, but rather everywhere as an involuntary destroyer. He is in everything the last of his own class, and he is not the last in the same sense as princes who perish along with their realms in domestic revolutions or on the field of battle. If we call him the last Emperor of the West, it is in quite another sense from that in which Constan-

tine Palaiologos was the last Emperor of the East. Under Frederick the Empire and everything connected with it seems to crumble and decay while preserving its external splendor. As soon as its brilliant possessor is gone, it at once falls asunder. It is a significant fact that one who in mere genius, in mere accomplishments, was surely the greatest prince who ever wore a crown, a prince who held the greatest place on earth, and who was concerned during a long reign in some of the greatest transactions of one of the greatest ages, seems never, even from his own flatterers, to have received that title of *Great* which has been so lavishly bestowed on far smaller men. The world instinctively felt that Frederick, by nature the more than peer of Alexander, of Constantine, and of Charles, had left behind him no such creation as they left, and had not influenced the world as they had influenced it. He was *stupor mundi et immutator mirabilis*, but the name of *Fredericus Magnus* was kept in store for a prince of quite another age and house, who, whatever else we say of him, at least showed that he had learned the art of Themistocles, and knew how to change a small state into a great one.

Many causes combined to produce this singular result, that a man of the extraordinary genius of Frederick, a man possessed of every advantage of birth, office, and opportunity, should have had so little direct effect upon the world. It is not enough to attribute his failure to the many and great faults of his moral character. Doubtless they were one cause among others. But a man who influences future ages is not necessarily a good man. No man ever had a more direct influence on the future history of the world than Lucius Cornelius Sulla. The man who crushed Rome's last rival, who saved Rome in her last hour of peril, who made her indisputably and forever the head of Italy, did a work greater than the work of Cæsar. Yet the name of Sulla is one at which we almost instinctively shudder. So the faults and crimes of Frederick, his irreligion, his private licentiousness, his barbarous cruelty, would not of themselves be enough to hinder him from leaving his stamp upon his age in the way that other ages have been marked by the influence of men certainly not worse than he. Still, to exercise any great and lasting influence on the world, a man must be, if not virtuous, at least capable of objects and efforts which have something in common with virtue. Sulla stuck at no crime which could serve his country or his party,

but it was for his country and his party, not for purely selfish ends, that he labored and that he sinned. Thorough devotion to any cause has in it something of self-sacrifice, something which, if not purely virtuous, is not without an element akin to virtue. Very bad men have achieved very great works, but they have commonly achieved them through those features in their character which made the nearest approach to goodness.

The weak side in the brilliant career of Frederick is one which seems to have been partly inherent in his character, and partly the result of the circumstances in which he found himself. Capable of every part, and in fact playing every part by turns, he had no single definite object, pursued honestly and steadfastly throughout his whole life. With all his powers, with all his brilliancy, his course throughout life seems to have been in a manner determined for him by others. He was ever drifting into wars, into schemes of policy, which seem to be hardly ever of his own choosing. He was the mightiest and most dangerous adversary that the Papacy ever had. But he does not seem to have withstood the Papacy from any personal choice, or as the voluntary champion of any opposing principle. He became the enemy of the Papacy, he planned schemes which involved the utter overthrow of the Papacy, yet he did so simply because he found that no Pope would ever let him alone. It was perhaps an unerring instinct which hindered any Pope from ever letting him alone. Frederick, left alone to act according to his own schemes and inclinations, might very likely have done the Papacy more real mischief than he did when he was stirred up to open enmity. Still, as a matter of fact, his quarrels with the Popes were not of his own seeking; a sort of inevitable destiny led him into them, whether he wished for them or not.

Again, the most really successful feature in Frederick's career, his acquisition of Jerusalem, is not only a mere episode in his life, but it is something that was absolutely forced upon him against his will. The most successful of crusaders since Godfrey is the most utterly unlike any other crusader. With other crusaders the Holy War was, in some cases, the main business of their lives; in all cases, it was something seriously undertaken as a matter either of policy or of religious duty. But the crusade of the man who actually did recover the Holy City is simply a grotesque episode in his life. Excommunicated for not going, excommunicated again for going, excommunicated again for coming back, threatened on every side, he still

went, and he succeeded. What others had failed to win by arms, he contrived to win by address, and all that came of his success was that it was made the ground of fresh accusations against him. For years the cry for the recovery of Jerusalem had been sounding through Christendom; at last Jerusalem was recovered, and its recoverer was at once cursed for accomplishing the most fervent wishes of so many thousands of the faithful.

The excommunicated king, whom no churchman would crown, whose name was hardly allowed to be uttered in his own army, kept his dominions in spite of all opposition. He was hindered from the further consolidation and extension of his Eastern kingdom only by a storm stirred up in his hereditary states by those who were most bound to show towards him something more than common international honesty. Whatever were the feelings and circumstances under which he had acted, Frederick was in fact the triumphant champion of Christendom, and his reward was fresh denunciations on the part of the spiritual chief of Christendom. The elder Frederick, Philip of France, Richard of England, Saint Lewis, Edward the First, were crusaders from piety, from policy, or from fashion; Frederick the Second was a crusader simply because he could not help being one, and yet he did what they all failed to do.

So again in his dealings with both the German and the Italian states, it is impossible to set him down either as a consistent friend or a consistent enemy of the great political movements of the age. He issues charters of privileges to this or that commonwealth, he issues charters restraining the freedom of commonwealths in general, simply as suits the policy of the time. In his dealings with the Popes, perhaps in his dealings with the cities also, Frederick was certainly more sinned against than sinning. But a man whose genius and brilliancy and vigor shine out in every single action of his life, but in the general course of his actions no one ruling principle can be discerned, who is as it were tossed to and fro by circumstances and by the actions of others, is either very unfortunate in the position in which he finds himself, or else, with all his genius, he must lack some of the qualities without which genius is comparatively useless.

In the case of Frederick probably both causes were true. For a man to influence his age, he must in some sort belong to his age. He should be above it, before it, but he should not be foreign to it. He may condemn, he may try to change, the opinions and feelings of the men around him; but he must at

least understand and enter into those opinions and feelings. But Frederick belongs to no age; intellectually he is above his own age, above every age; morally it can hardly be denied that he was below his age; but in nothing was he of his age. In many incidental details his career is a repetition of that of his grandfather. Like him he struggles against Popes, he struggles against a league of cities, he wears the Cross in warfare against the Infidel. But in character, in aim, in object, grandfather and grandson are the exact opposite to each other. Frederick Barbarossa was simply the model of the man, the German, the Emperor, of the twelfth century. All the faults and all the virtues of his age, his country, and his position received in him their fullest development. He was the ordinary man of his time, following the objects which an ordinary man of his time and in his position could not fail to follow. He exhibited the ordinary character of his time in its very noblest shape; but it was still only the ordinary character of his time. His whole career was simply typical of his age, and in no way personal to himself; every action and every event of his life could be understood by every contemporary human being, friend or enemy. But his grandson, emphatically *stupor mundi*, commanded the wonder, perhaps the admiration, of an age which could not understand him. He gathered indeed around him a small band of devoted adherents; but to the mass of his contemporaries he seemed like a being of another nature. He shared none of the feelings or prejudices of the time; alike in his intellectual greatness and in his moral abasement he had nothing in common with the ordinary man of the thirteenth century. The world probably contained no man, unless it were some solitary thinker here and there, whose mind was so completely set free, alike for good and for evil, from the ordinary trammels of the time. He appeared in the eyes of his own age as the enemy of all that it was taught to hold sacred, the friend of all that it was taught to shrink from and wage war against.

What Frederick's religious views really were is a problem hard indeed to solve; but to his own time he appeared as something far more than a merely political, or even than a doctrinal, opponent of the Papacy. Men were taught to believe that he was the enemy of the head of Christendom simply because he was the enemy of Christianity altogether. Again, the crimes and vices of Frederick were no greater than those of countless other

princes; but there was no prince who trampled in the like sort upon all the moral notions of his own time. He contrived, by the circumstances of his vices, to outrage contemporary sentiment in a way in which his vices alone would not have outraged it. A man who thus showed no condescension to the feelings of his age, whether good or evil, could not directly influence that age. Some of his ideas and schemes may have been silently passed on to men of later times, in whose hands they were better able to bear fruit. He may have shaken old prejudices and old beliefs in a few minds of his own age; he may even have been the fountain of a tradition which was powerfully to affect distant ages. In many things his ideas, his actions, forestalled events which were yet far remote. The events which he forestalled he may in this indirect and silent way have influenced. But direct influence on the world of his own age he had none. He may have undermined a stately edifice which was still to survive for ages; but he simply undermined. He left no traces of himself in the character of a founder; he left as few in the character of an open and avowed destroyer.

There was also another cause which, besides Frederick's personal character, may have tended to isolate him from his age and to hinder him from having that influence over it which we may say that his genius ought to have had. This was his utter want of nationality. The conscious idea of nationality had not indeed the same effect upon men's minds which it has in our own times. The political ideas and systems of the age ran counter to the principle of nationality in two ways. Nothing could be more opposed to any doctrine of nationality than those ideas which were the essence of the whole political creed of the time, the ideas of the Universal Empire and the Universal Church. On the other hand, the conception of the joint lordship of the world, vested in the successor of Peter and the successor of Augustus, was hardly more opposed to the doctrine of nationality than was the form which was almost everywhere taken by the rising spirit of freedom. A movement towards national freedom was something exceptional; in most places it was the independence of a district, of a city, at most of a small union of districts or cities, for which men strove. A German or Italian commonwealth struggled for its own local independence; so far as was consistent with the practical enjoyment of that independence, it was ready to acknowledge the supremacy of the Emperor, Lord of the World. Of a strictly national

patriotism for Germany or Italy men had very little thought indeed. These two seemingly opposite tendencies, the tendency to merge nations in one universal dominion, and the tendency to divide nations into small principalities and commonwealths, were in truth closely connected.

The tendency to division comes out most strongly in the kingdoms which were united to the Empire. Other countries showed a power of strictly national action, of acquiring liberties common to the whole nation, of legislating in the interest of the whole nation, almost in exact proportion to the degree in which they were placed beyond the reach of Imperial influences. Spain, Scandinavia, Britain, were the countries on which the Empire had least influence. Spain, Scandinavia, Britain, were therefore the countries in which we see the nearest approaches to true national life and consciousness. Still there is no doubt that, even within the Empire, national feelings did exercise a strong, though in a great measure an unconscious, influence. Local feelings exercised an influence still stronger. But there was no national or local feeling which could gather round Frederick the Second. There was no national or local cause of which he could be looked on as the champion. There was no nation, no province, no city, which could claim him as its own peculiar hero. Ruling over men of various races and languages, he could adapt himself to each of them in turn in a way in which few men before or after him could do. But there was none of the various races of his dominions, German, Burgundian, Italian, Norman, Greek, or Saracen, which could claim him as really bone of its bone and flesh of its flesh. His parentage was half German, half Norman, his birthplace was Italian, the home of his choice was Sicilian, his tastes and habits were strongly suspected of being Saracenic. The representative of a kingly German house, he was himself, beyond all doubt, less German than anything else. He was Norman, Italian, almost anything rather than German; but he was far from being purely Norman or purely Italian.

In this position, placed as it were above all ordinary local and national ties, he was, beyond every other prince who ever wore the Imperial diadem, the embodiment of the conception of an Emperor, Lord of the World. But an Emperor, Lord of the World, is placed too high to win the affections which attach men to rulers and leaders of lower degree. A king may command the love of his own kingdom; a popular leader

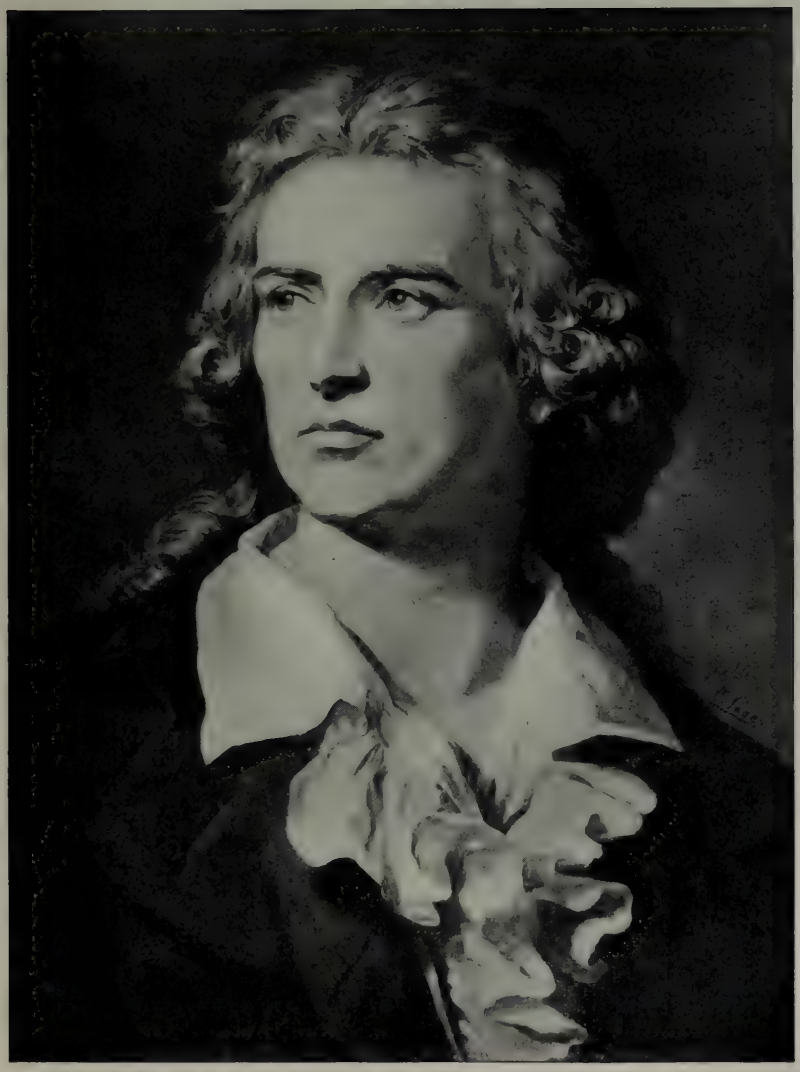
may command the love of his own city. But Cæsar, whose dominion is from the one sea to the other and from the flood unto the world's end, must, in this respect as in others, pay the penalty of his greatness. Frederick was, in idea, beyond all men, the hero and champion of the Empire. But practically the championship of the Empire was found less truly effective in his hands than in the hands of men who were further from carrying out the theoretical ideal. The Imperial power was more truly vigorous in the hands of princes in whom the ideal championship of the Empire was united with the practical leadership of one of its component nations. Frederick Barbarossa, the true German king, the man whom the German instinct at once hails as the noblest development of the German character, really did more for the greatness of the Empire than his descendant, whose ideal position was far more truly Imperial. The men who influence their age, the men who leave a lasting memory behind them, are the men who are thoroughly identified with the actual or local life of some nation or city. Frederick Barbarossa was the hero of Germany; but his grandson, the hero of the Empire, was the hero of none of its component parts. The memory of the grandfather still lives in the hearts of a people, some of whom perhaps even now look for his personal return. The memory of the grandson has everywhere passed away from popular remembrance; the Wonder of the World remains to be the wonder of scholars and historians only.

THE DIVER.

A Ballad of Sicily in the Fourteenth Century.

By JOHANN FRIEDRICH VON SCHILLER.

[Johann Christoph Friedrich von Schiller, the famous German poet and dramatist, was born at Marbach, Würtemberg, November 10, 1759. He studied law and medicine at Stuttgart, and was appointed surgeon to a Würtemberg regiment. Objecting to the restraint imposed upon him by the Duke of Würtemberg in consequence of the production of his first play, "The Robbers" (1782), he left the army and went to Mannheim, Leipsic, Dresden, Jena, and Weimar, where he became the firm friend of Goethe. From 1789 to 1799 Schiller held a professorship at Jena, and during this period published "The History of the Thirty Years' War." He died at Weimar, May 9, 1805, of an affection of the lungs. Besides the works already mentioned, Schiller wrote



JOHANN CHRISTOPH FRIEDRICH VON SCHILLER

From a painting by C. Jaeger

"The History of the Revolt of the Netherlands"; the dramas "Mary Stuart," "Maid of Orleans," "Bride of Messina," "William Tell"; and the trilogy of "Wallenstein." Among his lyric pieces are: "The Ring of Polycrates," "The Diver," "The Knight of Toggenburg," and "The Song of the Bell."]

"Oh, where is the knight or the squire so bold,
As to dive to the howling charybdis below? —
I cast in the whirlpool a goblet of gold,
And o'er it already the dark waters flow;
Whoever to me may the goblet bring,
Shall have for his guerdon that gift of his king."

He spoke, and the cup from the terrible steep,
That, rugged and hoary, hung over the verge
Of the endless and measureless world of the deep,
Swirled into the maelstrom that maddened the surge,
"And where is the diver so stout to go —
I ask ye again — to the deep below?"

And the knights and the squires that gathered around,
Stood silent — and fixed on the ocean their eyes;
They looked on the dismal and savage Profound,
And the peril chilled back every thought of the prize.
And thrice spoke the monarch — "The cup to win,
Is there never a wight who will venture in?"

And all as before heard in silence the king —
Till a youth with an aspect unfearing but gentle,
'Mid the tremulous squires — stept out from the ring,
Unbuckling his girdle, and doffing his mantle;
And the murmuring crowd, as they parted asunder,
On the stately boy cast their looks of wonder.

As he strode to the marge of the summit, and gave
One glance on the gulf of that merciless main,
Lo! the wave that forever devours the wave,
Casts roaringly up the charybdis again,
And as with the swell of the far thunder boom,
Rushes foamingly forth from the heart of the gloom.

And it bubbles and seethes, and it hisses and roars,
As when fire is with water commixed and contending;
And the spray of its wrath to the welkin upsoars,
And flood upon flood hurries on, never ending;
And it never *will* rest, nor from travail be free,
Like a sea that is laboring the birth of a sea.

Yet, at length, comes a lull o'er the mighty commotion,
As the whirlpool sucks into black smoothness the swell
Of the white-foaming breakers — and cleaves thro' the ocean
A path that seems winding in darkness to hell.
Round and round whirled the waves — deeper and deeper
still driven,
Like a gorge thro' the mountainous main thunder-riven!

The youth gave his trust to his Maker! Before
That path through the riven abyss closed again —
Hark! a shriek from the crowd rang aloft from the shore,
And, behold! he is whirled in the grasp of the main!
And o'er him the breakers mysteriously rolled,
And the giant mouth closed on the swimmer so bold.

O'er the surface grim silence lay dark; but the crowd
Heard the wail from the deep murmur hollow and fell;
They hearken and shudder, lamenting aloud —
"Gallant youth, — noble heart — fare thee well, fare thee
well!"
More hollow and more wails the deep on the ear —
More dread and more dread grows suspense in its fear.

If thou shouldst in those waters thy diadem fling,
And cry, "Who may find it shall win it and wear;"
God wot, though the prize were the crown of a king —
A crown at such hazard were valued too dear.
For never shall lips of the living reveal
What the deeps that howl yonder in terror conceal.

Oh, many a bark, to that breast grappled fast,
Has gone down to the fearful and fathomless grave;
Again, crashed together the keel and the mast,
To be seen, tossed aloft in the glee of the wave. —
Like the growth of a storm ever louder and clearer,
Grows the roar of the gulf rising nearer and nearer.

And it bubbles and seethes, and it hisses and roars,
As when fire is with water commixed and contending;
And the spray of its wrath to the welkin upsoars,
And flood upon flood hurries on, never ending;
And as with the swell of the far thunder boom,
Rushes roaringly forth from the heart of the gloom.

And, lo! from the heart of that far-floating gloom,
What gleams on the darkness so swanlike and white?
Lo! an arm and a neck, glancing up from the tomb! —

They battle — the Man's with the Element's might.
It is he — it is he! in his left hand behold,
As a sign — as a joy! — shines the goblet of gold!

And he breathèd deep, and he breathèd long,
And he greeted the heavenly delight of the day.
They gaze on each other — they shout, as they throng —
"He lives — lo the ocean has rendered its prey!
And safe from the whirlpool and free from the grave,
Comes back to the daylight the soul of the brave!"

And he comes, with the crowd in their clamor and glee,
And the goblet his daring has won from the water,
He lifts to the king as he sinks on his knee; —
And the king from her maidens has beckoned his daughter
She pours to the boy the bright wine which they bring,
And thus spake the Diver — "Long life to the king!

"Happy they whom the rose hues of daylight rejoice,
The air and the sky that to mortals are given!
May the horror below nevermore find a voice —
Nor Man stretch too far the wide mercy of Heaven!
Nevermore — nevermore may he lift from the sight
The veil which is woven with Terror and Night!

"Quick-brightening like lightning — it tore me along,
Down, down, till the gush of a torrent, at play
In the rocks of its wilderness, caught me — and strong
As the wings of an eagle, it whirled me away.
Vain, vain was my struggle — the circle had won me,
Round and round in its dance, the wild element spun me.

And I called on my God, and my God heard my prayer
In the strength of my need, in the gasp of my breath —
And showed me a crag that rose up from the lair,
And I clung to it, nimbly — and baffled the death!
And, safe in the perils around me, behold!
On the spikes of the coral the goblet of gold.

"Below, at the foot of that precipice drear,
Spread the gloomy, and purple, and pathless Obscure!
A silence of Horror that slept on the ear,
That the eye more appalled might the Horror endure!
Salamander — snake — dragon — vast reptiles that dwell
In the deep — coiled about the grim jaws of their hell.

"Dark-crawled, — glided dark the unspeakable swarms,
Clumped together in masses, misshapen and vast; —
Here clung and here bristled the fashionless forms; —
Here the dark-moving bulk of the Hammer Fish passed;
And with teeth grinning white, and a menacing motion,
Went the terrible Shark — the Hyena of Ocean.

"There I hung, and the awe gathered icily o'er me,
So far from the earth, where man's help there was none!
The One Human Thing, with the Goblins before me —
Alone — in a loneness so ghastly — ALONE!
Fathom deep from man's eye in the speechless profound,
With the death of the Main and the Monsters around.

"Methought, as I gazed through the darkness, that now
IT saw — the dread hundred-limbed creature — its prey!
And darted — O God! from the far flaming bough
Of the coral, I swept on the horrible way;
And it seized me, the wave with its wrath and its roar,
It seized me to save — King, the danger is o'er!"

On the youth gazed the monarch, and marveled; quoth he,
"Bold Diver, the goblet I promised is thine;
And this ring will I give, a fresh guerdon to thee, —
Never jewels more precious shone up from the mine, —
If thou'lt bring me fresh tidings, and venture again,
To say what lies hid in the *innermost* main."

Then outspake the daughter in tender emotion:
"Ah! father, my father, what more can there rest?
Enough of this sport with the pitiless ocean —
He has served thee as none would, thyself hast confest.
If nothing can slake thy wild thirst of desire,
Let thy knights put to shame the exploit of the squire!"

The king seized the goblet, — he swung it on high,
And whirling, it fell in the roar of the tide:
"But bring back that goblet again to my eye,
And I'll hold thee the dearest that rides by my side;
And thine arms shall embrace, as thy bride, I decree,
The maiden whose pity now pleadeth for thee."

In his heart, as he listened, there leapt the wild joy —
And the hope and the love through his eyes spoke in fire,
On that bloom, on that blush, gazed delighted the boy;
The maiden — she faints at the feet of her sire!

Here the guerdon divine, there the danger beneath;
He resolves! To the strife with the life and the death!

They hear the loud surges sweep back in their swell,
Their coming the thunder sound heralds along!
Fond eyes yet are tracking the spot where he fell:
They come, the wild waters, in tumult and throng,
Roaring up to the cliff — roaring back, as before,
But no wave ever brings the lost youth to the shore!

ROBIN HOOD AND MAID MARIAN BEFORE RENAMING.

By THOMAS LOVE PEACOCK.

(From "Maid Marian.")

[THOMAS LOVE PEACOCK, English novelist and scholar, was born October 18, 1785, at Weymouth; son of a manufacturer. He was a precocious student; wrote several volumes of verse not memorable (1804–1812), and experimented in drama; was coexecutor of Shelley with Lord Byron; 1815–1817 wrote the novels "Headlong Hall," "Melincourt," and "Nightmare Abbey," and the poem "Rhododaphne." In 1819 he became examiner at the India House with James Mill, and was a valuable official of the East India Company for nearly forty years. He published "Maid Marian" in 1822, "The Misfortunes of Elphin" in 1829, "Crotchet Castle" in 1831. His last novel, "Gryll Grange," appeared in 1860. He also did some good magazine work. He died January 23, 1866.]

"THE abbot, in his alb arrayed," stood at the altar in the abbey chapel of Rubygill, with all his plump, sleek, rosy friars, in goodly lines disposed, to solemnize the nuptials of the beautiful Matilda Fitzwater, daughter of the Baron of Arlingford, with the noble Robert Fitz-Ooth, Earl of Locksley and Huntingdon. The abbey of Rubygill stood in a picturesque valley, at a little distance from the western boundary of Sherwood Forest, in a spot which seemed adapted by nature to be the retreat of monastic mortification, being on the banks of a fine trout stream, and in the midst of woodland coverts, abounding with excellent game. The bride, with her father and attendant maidens, entered the chapel; but the earl had not arrived. The baron was amazed, and the bridemaidens were disconcerted. Matilda feared that some evil had befallen her lover,

but felt no diminution of her confidence in his honor and love. Through the open gates of the chapel she looked down the narrow road that wound along the side of the hill; and her ear was the first that heard the distant trampling of horses, and her eye was the first that caught the glitter of snowy plumes, and the light of polished spears. "It is strange," thought the baron, "that the earl should come in this martial array to his wedding;" but he had not long to meditate on the phenomenon, for the foaming steeds swept up to the gate like a whirlwind, and the earl, breathless with speed, and followed by a few of his yeomen, advanced to his smiling bride. It was then no time to ask questions; for the organ was in full peal, and the choristers were in full voice.

The abbot began to intone the ceremony in a style of modulation impressively exalted, his voice issuing most canonically from the roof of his mouth, through the medium of a very musical nose newly tuned for the occasion. But he had not proceeded far enough to exhibit all the variety and compass of this melodious instrument, when a noise was heard at the gate, and a party of armed men entered the chapel. The song of the choristers died away in a shake of demisemiquavers, contrary to all the rules of psalmody. The organ blower, who was working his musical air pump with one hand, and with two fingers and a thumb of the other insinuating a peeping place through the curtain of the organ gallery, was struck motionless by the double operation of curiosity and fear; while the organist, intent only on his performance, and spreading all his fingers to strike a swell of magnificent chords, felt his harmonic spirit ready to desert his body on being answered by the ghastly rattle of empty keys, and in the consequent *agitato furioso* of the internal movements of his feelings, was preparing to restore harmony by the *segue subito* of an *appoggiatura con foco* with the corner of a book of anthems on the head of his neglectful assistant, when his hand and his attention together were arrested by the scene below. The voice of the abbot subsided into silence through a descending scale of long-drawn melody, like the sound of the ebbing sea to the explorers of a cave. In a few moments all was silence, interrupted only by the iron tread of the armed intruders, as it rang on the marble floor and echoed from the vaulted aisles.

The leader strode up to the altar; and placing himself opposite to the abbot, and between the earl and Matilda, in

such a manner that the four together seemed to stand on the four points of a diamond, exclaimed, "In the name of King Henry, I forbid the ceremony, and attach Robert Earl of Huntingdon as a traitor!" and at the same time he held his drawn sword between the lovers, as if to emblem that royal authority which laid its temporal ban upon their contract. The earl drew his own sword instantly, and struck down the interposing weapon; then clasped his left arm round Matilda, who sprang into his embrace, and held his sword before her with his right hand. His yeomen ranged themselves at his side, and stood with their swords drawn, still and prepared, like men determined to die in his defense. The soldiers, confident in superiority of numbers, paused.

The abbot took advantage of the pause to introduce a word of exhortation. "My children," said he, "if you are going to cut each other's throats, I entreat you, in the name of peace and charity, to do it out of the chapel."

"Sweet Matilda," said the earl, "did you give your love to the Earl of Huntingdon, whose lands touch the Ouse and the Trent, or to Robert Fitz-Ooth, the son of his mother?"

"Neither to the earl nor his earldom," answered Matilda, firmly, "but to Robert Fitz-Ooth and his love."

"That I well knew," said the earl; "and though the ceremony be incomplete, we are not the less married in the eye of my only saint, our Lady, who will yet bring us together. Lord Fitzwater, to your care, for the present, I commit your daughter. Nay, sweet Matilda, part we must for a while; but we will soon meet under brighter skies, and be this the seal of our faith." He kissed Matilda's lips, and consigned her to the baron, who glowered about him with an expression of countenance that showed he was mortally wroth with somebody; but whatever he thought or felt he kept to himself.

The earl, with a sign to his followers, made a sudden charge on the soldiers, with the intention of cutting his way through. The soldiers were prepared for such an occurrence, and a desperate skirmish succeeded. Some of the women screamed, but none of them fainted; for fainting was not so much the fashion in those days, when the ladies breakfasted on brawn and ale at sunrise, as in our more refined age of green tea and muffins at noon. Matilda seemed disposed to fly again to her lover, but the baron forced her from the chapel. The earl's bowmen at the door sent in among the assailants a volley of arrows,

one of which whizzed past the ear of the abbot, who, in mortal fear of being suddenly translated from a ghostly friar into a friarly ghost, began to roll out of the chapel as fast as his bulk and his holy robes would permit, roaring "Sacrilege!" with all his monks at his heels — who were, like himself, more intent to go at once than to stand upon the order of their going. The abbot, thus pressed from behind, and stumbling over his own drapery before, fell suddenly prostrate in the doorway that connected the chapel with the abbey, and was instantaneously buried under a pyramid of ghostly carcasses, that fell over him and each other, and lay a rolling chaos of animated rotundities, sprawling and bawling in unseemly disarray, and sending forth the names of all the saints in and out of heaven, amidst the clashing of swords, the ringing of bucklers, the clattering of helmets, the twanging of bowstrings, the whizzing of arrows, the screams of women, the shouts of the warriors, and the vociferations of the peasantry — who had been assembled to the intended nuptials, and who, seeing a fair set-to, contrived to pick a quarrel among themselves on the occasion, and proceeded, with staff and cudgel, to crack each other's skulls for the good of the king and the earl. One tall friar alone was untouched by the panic of his brethren, and stood steadfastly watching the combat with his arms akimbo, the colossal emblem of an unarmed neutrality.

At length, through the midst of the internal confusion, the earl, by the help of his good sword, the stanch valor of his men, and the blessing of the Virgin, fought his way to the chapel gate; his bowmen closed him in; he vaulted into his saddle, clapped spurs to his horse, rallied his men on the first eminence, and changed his sword for a bow and arrow, with which he did old execution among the pursuers — who at last thought it most expedient to desist from offensive warfare, and to retreat into the abbey, where, in the king's name, they broached a pipe of the best wine and attached all the venison in the larder, having first carefully unpacked the tuft of friars, and set the fallen abbot on his legs.

The friars, it may be well supposed, and such of the king's men as escaped unhurt from the affray, found their spirits a cup too low, and kept the flask moving from noon till night. The peaceful brethren, unused to the tumult of war, had undergone, from fear and discomposure, an exhaustion of animal spirits that required extraordinary refection. During the re-

past they interrogated Sir Ralph Montfaucon, the leader of the soldiers, respecting the nature of the earl's offense.

"A complication of offenses," replied Sir Ralph, "superinduced on the original basis of forest treason. He began with hunting the king's deer, in despite of all remonstrance; followed it up by contempt of the king's mandates, and by armed resistance to his power, in defiance of all authority; and combined with it the resolute withholding of payment of certain moneys to the Abbot of Doncaster, in denial of all law: and has thus made himself the declared enemy of church and state, and all for being too fond of venison." And the knight helped himself to half a pasty.

"A heinous offender," said a little round oily friar, appropriating the portion of pasty which Sir Ralph had left.

"The earl is a worthy peer," said the tall friar whom we have already mentioned in the chapel scene, "and the best marksman in England."

"Why, this is flat treason, Brother Michael," said the little round friar, "to call an attainted traitor a worthy peer."

"I pledge you," said Brother Michael. The little friar smiled and filled his cup. "He will draw the longbow," pursued Brother Michael, "with any bold yeoman among them all."

"Don't talk of the longbow," said the abbot, who had the sound of the arrow still whizzing in his ear: "what have we pillars of the faith to do with the longbow?"

"Be that as it may," said Sir Ralph, "he is an outlaw from this moment."

"So much the worse for the law then," said Brother Michael. "The law will have a heavier miss of him than he will have of the law. He will strike as much venison as ever, and more of other game. I know what I say; but *basta:* Let us drink."

"What other game?" said the little friar. "I hope he won't poach among our partridges."

"Poach! not he," said Brother Michael: "if he wants your partridges, he will strike them under your nose (here's to you), and drag your trout stream for you on a Thursday evening."

"Monstrous! and starve us on fast day," said the little friar.

"But that is not the game I mean," said Brother Michael.

"Surely, son Michael," said the abbot, "you do not mean to insinuate that the noble earl will turn freebooter?"

"A man must live," said Brother Michael, "earl or no. If the law takes his rents and beeves without his consent, he must take beeves and rents where he can get them without the consent of the law. This is the *lex talionis*."

"Truly," said Sir Ralph, "I am sorry for the damsel: she seems fond of this wild runagate."

"A mad girl, a mad girl," said the little friar.

"How a mad girl?" said Brother Michael. "Has she not beauty, grace, wit, sense, discretion, dexterity, learning, and valor?"

"Learning!" exclaimed the little friar; "what has a woman to do with learning? And valor! who ever heard a woman commended for valor? Meekness, and mildness, and softness, and gentleness, and tenderness, and humility, and obedience to her husband, and faith in her confessor, and domesticity, or, as learned doctors call it, the faculty of stay-at-homeitiveness, and embroidery, and music, and pickling, and preserving, and the whole complex and multiplex detail of the noble science of dinner, as well in preparation for the table, as in arrangement over it, and in distribution around it to knights, and squires, and ghostly friars, — these are female virtues: but valor — why, who ever heard ——"

"She is the all in all," said Brother Michael: "gentle as a ringdove, yet high-soaring as a falcon; humble below her deserving, yet deserving beyond the estimate of panegyric; an exact economist in all superfluity, yet a most bountiful dispenser in all liberality; the chief regulator of her household, the fairest pillar of her hall, and the sweetest blossom of her bower: having, in all opposite proposings, sense to understand, judgment to weigh, discretion to choose, firmness to undertake, diligence to conduct, perseverance to accomplish, and resolution to maintain. For obedience to her husband, that is not to be tried till she has one; for faith in her confessor, she has as much as the law prescribes; for embroidery an Arachne; for music a Siren; and for pickling and preserving, did not one of her jars of sugared apricots give you your last surfeit at Arlingford Castle?"

"Call you that preserving?" said the little friar: "I call it destroying. Call you it pickling? Truly it pickled me. My life was saved by miracle."

"By canary," said Brother Michael. "Canary is the only life-preserver, the true *aurum potabile*, the universal panacea for all diseases, thirst, and short life. Your life was saved by canary."

"Indeed, reverend father," said Sir Ralph, "if the young lady be half what you describe, she must be a paragon; but your commending her for valor does somewhat amaze me."

"She can fence," said the little friar, "and draw the long-bow, and play at singlestick and quarterstaff."

"Yet, mark you," said Brother Michael, "not like a virago or a hoiden, or one that would crack a serving man's head for spilling gravy on her ruff, but with such womanly grace and temperate self-command as if those manly exercises belonged to her only, and were become for her sake feminine."

"You incite me," said Sir Ralph, "to view her more nearly. That madcap earl found me other employment than to remark her in the chapel."

"The earl is a worthy peer," said Brother Michael; "he is worth any fourteen earls on this side Trent, and any seven on the other." (The reader will please to remember that Ruby-gill Abbey was *north* of Trent.)

"His mettle will be tried," said Sir Ralph. "There is many a courtier will swear to King Henry to bring him in dead or alive."

"They must look to the brambles then," said Brother Michael.

"The bramble, the bramble, the bonny forest bramble,
Doth make a jest
Of silken vest,
That will through greenwood scramble:
The bramble, the bramble, the bonny forest bramble."

"Plague on your lungs, son Michael," said the abbot; "this is your old coil: always roaring in your cups."

"I know what I say," said Brother Michael; "there is often more sense in an old song than in a new homily.

"The courtly pad doth amble,
When his gay lord would ramble:
But both may catch
An awkward scratch,
If they ride among the bramble:
The bramble, the bramble, the bonny forest bramble."

"Tall friar," said Sir Ralph, "either you shoot the shafts of your merriment at random, or you know more of the earl's designs than beseems your frock."

"Let my frock," said Brother Michael, "answer for its own sins. It is worn past covering mine. It is too weak for a shield, too transparent for a screen, too thin for a shelter, too light for gravity, and too threadbare for a jest. The wearer would be naught indeed who should misbeseem such a wedding garment.

"But wherefore does the sheep wear wool?
That he in season sheared may be,
And the shepherd be warm though his flock be cool:
So I'll have a new cloak about me."

The Earl of Huntingdon, living in the vicinity of a royal forest, and passionately attached to the chase from his infancy, had long made as free with the king's deer as Lord Percy proposed to do with those of Lord Douglas in the memorable hunting of Cheviot. It is sufficiently well known how severe were the forest laws in those days, and with what jealousy the kings of England maintained this branch of their prerogative; but menaces and remonstrances were thrown away on the earl, who declared that he would not thank Saint Peter for admission into Paradise, if he were obliged to leave his bow and hounds at the gate. King Henry (the Second) swore by Saint Botolph to make him rue his sport, and, having caused him to be duly and formally accused, summoned him to London to answer the charge. The earl, deeming himself safer among his own vassals than among King Henry's courtiers, took no notice of the mandate. King Henry sent a force to bring him, *vi et armis*, to court. The earl made a resolute resistance, and put the king's force to flight under a shower of arrows, an act which the courtiers declared to be treason. At the same time, the Abbot of Doncaster sued up the payment of certain moneys which the earl, whose revenue ran a losing race with his hospitality, had borrowed at sundry times of the said abbot; — for the abbots and the bishops were the chief usurers of those days, and, as the end sanctifies the means, were not in the least scrupulous of employing what would have been extortion in the profane, to accomplish the pious purpose of bringing a blessing on the land by rescuing it from the frail hold of carnal and temporal into the firmer grasp of ghostly and spiritual pos-

sessors. But the earl, confident in the number and attachment of his retainers, stoutly refused either to repay the money, which he could not, or to yield the forfeiture, which he would not: a refusal which in those days was an act of outlawry in a gentleman, as it is now of bankruptcy in a base mechanic; the gentleman having in our wiser times a more liberal privilege of gentility, which enables him to keep his land and laugh at his creditor.

Thus the mutual resentments and interests of the king and the abbot concurred to subject the earl to the penalties of outlawry, by which the abbot would gain his due upon the lands of Locksley, and the rest would be confiscate to the king. Still the king did not think it advisable to assail the earl in his own stronghold, but caused a diligent watch to be kept over his motions, till at length his rumored marriage with the heiress of Arlingford seemed to point out an easy method of laying violent hands on the offender. Sir Ralph Montfaucon, a young man of good lineage, and of an aspiring temper, who readily seized the first opportunity that offered of recommending himself to King Henry's favor by manifesting his zeal in his service, undertook the charge: and how he succeeded we have seen.

Sir Ralph's curiosity was strongly excited by the friar's description of the young lady of Arlingford; and he prepared in the morning to visit the castle, under the very plausible pretext of giving the baron an explanation of his intervention at the nuptials. Brother Michael and the little fat friar proposed to be his guides. The proposal was courteously accepted, and they set out together, leaving Sir Ralph's followers at the abbey. The knight was mounted on a spirited charger; Brother Michael on a large heavy-trotting horse; and the little fat friar on a plump soft-paced Galloway, so correspondent with himself in size, rotundity, and sleekness, that if they had been amalgamated into a centaur, there would have been nothing to alter in their proportions.

"Do you know," said the little friar, as they wound along the banks of the stream, "the reason why lake trout is better than river trout, and shyer withal?"

"I was not aware of the fact," said Sir Ralph.

"A most heterodox remark," said Brother Michael: "know you not, that in all nice matters you should take the implication for absolute, and, without looking into the *fact whether*, seek

only the *reason why?* But the fact is so, on the word of a friar: which what layman will venture to gainsay who prefers a down bed to a gridiron?"

"The fact being so," said the knight, "I am still at a loss for the reason: nor would I undertake to opine in a matter of that magnitude; since, in all that appertains to the good things either of this world or the next, my reverend spiritual guides are kind enough to take the trouble of thinking off my hands."

"Spoken," said Brother Michael, "with a sound Catholic conscience. My little brother here is most profound in the matter of trout. He has marked, learned, and inwardly digested the subject, twice a week, at least, for five and thirty years. I yield to him in this. My strong points are venison and canary."

"The good qualities of a trout," said the little friar, "are firmness and redness: the redness, indeed, being the visible sign of all other virtues."

"Whence," said Brother Michael, "we choose our abbot by his nose: —

"The rose on the nose doth all virtues disclose:
For the outward grace shows
That the inward overflows,
When it glows in the rose of a red, red nose."

"Now," said the little friar, "as is the firmness so is the redness, and as is the redness so is the shyness."

"Marry why?" said Brother Michael. "The solution is not physical-natural, but physical-historical, or natural-superinductive. And thereby hangs a tale, which may be either said or sung: —

"The damsel stood to watch the fight
By the banks of Kingslea Mere,
And they brought to her feet her own true knight
Sore wounded on a bier.

"She knelt by him his wounds to bind,
She washed them with many a tear;
And shouts rose fast upon the wind,
Which told that the foe was near.

"'Oh! let not,' he said, 'while yet I live,
The cruel foe me take;
But with thy sweet lips a last kiss give,
And cast me in the lake.'

"Around his neck she wound her arms,
And she kissed his lips so pale;
And evermore the war's alarms
Came louder up the vale.

"She drew him to the lake's steep side,
Where the red heath fringed the shore;
She plunged with him beneath the tide,
And they were seen no more.

"Their true blood mingled in Kingslea Mere,
That to mingle on earth was fain;
And the trout that swims in that crystal clear
Is tinged with the crimson stain.

"Thus you see how good comes of evil, and how a holy friar may fare better on fast day for the violent death of two lovers two hundred years ago. The inference is most consecutive, that wherever you catch a red-fleshed trout, love lies bleeding under the water: an occult quality, which can only act in the stationary waters of a lake, being neutralized by the rapid transition of those of a stream."

"And why is the trout shyer for that?" asked Sir Ralph.

"Do you not see?" said Brother Michael. "The virtues of both lovers diffuse themselves through the lake. The infusion of masculine valor makes the fish active and sanguineous: the infusion of maiden modesty makes him coy and hard to win: and you shall find through life, the fish which is most easily hooked is not the best worth dishing. But yonder are the towers of Arlingford."

The little friar stopped. He seemed suddenly struck with an awful thought, which caused a momentary pallescence in his rosy complexion; and after a brief hesitation he turned his Galloway, and told his companions he should give them good day.

"Why, what is in the wind now, Brother Peter?" said Friar Michael.

"The Lady Matilda," said the little friar, "can draw the longbow. She must bear no good will to Sir Ralph; and if she should espy him from her tower, she may testify her recognition with a clothyard shaft. She is not so infallible a markswoman, but that she might shoot at a crow and kill a pigeon. She might peradventure miss the knight, and hit me, who never did her any harm."

"Tut, tut, man," said Brother Michael, "there is no such fear."

"Mass," said the little friar, "but there is such a fear, and very strong too. You who have it not may keep your way, and I who have it shall take mine. I am not just now in the vein for being picked off at a long shot." And saying these words, he spurred up his four-footed better half, and galloped off as nimbly as if he had had an arrow singing behind him.

"Is this Lady Matilda, then, so very terrible a damsel?" said Sir Ralph to Brother Michael.

"By no means," said the friar. "She has certainly a high spirit; but it is the wing of the eagle, without his beak or his claw. She is as gentle as magnanimous; but it is the gentleness of the summer wind, which, however lightly it wave the tuft of the pine, carries with it the intimation of a power that if roused to its extremity could make it bend to the dust."

"From the warmth of your panegyric, ghostly father," said the knight, "I should almost suspect you were in love with the damsel."

"So I am," said the friar, "and I care not who knows it; but all in the way of honesty, master soldier. I am, as it were, her spiritual lover; and were she a damsel errant, I would be her ghostly esquire, her friar militant. I would buckle me in armor of proof, and the devil might thresh me black with an iron flail, before I would knock under in her cause. Though they be not yet one canonically, thanks to your soldiership, the earl is her liege lord, and she is his liege lady. I am her father confessor and ghostly director: I have taken on me to show her the way to the next world; and how can I do that if I lose sight of her in this? seeing that this is but the road to the other, and has so many circumvolutions and ramifications of byways and beaten paths (all more thickly set than the true one with finger posts and milestones, not one of which tells truth), that a traveler has need of some one who knows the way, or the odds go hard against him that he will ever see the face of Saint Peter."

"But there must surely be some reason," said Sir Ralph, "for Father Peter's apprehension."

"None," said Brother Michael, "but the apprehension itself; fear being its own father, and most prolific in self-propagation. The lady did, it is true, once signalize her displeasure against our little brother, for reprimanding her in that she would go

hunting a-mornings instead of attending matins. She cut short the thread of his eloquence by sportively drawing her bowstring and loosing an arrow over his head; he waddled off with singular speed, and was in much awe of her for many months. I thought he had forgotten it: but let that pass. In truth, she would have had little of her lover's company, if she had liked the chant of the choristers better than the cry of the hounds; yet I know not; for they were companions from the cradle, and reciprocally fashioned each other to the love of the fern and the foxglove. Had either been less sylvan, the other might have been more saintly; but they will now never hear matins but those of the lark, nor reverence vaulted aisle but that of the greenwood canopy. They are twin plants of the forest, and are identified with its growth.

"For the slender beech and the sapling oak
That grow by the shadowy rill,
You may cut down both at a single stroke,
You may cut down which you will.

"But this you must know, that as long as they grow,
Whatever change may be,
You never can teach either oak or beech
To be aught but a greenwood tree."

The knight and the friar arriving at Arlingford Castle, and leaving their horses in the care of Lady Matilda's groom, with whom the friar was in great favor, were ushered into a stately apartment where they found the baron alone, flourishing an enormous carving knife over a brother baron — of beef — with as much vehemence of action as if he were cutting down an enemy.

The baron was a gentleman of a fierce and choleric temperament: he was lineally descended from the redoubtable Fierabras of Normandy, who came over to England with the Conqueror, and who, in the battle of Hastings, killed with his own hand four and twenty Saxon cavaliers all on a row. The very excess of the baron's internal rage on the preceding day had smothered its external manifestation: he was so equally angry with both parties, that he knew not on which to vent his wrath. He was enraged with the earl for having brought himself into such a dilemma without his privity; and he was no less enraged with the king's men for their very unseasonable intrusion. He could willingly have fallen upon both parties, but he must necessarily have begun with one; and he felt that on whichever side he

should strike the first blow, his retainers would immediately join battle. He had therefore contented himself with forcing away his daughter from the scene of action. In the course of the evening he had received intelligence that the earl's castle was in possession of a party of the king's men, who had been detached by Sir Ralph Montfaucon to seize on it during the earl's absence. The baron inferred from this that the earl's case was desperate : and those who have had the opportunity of seeing a rich friend fall suddenly into poverty, may easily judge by their own feelings how quickly and completely the whole moral being of the earl was changed in the baron's estimation. The baron immediately proceeded to require in his daughter's mind the same summary revolution that had taken place in his own, and considered himself exceedingly ill-used by her non-compliance.

The lady had retired to her chamber, and the baron had passed a supperless and sleepless night, stalking about his apartments till an advanced hour of the morning, when hunger compelled him to summon into his presence the spoils of the buttery, which, being the intended array of an uneaten wedding feast, were more than usually abundant, and on which, when the knight and the friar entered, he was falling with desperate valor. He looked up at them fiercely, with his mouth full of beef and his eyes full of flame, and rising, as ceremony required, made an awful bow to the knight, inclining himself forward over the table and presenting his carving knife *en militaire*, in a manner that seemed to leave it doubtful whether he meant to show respect to his visitor, or to defend his provision : but the doubt was soon cleared up by his politely motioning the knight to be seated ; on which the friar advanced to the table, saying, "For what we are going to receive," and commenced operations without further prelude by filling and drinking a goblet of wine. The baron at the same time offered one to Sir Ralph, with the look of a man in whom habitual hospitality and courtesy were struggling with the ebullitions of natural anger.

They pledged each other in silence, and the baron, having completed a copious draught, continued working his lips and his throat, as if trying to swallow his wrath as he had done his wine. Sir Ralph, not knowing well what to make of these ambiguous signs, looked for instructions to the friar, who by significant looks and gestures seemed to advise him to follow his example and partake of the good cheer before him, without speaking till the baron should be more intelligible in his

demeanor. The knight and the friar, accordingly, proceeded to refect themselves after their ride ; the baron looking first at the one and then at the other, scrutinizing alternately the serious looks of the knight and the merry face of the friar, till at length, having calmed himself sufficiently to speak, he said, "Courteous knight and ghostly father, I presume you have some other business with me than to eat my beef and drink my canary ; and if so, I patiently await your leisure to enter on the topic."

"Lord Fitzwater," said Sir Ralph, "in obedience to my royal master, King Henry, I have been the unwilling instrument of frustrating the intended nuptials of your fair daughter ; yet will you, I trust, owe me no displeasure for my agency therein, seeing that the noble maiden might otherwise by this time have been the bride of an outlaw."

"I am very much obliged to you, sir," said the baron ; "very exceedingly obliged. Your solicitude for my daughter is truly paternal, and for a young man and a stranger very singular and exemplary ; and it is very kind withal to come to the relief of my insufficiency and inexperience, and concern yourself so much in that which concerns you not."

"You misconceive the knight, noble baron," said the friar. "He urges not his reason in the shape of a preconceived intent, but in that of a subsequent extenuation. True, he has done the Lady Matilda great wrong——"

"How, great wrong?" said the baron. "What do you mean by great wrong? Would you have had her married to a wild fly-by-night, that accident made an earl and nature a deer stealer? that has not wit enough to eat venison without picking a quarrel with monarchy? that flings away his own lands into the clutches of rascally friars, for the sake of hunting in other men's grounds, and feasting vagabonds that wear Lincoln green, and would have flung away mine into the bargain if he had had my daughter? What do you mean by great wrong?"

"True," said the friar ; "great right, I meant."

"Right!" exclaimed the baron ; "what right has any man to do my daughter right but myself? What right has any man to drive my daughter's bridegroom out of the chapel in the middle of the marriage ceremony, and turn all our merry faces into green wounds and bloody coxcombs, and then come and tell me he has done us great right?"

"True," said the friar ; "he has done neither right nor wrong."

"But he has," said the baron, "he has done both, and I will maintain it with my glove."

"It shall not need," said Sir Ralph; "I will concede anything in honor."

"And I," said the baron, "will concede nothing in honor; I will concede nothing in honor to any man."

"Neither will I, Lord Fitzwater," said Sir Ralph, "in that sense; but hear me. I was commissioned by the king to apprehend the Earl of Huntingdon. I brought with me a party of soldiers, picked and tried men, knowing that he would not lightly yield. I sent my lieutenant with a detachment to surprise the earl's castle in his absence, and laid my measures for intercepting him on the way to his intended nuptials; but he seems to have had intimation of this part of my plan, for he brought with him a large armed retinue, and took a circuitous route, which made him, I believe, somewhat later than his appointed hour. When the lapse of time showed me that he had taken another track, I pursued him to the chapel; and I would have waited the close of the ceremony, if I had thought that either yourself or your daughter would have felt desirous that she should have been the bride of an outlaw."

"Who said, sir," cried the baron, "that we were desirous of any such thing? But truly, sir, if I had a mind to the devil for a son-in-law, I would fain see the man that should venture to interfere."

"That would I," said the friar; "for I have undertaken to make her renounce the devil."

"She shall not renounce the devil," said the baron, "unless I please. You are very ready with your undertakings. Will you undertake to make her renounce the earl, who, I believe, is the devil incarnate? Will you undertake that?"

"Will I undertake," said the friar, "to make Trent run westward, or to make flame burn downward, or to make a tree grow with its head in the earth and its root in the air?"

"So then," said the baron, "a girl's mind is as hard to change as nature and the elements, and it is easier to make her renounce the devil than a lover. Are you a match for the devil, and no match for a man?"

"My warfare," said the friar, "is not of this world. I am militant, not against man, but the devil, who goes about seeking what he may devour."

"Oh! does he so?" said the baron; "then I take it that

makes you look for him so often in my buttery. Will you cast out the devil whose name is Legion, when you cannot cast out the imp whose name is Love?"

"Marriages," said the friar, "are made in heaven. Love is God's work, and therewith I meddle not."

"God's work, indeed!" said the baron, "when the ceremony was cut short in the church. Could men have put them asunder, if God had joined them together? And the earl is now no earl, but plain Robert Fitz-Ooth: therefore, I'll none of him."

"He may atone," said the friar, "and the king may mollify. The earl is a worthy peer, and the king is a courteous king."

"He cannot atone," said Sir Ralph. "He has killed the king's men; and if the baron should aid and abet, he will lose his castle and land."

"Will I?" said the baron; "not while I have a drop of blood in my veins. He that comes to take them shall first serve me as the friar serves my flasks of canary: he shall drain me dry as hay. Am I not disparaged? Am I not outraged? Is not my daughter vilified, and made a mockery? A girl half-married? There was my butler brought home with a broken head. My butler, friar: there is that may move your sympathy. Friar, the earl-no-earl shall come no more to my daughter."

"Very good," said the friar.

"It is not very good," said the baron, "for I cannot get her to say so."

"I fear," said Sir Ralph, "the young lady must be much distressed and discomposed."

"Not a whit, sir," said the baron. "She is, as usual, in a most provoking imperturbability, and contradicts me so smilingly that it would enrage you to see her."

"I had hoped," said Sir Ralph, "that I might have seen her, to make my excuse in person for the hard necessity of my duty."

He had scarcely spoken, when the door opened, and the lady made her appearance.

Matilda, not dreaming of visitors, tripped into the apartment in a dress of forest green, with a small quiver by her side and a bow and arrow in her hand. Her hair, black and glossy as the raven's wing, curled like wandering clusters of dark ripe grapes under the edge of her round bonnet; and a plume of

black feathers fell back negligently above it, with an almost horizontal inclination, that seemed the habitual effect of rapid motion against the wind. Her black eyes sparkled like sunbeams on a river: a clear, deep, liquid radiance, the reflection of ethereal fire, — tempered, not subdued, in the medium of its living and gentle mirror. Her lips were half opened to speak as she entered the apartment: and with a smile of recognition to the friar and a courtesy to the stranger knight she approached the baron and said, "You are late at your breakfast, father."

"I am not at breakfast," said the baron: "I have been at supper — my last night's supper, for I had none."

"I am sorry," said Matilda, "you should have gone to bed supperless."

"I did not go to bed supperless," said the baron, — "I did not go to bed at all; — and what are you doing with that green dress and that bow and arrow?"

"I am going a hunting," said Matilda.

"A hunting," said the baron. "What, I warrant you, to meet with the earl, and slip your neck into the same noose."

"No," said Matilda, "I am not going out of our own woods to-day."

"How do I know that?" said the baron. "What surety have I of that?"

"Here is the friar," said Matilda. "He will be surety."

"Not he," said the baron; "he will undertake nothing but where the devil is a party concerned."

"Yes, I will," said the friar: "I will undertake anything for the Lady Matilda."

"No matter for that," said the baron: "she shall not go hunting to-day."

"Why, father," said Matilda, "if you coop me up here in this odious castle, I shall pine and die like a lonely swan on a pool."

"No," said the baron, "the lonely swan does not die on the pool. If there be a river at hand, she flies to the river, and finds her a mate; and so shall not you."

"But," said Matilda "you may send with me any, or as many, of your grooms as you will."

"My grooms," said the baron, "are all false knaves. There is not a rascal among them but loves you better than me. Villains that I feed and clothe."

"Surely," said Matilda, "it is not villainy to love me: if it be, I should be sorry my father were an honest man." The baron relaxed his muscles into a smile. "Or my lover either," added Matilda. The baron looked grim again.

"For your lover," said the baron, "you may give God thanks of him. He is as arrant a knave as ever poached."

"What, for hunting the king's deer?" said Matilda. "Have I not heard you rail at the forest laws by the hour?"

"Did you ever hear me," said the baron, "rail myself out of house and land? If I had done that, then were I a knave."

"My lover," said Matilda, "is a brave man, and a true man, and a generous man, and a young man, and a handsome man; ay, and an honest man too."

"How can he be an honest man," said the baron, "when he has neither house nor land, which are the better part of a man?"

"They are but the husk of a man," said Matilda, "the worthless coat of the chestnut: the man himself is the kernel."

"The man is the grapestone," said the baron, "and the pulp of the melon. The house and land are the true substantial fruit, and all that give him savor and value."

"He will never want house or lands," said Matilda, "while the meeting boughs weave a green roof in the wood, and the free range of the hart marks out the bounds of the forest."

"Vert and venison vert and venison!" exclaimed the baron. "Treason and flat rebellion. Confound your smiling face! what makes you look so good-humored? What! you think I can't look at you and be in a passion? You think so, do you? We shall see. Have you no fear in talking thus, when here is the king's liegeman come to take us all into custody, and confiscate our goods and chattels?"

"Nay, Lord Fitzwater," said Sir Ralph, "you wrong me in your report. My visit is one of courtesy and excuse, not of menace and authority."

"There it is," said the baron: "every one takes a pleasure in contradicting me. Here is this courteous knight, who has not opened his mouth three times since he has been in my house except to take in provision, cuts me short in my story with a flat denial."

"Oh! I cry you mercy, sir knight," said Matilda; "I did not mark you before. I am your debtor for no slight favor, and so is my liege lord."

"Her liege lord!" exclaimed the baron, taking large strides across the chamber.

"Pardon me, gentle lady," said Sir Ralph. "Had I known you before yesterday, I would have cut off my right hand ere it should have been raised to do you displeasure."

"Oh, sir," said Matilda, "a good man may be forced on an ill office: but I can distinguish the man from his duty." She presented to him her hand, which he kissed respectfully, and simultaneously with the contact thirty-two invisible arrows plunged at once into his heart, one from every point of the compass of his pericardia.

"Well, father," added Matilda, "I must go to the woods."

"Must you?" said the baron; "I say you must not."

"But I am going," said Matilda.

"But I will have up the drawbridge," said the baron.

"But I will swim the moat," said Matilda.

"But I will secure the gates," said the baron.

"But I will leap from the battlement," said Matilda.

"But I will lock you in an upper chamber," said the baron.

"But I will shred the tapestry," said Matilda, "and let myself down."

"But I will lock you in a turret," said the baron, "where you shall only see light through a loophole."

"But through that loophole," said Matilda, "will I take my flight, like a young eagle from its aerie; and, father, while I go out freely, I will return willingly; but if once I slip out through a loophole ——" She paused a moment, and then added, singing: —

"The love that follows fain
 Will never its faith betray;
But the faith that is held in a chain
Will never be found again,
 If a single link give way."

The melody acted irresistibly on the harmonious propensities of the friar, who accordingly sang in his turn: —

"For hark! hark! hark!
The dog doth bark,
 That watches the wild deer's lair,
The hunter awakes at the peep of the dawn,
But the lair it is empty, the deer it is gone,
 And the hunter knows not where."

Matilda and the friar then sang together : —

"Then follow, oh follow! the hounds do cry;
The red sun flames in the eastern sky;
The stag bounds over the hollow.
He that lingers in spirit, or loiters in hall,
Shall see us no more till the evening fall,
And no voice but the echo shall answer his call;
Then follow, oh follow, follow;
Follow, oh follow, follow!"

During the process of this harmony, the baron's eyes wandered from his daughter to the friar, and from the friar to his daughter again, with an alternate expression of anger differently modified; when he looked on the friar, it was anger without qualification; when he looked on his daughter, it was still anger, but tempered by an expression of involuntary admiration and pleasure. These rapid fluctuations of the baron's physiognomy — the habitual, reckless, resolute merriment in the jovial face of the friar, — and the cheerful, elastic spirits that played on the lips and sparkled in the eyes of Matilda, — would have presented a very amusing combination to Sir Ralph, if one of the three images in the group had not absorbed his total attention with feelings of intense delight very nearly allied to pain. The baron's wrath was somewhat counteracted by the reflection that his daughter's good spirits seemed to show that they would naturally rise triumphant over all disappointments; and he had had sufficient experience of her humor to know that she might sometimes be led, but never could be driven. Then, too, he was always delighted to hear her sing, though he was not at all pleased in this instance with the subject of her song. Still he would have endured the subject for the sake of the melody of the treble, but his mind was not sufficiently attuned to unison to relish the harmony of the bass. The friar's accompaniment put him out of all patience, and — "So," he exclaimed, "this is the way you teach my daughter to renounce the devil, is it? A hunting friar, truly! Who ever heard before of a hunting friar? A profane, roaring, bawling, bumper-bibbing, neck-breaking, catch-singing friar?"

"Under favor, bold baron," said the friar; but the friar was warm with canary, and in his singing vein; and he could not go on in plain unmusical prose. He therefore sang in a new tune : —

"Though I be now a gray, gray friar,
Yet I was once a hale young knight;
The cry of my dogs was the only choir
In which my spirit did take delight.

"Little I recked of matin bell,
But drowned its toll with my clanging horn;
And the only beads I loved to tell
Were the beads of dew on the spangled thorn."

The baron was going to storm, but the friar paused, and Matilda sang in repetition: —

"Little I reck of matin bell,
But drown its toll with my clanging horn;
And the only beads I love to tell
Are the beads of dew on the spangled thorn."

And then she and the friar sang the four lines together, and rang the changes upon them alternately.

"Little I reck of matin bell,"

sang the friar.

"A precious friar," said the baron.

"But drown its toll with my clanging horn,"

sang Matilda.

"More shame for you," said the baron.

"And the only beads I love to tell
Are the beads of dew on the spangled thorn,"

sang Matilda and the friar together.

"Penitent and confessor," said the baron: "a hopeful pair truly."

The friar went on: —

"An archer keen I was withal,
As ever did lean on greenwood tree;
And could make the fleetest roebuck fall,
A good three hundred yards from me.
Though changeful time, with hand severe,
Has made me now these joys forego,
Yet my heart bounds whene'er I hear
Yoicks! hark away! and tally ho!"

Matilda chimed in as before.



"There Minos stands"

From a painting by Gustave Doré

"Are you mad?" said the baron. "Are you insane? Are you possessed? What do you mean? What in the devil's name do you both mean?"

"Yoicks! hark away! and tally ho!"

roared the friar.

The baron's pent-up wrath had accumulated like the waters above the dam of an overshot mill. The pond head of his passion being now filled to the utmost limit of its capacity, and beginning to overflow in the quivering of his lips and the flashing of his eyes, he pulled up all the flashboards at once, and gave loose to the full torrent of his indignation, by seizing, like furious Ajax, not a massy stone more than two modern men could raise, but a vast dish of beef more than fifty ancient yeomen could eat, and whirled it like a coit, *in terrorem*, over the head of the friar, to the extremity of the apartment,

> Where it on oaken floor did settle,
> With mighty din of ponderous metal.

"Nay, father," said Matilda, taking the baron's hand, "do not harm the friar: he means not to offend you. My gayety never before displeased you. Least of all should it do so now, when I have need of all my spirits to outweigh the severity of my fortune."

As she spoke the last words, tears started into her eyes, which, as if ashamed of the involuntary betraying of her feelings, she turned away to conceal. The baron was subdued at once. He kissed his daughter, held out his hand to the friar, and said, "Sing on, in God's name, and crack away the flasks till your voice swims in canary." Then turning to Sir Ralph, he said, "You see how it is, sir knight. Matilda is my daughter: but she has me in leading strings, that is the truth of it."

FROM DANTE'S "INFERNO."

TRANSLATION OF H. F. CARY.

[DANTE ALIGHIERI, the greatest of Italian poets, was born at Florence, May, 1265. He came of a family of magistrates and was a "White Guelph"; fought in the battles where the Ghibellines were defeated; filled some public offices at home and abroad; became one of the six "pious" of Florence in 1300,

and had the most turbulent leaders of all the factions banished; in 1301 was sent on an embassy to Pope Boniface VIII., and his enemies the Blacks being victorious in his absence, was sentenced to perpetual banishment and to burning alive if captured. The sentence was twice repeated, and he never saw Florence again. He died in Ravenna, September 14, 1321. His works are the "Vita Nuova"; the "Divina Commedia," consisting of the "Inferno," "Purgatorio," and "Paradiso," one of the few epoch-making poems of the world, and the actual creator of Italian as a literary language; the "Convito" (Banquet); "De Monarchia" (in Latin), and some small pieces.]

Canto I.

In the midway of this our mortal life,
I found me in a gloomy wood, astray,
Gone from the path direct: and e'en to tell,
It were no easy task, how savage wild
That forest, how robust and rough its growth,
Which to remember only, my dismay
Renews, in bitterness not far from death.
Yet, to discourse of what there good befell,
All else will I relate discovered there.
How first I entered it I scarce can say,
Such sleepy dullness in that instant weighed
My senses down, when the true path I left;
But when a mountain's foot I reached, where closed
The valley that had pierced my heart with dread,
I looked aloft, and saw his shoulders broad
Already vested with that planet's beam,
Who leads all wanderers safe through every way.
Then was a little respite to the fear,
That in my heart's recesses deep had lain
All of that night, so pitifully passed:
And as a man, with difficult short breath,
Forespent with toiling, 'scaped from sea to shore,
Turns to the perilous wide waste, and stands
At gaze; e'en so my spirit, that yet failed,
Struggling with terror, turned to view the straits
That none hath passed and lived. My weary frame
After short pause recomforted, again
I journeyed on over that lonely steep,
The hinder foot still firmer. Scarce the ascent
Began, when lo! a panther, nimble, light,
And covered with a speckled skin, appeared;
Nor, when it saw me, vanished; rather strove
To check my onward going; that ofttimes,
With purpose to retrace my steps, I turned.

The hour was morning's prime, and on his way
Aloft the sun ascended with those stars,
That with him rose when Love divine first moved
Those its fair works: so that with joyous hope
All things conspired to fill me, the gay skin
Of that swift animal, the matin dawn,
And the sweet season. Soon that joy was chased,
And by new dread succeeded, when in view
A lion came, 'gainst me as it appeared,
With his head held aloft and hunger-mad,
That e'en the air was fear-struck. A she-wolf
Was at his heels, who in her leanness seemed
Full of all wants, and many a land hath made
Disconsolate ere now. She with such fear
O'erwhelmed me, at the sight of her appalled,
That of the height all hope I lost. As one,
Who, with his gain elated, sees the time
When all unwares is gone, he inwardly
Mourns with heart-griping anguish; such was I,
Haunted by that fell beast, never at peace,
Who coming o'er against me, by degrees
Impelled me where the sun in silence rests.
While to the lower space with backward step
I fell, my ken discerned the form of one
Whose voice seemed faint through long disuse of speech.
When him in that great desert I espied,
"Have mercy on me," cried I out aloud,
"Spirit! or living man! whate'er thou be."
He answered: "Now not man, man once I was,
And born of Lombard parents, Mantuans both
By country, when the power of Julius yet
Was scarcely firm. At Rome my life was passed,
Beneath the mild Augustus, in the time
Of fabled deities and false. A bard
Was I, and made Anchises' upright son
The subject of my song, who came from Troy,
When the flames preyed on Ilium's haughty towers.
But thou, say wherefore to such perils past
Return'st thou? wherefore not this pleasant mount
Ascendest, cause and source of all delight?"
"And art thou then that Virgil, that wellspring
From which such copious floods of eloquence
Have issued?" I with front abashed replied.
"Glory and light of all the tuneful train!
May it avail me, that I long with zeal

Have sought thy volume, and with love immense
Have conned it o'er. My master thou, and guide!
Thou he from whom alone I have derived
That style, which for its beauty into fame
Exalts me. See the beast, from whom I fled.
O save me from her, thou illustrious sage!
For every vein and pulse throughout my frame
She hath made tremble." He, soon as he saw
That I was weeping, answered: "Thou must needs
Another way pursue, if thou wouldst 'scape
From out that savage wilderness. This beast,
At whom thou criest, her way will suffer none
To pass, and no less hindrance makes than death
So bad and so accursed in her kind,
That never sated is her ravenous will,
Still after food more craving than before.
To many an animal in wedlock vile
She fastens, and shall yet to many more,
Until that greyhound come, who shall destroy
Her with sharp pain. He will not life support
By earth nor its base metals, but by love,
Wisdom, and virtue; and his land shall be
The land 'twixt either Feltro. In his might
Shall safety to Italia's plains arise,
For whose fair realm, Camilla, virgin pure,
Nisus, Euryalus, and Turnus fell.
He, with incessant chase, through every town
Shall worry, until he to hell at length
Restore her, thence by envy first let loose
I, for thy profit pondering, now devise
That thou mayst follow me; and I, thy guide,
Will lead thee hence through an eternal space,
Where thou shalt hear despairing shrieks, and see
Spirits of old tormented, who invoke
A second death; and those next view, who dwell
Content in fire, for that they hope to come,
Whene'er the time may be, among the blest,
Into whose regions if thou then desire
To ascend, a spirit worthier than I
Must lead thee, in whose charge, when I depart,
Thou shalt be left: for that Almighty King,
Who reigns above, a rebel to his law
Adjudges me; and therefore hath decreed
That, to his city, none through me should come.
He in all parts hath sway; there rules, there holds

His citadel and throne. O happy those,
Whom there he chooses!" I to him in few:
"Bard! by that God, whom thou didst not adore,
I do beseech thee (that this ill and worse
I may escape) to lead me, where thou said'st,
That I Saint Peter's gate may view, and those
Who, as thou tell'st, are in such dismal plight."
Onward he moved, I close his steps pursued.

Canto V.

From the first circle I descended thus
Down to the second, which, a lesser space
Embracing, so much more of grief contains,
Provoking bitter moans. There Minos stands,
Grinning with ghastly feature: he, of all
Who enter, strict examining the crimes,
Gives sentence, and dismisses them beneath,
According as he foldeth him around:
For when before him comes the ill-fated soul,
It all confesses; and that judge severe
Of sins, considering what place in hell
Suits the transgression, with his tail so oft
Himself encircles, as degrees beneath
He dooms it to descend. Before him stand
Alway a numerous throng; and in his turn
Each one to judgment passing, speaks, and hears
His fate, thence downward to his dwelling hurled.
"O thou! who to this residence of woe
Approachest!" when he saw me coming, cried
Minos, relinquishing his dread employ,
"Look how thou enter here; beware in whom
Thou place thy trust; let not the entrance broad
Deceive thee to thy harm." To him my guide:
"Wherefore exclaimest? Hinder not his way
By destiny appointed; so 'tis willed,
Where will and power are one. Ask thou no more."
Now 'gin the rueful wailings to be heard.
Now am I come where many a plaining voice
Smites on mine ear. Into a place I came
Where light was silent all. Bellowing there groaned
A noise, as of a sea in tempest torn
By warring winds. The stormy blast of hell
With restless fury drives the spirits on,
Whirled round and dashed amain with sore annoy.

When they arrive before the ruinous sweep,
There shrieks are heard, there lamentations, moans,
And blasphemies 'gainst the good Power in heaven.
I understood, that to this torment sad
The carnal sinners are condemned, in whom
Reason by lust is swayed. As in large troops
And multitudinous, when winter reigns,
The starlings on their wings are borne abroad;
So bears the tyrannous gust those evil souls.
On this side and on that, above, below,
It drives them: hope of rest to solace them
Is none, nor e'en of milder pang. As cranes,
Chanting their dolorous notes, traverse the sky,
Stretched out in long array; so I beheld
Spirits, who came loud wailing, hurried on
By their dire doom. Then I: "Instructor! who
Are these, by the black air so scourged?"—"The first
'Mong those, of whom thou question'st," he replied,
"O'er many tongues was empress. She in vice
Of luxury was so shameless, that she made
Liking be lawful by promulged decree,
To clear the blame she had herself incurred.
This is Semiramis, of whom 'tis writ,
That she succeeded Ninus her espoused;
And held the land, which now the Soldan rules.
The next in amorous fury slew herself,
And to Sicheus' ashes broke her faith:
Then follows Cleopatra, lustful queen."
There marked I Helen, for whose sake so long
The time was fraught with evil; there the great
Achilles, who with love fought to the end.
Paris I saw, and Tristan; and beside,
A thousand more he showed me, and by name
Pointed them out, whom love bereaved of life.
When I had heard my sage instructor name
Those dames and knights of antique days, o'erpowered
By pity, well-nigh in amaze my mind
Was lost; and I began: "Bard! willingly
I would address those two together coming,
Which seem so light before the wind." He thus:
"Note thou, when nearer they to us approach.
Then by that love which carries them along,
Entreat; and they will come." Soon as the wind
Swayed them towards us, I thus framed my speech:
"O wearied spirits! come, and hold discourse

With us, if by none else restrained." As doves
By fond desire invited, on wide wings
And firm, to their sweet nest returning home,
Cleave the air, wafted by their will along;
Thus issued, from that troop where Dido ranks,
They, through the ill air speeding: with such force
My cry prevailed, by strong affection urged.
"O gracious creature and benign! who go'st
Visiting, through this element obscure,
Us, who the world with bloody stain imbrued;
If, for a friend, the King of all we owned,
Our prayer to him should for thy peace arise,
Since thou hast pity on our evil plight.
Of whatsoe'er to hear or to discourse
It pleases thee, that will we hear, of that
Freely with thee discourse, while e'er the wind,
As now, is mute. The land, that gave me birth,
Is situate on the coast, where Po descends
To rest in ocean with his sequent streams.
"Love, that in gentle heart is quickly learned,
Entangled him by that fair form, from me
Ta'en in such cruel sort, as grieves me still:
Love, that denial takes from none beloved,
Caught me with pleasing him so passing well,
That, as thou seest, he yet deserts me not.
Love brought us to one death: Cainà waits
The soul, who spilt our life." Such were their words;
At hearing which, downward I bent my looks,
And held them there so long, that the bard cried:
"What art thou pondering?" I in answer thus:
"Alas! by what sweet thoughts, what fond desire
Must they at length to that ill pass have reached!"
Then turning, I to them my speech addressed,
And thus began: "Francesca! your sad fate
Even to tears my grief and pity moves.
But tell me; in the time of your sweet sighs,
By what, and how Love granted, that ye knew
Your yet uncertain wishes?" She replied:
"No greater grief than to remember days
Of joy, when misery is at hand. That kens
Thy learned instructor. Yet so eagerly
If thou art bent to know the primal root,
From whence our love gat being, I will do
As one, who weeps and tells his tale. One day,
For our delight we read of Lancelot,

How him love thralled. Alone we were, and no
Suspicion near us. Ofttimes by that reading
Our eyes were drawn together, and the hue
Fled from our altered cheek. But at one point
Alone we fell. When of that smile we read,
The wished smile, so rapturously kissed
By one so deep in love, then he, who ne'er
From me shall separate, at once my lips
All trembling kissed. The book and writer both
Were love's purveyors. In its leaves that day
We read no more." While thus one spirit spake,
The other wailed so sorely, that heart-struck
I, through compassion fainting, seemed not far
From death, and like a corse fell to the ground.

Francesca of Rimini.

(Byron's Translation.)

"The land where I was born sits by the seas,
Upon that shore to which the Po descends,
With all his followers, in search of peace.
Love, which the gentle heart soon apprehends,
Seized him for the fair person which was ta'en
From me, and me even yet the mode offends.
Love, who to none beloved to love again
Remits, seized me with wish to please, so strong
That, as thou seest, yet, yet it doth remain.
Love to one death conducted us along,
But Cainà waits for him our life who ended:"
These were the accents uttered by her tongue. —
Since I first listened to these souls offended,
I bowed my visage, and so kept it till —
"What think'st thou?" said the bard; when I unbended,
And recommenced: "Alas! unto such ill
How many sweet thoughts, what strong ecstasies
Led these their evil fortune to fulfill!"
And then I turned unto their side my eyes,
And said, "Francesca, thy sad destinies
Have made me sorrow till the tears arise.
But tell me, in the season of sweet sighs,
By what and how thy love to passion rose,
So as his dim desires to recognize?"
Then she to me: "The greatest of all woes
Is to remind us of our happy days

In misery, and that thy teacher knows.
But if to learn our passion's first root preys
Upon thy spirit with such sympathy,
I will do even as he who weeps and says.
We read one day for pastime, seated nigh,
Of Lancelot, how love enchained him too.
We were alone, quite unsuspiciously.
But oft our eyes met, and our cheeks in hue
All o'er discolored by that reading were;
But one point only wholly us o'erthrew;
When we read the long-sighed-for smile of her,
To be thus kissed by such devoted lover,
He who from me can be divided ne'er
Kissed my mouth, trembling in the act all over.
Accursed was the book and he who wrote!
That day no further leaf we did uncover."—
While thus one spirit told us of their lot,
The other wept, so that with pity's thralls
I swooned as if by death I had been smote,
And fell down even as a dead body falls.

Cantos XXXII–XXXIII.

We now had left him, passing on our way,
When I beheld two spirits by the ice
Pent in one hollow, that the head of one
Was cowl unto the other; and, as bread
Is ravened up through hunger, the uppermost
Did so apply his fangs, to the other's brain,
Where the spine joins it. Not more furiously
On Menalippus' temples Tydeus gnawed,
Than on that skull and on its garbage he.
"O thou! who show'st so beastly sign of hate
'Gainst him thou prey'st on, let me hear," said I,
"The cause, on such condition, that if right
Warrant thy grievance, knowing who ye are,
And what the color of his sinning was,
I may repay thee in the world above,
If that, wherewith I speak, be moist so long."
His jaws uplifting from their fell repast,
That sinner wiped them on the hairs o' the head,
Which he behind had mangled, then began:
"Thy will obeying, I call up afresh
Sorrow past cure; which, but to think of, wrings
My heart, or ere I tell on 't. But if words,

That I may utter, shall prove seed to bear
Fruit of eternal infamy to him,
The traitor whom I gnaw at, thou at once
Shalt see me speak and weep. Who thou may'st be
I know not, nor how here below art come:
But Florentine thou seemest of a truth,
When I do hear thee. Know, I was on earth
Count Ugolino, and the Archbishop he
Ruggieri. Why I neighbor him so close,
Now list. That through effect of his ill thoughts
In him my trust reposing, I was ta'en
And after murdered, need is not I tell.
What therefore thou canst not have heard, that is,
How cruel was the murder, shalt thou hear,
And know if he have wronged me. A small grate
Within that mew, which for my sake the name
Of famine bears, where others yet must pine,
Already through its opening several moons
Had shown me, when I slept the evil sleep
That from the future tore the curtain off.
This one, methought, as master of the sport,
Rode forth to chase the gaunt wolf, and his whelps,
Unto the mountain which forbids the sight
Of Lucca to the Pisan. With lean brachs
Inquisitive and keen, before him ranged
Lanfranchi with Sismondi and Gualandi.
After short course the father and the sons
Seemed tired and lagging, and methought I saw
The sharp tusks gore their sides. When I awoke,
Before the dawn, amid their sleep I heard
My sons (for they were with me) weep and ask
For bread. Right cruel art thou, if no pang
Thou feel at thinking what my heart foretold;
And if not now, why use thy tears to flow?
Now had they wakened; and the hour drew near
When they were wont to bring us food; the mind
Of each misgave him through his dream, and I
Heard, at its outlet underneath locked up
The horrible tower: whence, uttering not a word,
I looked upon the visage of my sons.
I wept not: so all stone I felt within.
They wept: and one, my little Anselm, cried,
'Thou lookest so! Father, what ails thee?' Yet
I shed no tear, nor answered all that day
Nor the next night, until another sun

Came out upon the world. When a faint beam
Had to our doleful prison made its way,
And in four countenances I descried
The image of my own, on either hand
Through agony I bit; and they, who thought
I did it through desire of feeding, rose
O' the sudden, and cried, 'Father, we should grieve
Far less, if thou wouldst eat of us: thou gavest
These weeds of miserable flesh we wear;
And do thou strip them off from us again.'
Then, not to make them sadder, I kept down
My spirit in stillness. That day and the next
We all were silent. Ah, obdurate earth!
Why open'dst not upon us? When we came
To the fourth day, then Gaddo at my feet
Outstretched did fling him, crying, 'Hast no help
For me, my father!' There he died; and e'en
Plainly as thou seest me, saw I the three
Fall one by one 'twixt the fifth day and sixth:
Whence I betook me, now grown blind, to grope
Over them all, and for three days aloud
Called on them who were dead. Then, fasting got
The mastery of grief." Thus having spoke,
Once more upon the wretched skull his teeth
He fastened like a mastiff's 'gainst the bone,
Firm and unyielding. Oh, thou Pisa! shame
Of all the people, who their dwelling make
In that fair region, where the Italian voice
Is heard; since that thy neighbors are so slack
To punish, from their deep foundations rise
Capraia and Gorgona, and dam up
The mouth of Arno; that each soul in thee
May perish in the waters. What if fame
Reported that thy castles were betrayed
By Ugolino, yet no right hadst thou
To stretch his children on the rack. For them,
Brigata, Uguccione, and the pair
Of gentle ones, of whom my song hath told,
Their tender years, thou modern Thebes, did make
Uncapable of guilt.

POEMS BY DANTE.

Dante beseecheth Death for Beatrice's Life.

(Rossetti's Translation.)

Death! since I find not one with whom to grieve,
Nor whom this grief of mine may move to tears,
Whereso I be or whitherso I turn, —
Since it is thou who in my soul wilt leave
No single joy, but chill'st it with just fears
And makest it in fruitless hopes to burn, —
Since thou, Death! and thou only, canst decern
Wealth to my life, or want, at thy free choice, —
It is to thee that I lift up my voice,
Bowing my face that's like a face just dead.
I come to thee, as to One pitying,
In grief for that sweet rest that naught can bring
Again, if thou but once be entered
Into her life whom my heart cherishes
Even as the only portal of its peace.

Death! how most sweet the peace is that thy grace
Can grant to me, and that I pray thee for,
Thou easily may'st know by a sure sign,
If in mine eyes thou look a little space
And read in them the hidden dread they store, —
If upon all thou look which proves me thine.
Since the fear only maketh me to pine
After this sort, what will mine anguish be
When her eyes close, of dreadful verity,
In whose light is the light of mine own eyes?
But now I know that thou wouldst have my life
As hers, and joy'st thee in my fruitless strife.
Yet I do think this which I feel implies
That soon, when I would die to flee from pain,
I shall find none by whom I may be slain.

Death! if indeed thou smite this Gentle One,
Whose outward worth but tells the intellect
How wondrous is the miracle within,
Thou biddest Virtue rise up and be gone,
Thou dost away with Mercy's best effect.
Thou spoil'st the mansion of God's sojourning;
Yea! unto naught her beauty thou dost bring
Which is above all other beauties, even

In so much as befitted One whom Heaven
Sent upon earth in token of its own.
Thou dost break through the perfect trust which hath
Been always her companion in Love's path:
The light once darkened which was hers alone,
Love needs must say to them he ruleth o'er —
"I have lost the noble banner that I bore."

Death! have some pity then for all the ill
Which cannot choose but happen if she die,
And which will be the sorest ever known!
Slacken the string, if so it be thy will,
That the sharp arrow leave it not! thereby
Sparing her life, which if it flies is flown.
O Death! for God's sake be some pity shown!
Restrain within thyself, even at its height,
The cruel wrath which moveth thee to smite
Her in whom God hath set so much of grace!
Show now some ruth, if 'tis a thing thou hast!
I seem to see Heaven's gate, that is shut fast,
Open, and angels filling all the space
About me: come to fetch her soul whose laud
Is sung by saints and angels before God.

Song! thou must surely see how fine a thread
This is that my last hope is holden by,
And what I should be brought to without her.
Therefore for thy plain speech and lowlihead
Make thou no pause! but go immediately
(Knowing thyself for my heart's minister)
And, with that very meek and piteous air
Thou hast, stand up before the face of Death,
To wrench away the bar that prisoneth
And win unto the place of the good fruit!
And if indeed thou shake by thy soft voice
Death's mortal purpose, — haste thee and rejoice
Our Lady with the issue of thy suit!
So yet awhile our earthly nights and days
Shall keep the blessed spirit that I praise.

Of Beauty and Duty.

(Rossetti's Translation.)

Two ladies to the summit of my mind
Have clomb, to hold an argument of love:
The one has wisdom with her from above,

For every noblest virtue well designed;
The other beauty's tempting power refined
And the high charm of perfect grace approve:
And I, as my sweet Master's will doth move,
At feet of both their favors am reclined.
Beauty and Duty in my soul keep strife,
At question if the heart such course can take
And 'twixt two ladies hold its love complete.
The fount of gentle speech yields answer meet:
That Beauty may be loved for gladness' sake,
And Duty in the lofty ends of life.

His Pitiful Song.

(Rossetti's Translation.)

The eyes that weep for pity of the heart
Have wept so long that their grief languisheth,
And they have no more tears to weep withal:
And now, if I would ease me of a part
Of what, little by little, leads to death,
It must be done by speech, or not at all.
And because often, thinking, I recall
How it was pleasant, ere she went afar,
To talk of her with you, kind damozels!
I talk with no one else,
But only with such hearts as women's are.
And I will say, — still sobbing as speech fails, —
That she hath gone to Heaven suddenly,
And hath left Love below to mourn with me.

Beatrice hath gone up into high Heaven,
The kingdom where the angels are at peace,
And lives with them, and to her friends is dead.
Not by the frost of winter was she driven
Away, like others; nor by summer heats;
But through a perfect gentleness instead.
For from the lamp of her meek lowlihead
Such an exceeding glory went up hence
That it woke wonder in the Eternal Sire,
Until a sweet desire
Entered him for that lovely excellence, —
So that He bade her to Himself aspire:
Counting this evil and most weary place
Unworthy of a thing so full of grace.

Wonderfully out of the beautiful form
Soared her clear spirit, waxing glad the while;
And is in its first home, there where it is.
Who speaks thereof, and feels not the tears warm
Upon his face, must have become so vile
As to be dead to all sweet sympathies.
Out upon him! an abject wretch like this
May not imagine anything of her, —
He needs no bitter tears for his relief.
But sighing comes, and grief,
And the desire to find no comforter
(Save only Death, who makes all sorrow brief),
To him who for a while turns in his thought
How she hath been amongst us, and is not.

With sighs my bosom always laboreth
In thinking, as I do continually,
Of her for whom my heart now breaks apace;
And very often, when I think of death,
Such a great inward longing comes to me
That it will change the color of my face;
And, if the idea settles in its place,
All my limbs shake as with an ague fit;
Till, starting up in wild bewilderment,
I do become so shent
That I go forth, lest folk misdoubt of it.
Afterward, calling with a sore lament
On Beatrice, I ask, — "Canst thou be dead?"
And calling on her I am comforted.

Grief with its tears, and anguish with its sighs,
Come to me now whene'er I am alone;
So that I think the sight of me gives pain.
And what my life hath been, that living dies,
Since for my Lady the New Birth's begun,
I have not any language to explain.
And so, dear ladies! though my heart were fain,
I scarce could tell indeed how I am thus.
All joy is with my bitter life at war;
Yea! I am fallen so far
That all men seem to say — "Go out from us!"
Eying my cold white lips, how dead they are.
But She, though I be bowed unto the dust,
Watches me, and will guerdon me, I trust.

Weep, pitiful Song of mine! upon thy way,
To the dames going and the damozels
For whom, and for none else,
Thy sisters have made music many a day.
Thou! that art very sad and not as they,
Go dwell thou with them as a mourner dwells!

ON A PORTRAIT OF DANTE BY GIOTTO.

By JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

Can this be thou, who, lean and pale,
With such immitigable eye
Didst look upon those writhing souls in bale,
And note each vengeance, and pass by
Unmoved, save when thy heart by chance
Cast backward one forbidden glance,
And saw Francesca, with child's glee,
Subdue and mount thy wild-horse knee
And with proud hands control its fiery prance?

With half-drooped lids, and smooth, round brow,
And eye remote, that inly sees
Fair Beatrice's spirit wandering now
In some sea-lulled Hesperides,
Thou movest through the jarring street,
Secluded from the noise of feet
By her gift blossom in thy hand,
Thy branch of palm from Holy Land; —
No trace is here of ruin's fiery sleet.

Yet there is something round thy lips
That prophesies the coming doom,
The soft, gray herald shadow ere the eclipse
Notches the perfect disk with gloom;
A something that would banish thee,
And thine untamed pursuer be,
From men and their unworthy fates,
Though Florence had not shut her gates,
And grief had loosed her clutch and let thee free.

Ah! he who follows fearlessly
The beckonings of a poet heart



LISTENING TO THE DECAMERON

From a painting by J. Wagrez

Shall wander, and without the world's decree,
A banished man in field and mart;
Harder than Florence' walls the bar
Which with deaf sternness holds him far
From home and friends, till death's release,
And makes his only prayer for peace,
Like thine, scarred veteran of a lifelong war!

STORIES FROM THE "DECAMERON."

By GIOVANNI BOCCACCIO.

[Giovanni Boccaccio, Italian novelist, poet, and scholar, was born probably at Certaldo, Italy, in 1313, the son of a Florentine merchant. At first he engaged in mercantile pursuits, but, finding a business life uncongenial, studied the classics, especially Greek, and became one of the most learned men of his time. He served the Florentine state on several occasions as ambassador, and from 1373 to 1374 filled the chair instituted at Florence for the exposition of Dante's "Divine Comedy." His death, which occurred December 21, 1375, at Certaldo, was hastened by that of his friend Petrarch. Boccaccio's name is chiefly associated with the "Decameron," probably written 1344–1350, but not published until 1353. It is a collection of one hundred stories, supposed to be narrated by a party of ladies and gentlemen, who have fled to a country villa to escape the plague which visited Florence in 1348. Other works are: "Il Filocopo," "Il Filostrato," "Fiammetta," and four Latin works on mythological and historical subjects.]

Italian Practical Joking.

There dwelt not long since, in our city of Florence, a place which has indeed always possessed a variety of character and manners, a painter named Calandrino, a man of simple mind, and much addicted to novelties. The most part of his time he spent in the company of two brother painters, the one called Bruno, and the other Buffalmacco, both men of humor and mirth, and somewhat satirical. These men often visited Calandrino, and found much entertainment in his original and unaffected simplicity of mind. There lived in Florence at the same time a young man of very engaging manners, witty, and agreeable, called Maso del Saggio, who, hearing of the extreme simplicity of Calandrino, resolved to derive some amusement from his love of the marvelous, and to excite his curiosity by some novel and wonderful tales. Happening, therefore, to meet him one day in the church of St. John, and observing him

attentively engaged in admiring the painting and sculpture of the tabernacle, which had been lately placed over the altar in that church, he thought he had found a fit opportunity of putting his scheme in execution, and acquainting one of his friends with his intentions, they walked together to the spot where Calandrino was seated by himself, and seeming not to be aware of his presence, began to converse between themselves of the qualities of various kinds of precious stones, of which Maso spoke with all the confidence of an experienced and skillful lapidary. Calandrino lent a ready ear to their conference, and rising from his seat, and perceiving from their loud speaking that their conversation was not of a private nature, he accosted them.

Maso was not a little delighted at this, and pursuing his discourse, Calandrino at length asked him where these stones were to be found. Maso replied: "They mostly abound in Berlinzone, near a city of the Baschi, in a country called Bengodi, in which the vines are tied with sausages, a goose is sold for a penny, and the goslings given into the bargain; where there is also a high mountain made of Parmesan grated cheese, whereon dwell people whose sole employ is to make macaroni and other dainties, boiling them with capon broth, and afterwards throwing them out to all who choose to catch them; and near to the mountain runs a river of white wine, the best that was ever drunk, and without one drop of water in it."

"Oh!" exclaimed Calandrino, "what a delightful country to live in! but pray, sir, tell me, what do they with the capons after they have boiled them?"

"The Baschi," said Maso, "eat them all!"

"Have you," said Calandrino, "ever been in that country?"

"How," answered Maso, "do you ask me, if I were ever there? a thousand times at the least!"

"And how far, I pray you, is this happy land from our city?" quoth Calandrino.

"In truth," replied Maso, "the miles are scarcely to be numbered; but for the most part we travel when we are in our beds at night, and if a man dream aright, he may be there in a few minutes."

"Surely, sir," said Calandrino, "it is further hence than to Abruzzo?"

"Undoubtedly," replied Maso, "but to a willing mind no travel is tedious."

Calandrino, observing that Maso delivered all these speeches with a steadfast and grave countenance, and without any gesture that he could construe into distrust, gave as much credit to them as to any matter of manifest truth, and said with much simplicity: "Believe me, sir, the journey is too far for me to undertake; but if it were somewhat nearer I should like to accompany you thither to see them make this macaroni, and take my fill of it. But now we are conversing, allow me, sir, to ask you whether or not any of the precious stones you just now spoke of are to be found in that country?"

"Yes, indeed," replied Maso, "there are two kinds of them to be found in those territories, and both possessing eminent virtues. The one kind are the sandstones of Settigniano, and of Montisci, which are of such excellent quality that when millstones or grindstones are to be made, they knead the sand as they do meal, and make them in what form they please, in which respect they have a saying there, That grace is from God, and millstones from Montisci! Such plenty are there of these millstones, so lightly here esteemed among us as emeralds are with them, that there are whole mountains of them far greater than our Montemorello, which shine with a prodigious brightness at midnight, if you will believe me. They moreover cut and polish these millstones, and enchase them in rings, which are sent to the great Soldan, who gives whatever price they ask for them. The other is a stone which most of our lapidaries call heliotropium, and is of admirable virtue, for whoever carries it about his person is thereby rendered invisible as long as he pleases."

Calandrino then said, "This is wonderful indeed; but where else are these latter kind to be found?"

To which Maso replied, "They are not unfrequently to be found on our Mugnone."

"Of what size and color is this stone?" said Calandrino.

"It is of various sizes," replied Maso, "some larger than others, but uniformly black."

Calandrino, treasuring up all these things in his mind, and pretending to have some urgent business on hand, took leave of Maso, secretly proposing to himself to go in quest of these stones; but resolved to do nothing until he had first seen his friends Bruno and Buffalmacco, to whom he was much attached. He went therefore immediately in pursuit of them, in order that they three might have the honor of first discovering these

stones, and consumed the whole morning in looking for them. At last recollecting that they were painting in the convent of the sisters of Faenza, neglecting all other affairs, and though the cold was extreme, he ran to them in all haste, and thus addressed them: —

"My good friends, if you will follow my advice, we three may shortly become the richest men in Florence, for I have just now learnt from a man of undeniable veracity, that in Mugnone there is to be found a stone which renders any person that carries it about him invisible at his pleasure; and if you will be persuaded by me, we will all three go there before any one else to look for it, and we shall find it to a certainty, because I know its description; and when we have found it, we have nothing to do but to put it in our pockets, and go to the tables of the bankers and money changers, which we see daily loaded with gold and silver, and help ourselves to as much as we please. Nobody can detect us, for we shall be invisible, and we shall thus speedily become rich without toiling all day on these church walls like slimy snails, as we poor artists are forced to do."

Bruno and Buffalmacco, hearing this, began to smile, and, looking archly at each other, seemed to express their surprise, and greatly commended the advice of Calandrino. Buffalmacco then asked Calandrino what the stone was called. Calandrino, who had but a stupid memory, had utterly forgotten the name of the stone, and therefore said, "What need have we of the name, since we are so well assured of its virtues? Let us not delay any longer, but go off in search of it."

"But of what shape is it?" said Bruno.

Calandrino replied: "They are to be found of all shapes, but uniformly black: therefore it seems to me that we had better collect all the stones that we find black, and we shall then be certain to find it among them: but let us depart without further loss of time."

Bruno signified his assent; but turning to Buffalmacco said: "I fully agree with Calandrino, but I do not think that this is the proper time for our search, as the sun is now high, and is so hot that we shall find all the stones on Mugnone dried and parched, and the very blackest will now seem whitest. But in the morning when the dew is on the ground, and before the sun has dried the earth, every stone will have its true color. Besides, there are many laborers now working in the plain, who, seeing us occupied in so serious a search, may guess what we

are seeking for, and may chance to find the stones before us, and we may then have our labor for our pains. Therefore, in my opinion, this is an enterprise that should be taken in hand early in the morning, when the black stones will be easily distinguished from the white, and the festival day were the best of all others, as there will be nobody abroad to discover us."

Buffalmacco applauded the advice of Bruno, and Calandrino assenting to it, they agreed that Sunday morning next ensuing should be the time when they would all go in pursuit of the stone, but Calandrino entreated them above all things not to reveal it to any person living, as it was confided to him in strict secrecy. Falling therefore on other subjects, Calandrino told them the wonders he had heard of the land of Bengodi, maintaining with solemn oaths and protestations that they were all true. Calandrino then took his departure, and the other two agreed upon the course they should pursue with him for their own amusement.

Calandrino waited impatiently for the Sunday morning, when he called upon his companions before break of day. They all three went out of the city at the gate of San Gallo, and did not halt until they came to the plain of Mugnone, where they immediately commenced their search for the marvelous stone. Calandrino went stealing on before the other two, persuading himself that he was born to find the heliotropium; and looking on every side of him, he rejected all other stones but the black, with which he first filled his breast, and afterwards both his pockets. He then took off his large painting apron, which he fastened with his girdle in the manner of a sack, and filled it also; and still not satisfied, he spread abroad his cloak, which being also loaded with stones, he bound up carefully for fear of losing the very least of them. Buffalmacco and Bruno during this time attentively eyed Calandrino, and observing that he had now completely loaded himself, and that their dinner hour was drawing nigh, Bruno, according to their scheme of merriment, said to Buffalmacco, pretending not to see Calandrino, although he was not far from them, "Buffalmacco, what is become of Calandrino?"

Buffalmacco, who saw him close at hand, gazing all around as if desirous to find him, replied, "I saw him even now before us hard by."

"Undoubtedly," said Bruno, "he has given us the slip, and gone secretly home to dinner, and making fools of us,

has left us to pick up black stones on these scorching plains of Mugnone."

"Indeed he has served us right," said Buffalmacco, "for allowing ourselves to be gulled by such stories, nor could any but we two have been so credulous as to believe in the virtues of this heliotropium."

Calandrino, hearing them make use of these words while he stood so near to them, imagined that he had possessed himself of the genuine stone, and that by virtue of its qualities he was become invisible to his companions. His joy was now unbounded, and without saying a word he resolved to return home with all speed, leaving his friends to provide for themselves.

Buffalmacco, perceiving his intent, said to Bruno, "Why should we remain here any longer? let us return to the city."

To which Bruno replied: "Yes! let us go; but I vow to God, Calandrino shall no more make a fool of me, and were I now as near him as I was not long since, I would give him such a remembrance on the heel with this flint stone, as should stick by him for a month, and teach him a lasting lesson for abusing his friends;" and ere he had well finished his words, he struck Calandrino a violent blow on the heel with the stone. Though the blow was evidently very painful, Calandrino still preserved his silence, and only mended his pace. Buffalmacco, then selecting another large flint stone, said to Bruno, "Thou seest this pebble! If Calandrino were but here, he should have a brave knock on the loins;" and taking aim, he threw it, and struck Calandrino a violent blow on the back; and then all the way along the plain of Mugnone they did nothing but pelt him with stones, jesting and laughing until they came to the gates of San Gallo. They then threw down the remainder of the stones they had gathered, and stepping before Calandrino into the gateway, acquainted the guards with the whole matter; who, in order to support the jest, would not seem to see Calandrino as he passed by them, and were exceedingly amused to observe him sweat and groan under his burthensome load.

Without resting himself in any place, he proceeded straight to his own house, which was situated near to the mills: fortune favoring him so far in the course of his adventures that as he passed along the river side, and afterwards through part of the city, he was neither met nor seen by any one, as every-

body was then at dinner. Calandrino, ready to sink under his burthen, at length entered his own house. His wife, a handsome and discreet woman of the name of Monna Tessa, happened to be standing at the head of the stairs on his arrival, and being disconcerted and impatient at his long absence, somewhat angrily exclaimed, "I thought that the devil would never let thee come home! All the city have dined, and yet we must remain without our dinner."

When Calandrino heard these words, and found that he was not invisible to his wife, he fell into a fit of rage, and exclaimed, "Wretch as thou art, thou hast utterly undone me; but I will reward thee for it:" and ascending into a small room, and there ridding himself of his burthen of stones, he ran down again to his wife, and seizing her by the hair of the head, and throwing her on the ground, beat and kicked her in the most unmerciful manner, giving her so many blows, in spite of all her tears and submission, that she was not able to move.

Buffalmacco and Bruno, after they had spent some time in laughter with the guards at the gate, followed Calandrino at their leisure, and arriving at the door of his house, and hearing the disturbance upstairs between Calandrino and his wife, they called out to him. Calandrino, still in a furious rage, came to the window, and entreated they would come up to him. They, counterfeiting great surprise, ascended the stairs, and found the chamber floor covered with stones, and Calandrino's wife seated in a corner, her limbs severely bruised, her hair disheveled, and her face bleeding, and on the other side Calandrino himself wearied and exhausted, flung on a chair. After regarding him for some time, they said: —

"How now, Calandrino, art thou about building a house, that thou hast provided thyself with so many loads of stones?" and then added, "And, Monna Tessa! what has happened to her? You surely have been beating her. What is the meaning of this?"

Calandrino, exhausted with carrying the stones, and with his furious gust of passion, and moreover with the misfortune which he considered had befallen him, could not collect sufficient spirits to speak a single word in reply. Whereupon Buffalmacco said further, "Calandrino, if you have cause for anger in any other quarter, yet you should not have made such mockery of your friends as you have done to-day, carrying us out to the plains of Mugnone, like a couple of fools, and leaving us there

without taking leave of us, or so much as bidding us good day. But be assured this is the last time thou wilt ever serve us in this manner."

Calandrino, somewhat recovered, replied, "Alas! my friends, be not offended; the case is very different to what you imagine. Unfortunate man that I am! the rare and precious stone that you speak of I found, and will relate the whole truth to you. You must know then, that when you asked each other the first time, what was become of me, I was hard by you, not more than two yards' distance; and perceiving that you saw me not, I went before you, smiling to myself to hear you vent your rage upon me;" and proceeding in his discourse, he recounted all that had happened on his way home; and to convince them showed them where he was struck on the back and on the heel; and further added: "As I passed through the gates, I saw you standing with the guards, but by virtue of the stone I carried in my bosom, was undiscovered of you all, and in going through the streets I met many friends and acquaintances, who are in the daily habit of stopping and conversing with me, and yet none of them addressed me, as I passed invisible to them all. But at length arriving at my own house, this fiend of a woman waiting on the stairs' head, by ill luck happened to see me, as you well know that women cause all things to lose their virtue; so that I, who might have called myself the only happy man in Florence, am now the most miserable of all. Therefore did I justly beat her as long as my strength would allow me, and I know no reason why I should not yet tear her in a thousand pieces, for I may well curse the day of our marriage, and the hour she entered my house."

Buffalmacco and Bruno, when they heard this, feigned the greatest astonishment, though they were ready to burst with laughter, hearing Calandrino so confidently assert that he had found the wonderful stone, and lost it again by his wife's speaking to him. But when they saw him rise in a rage, with intent to beat her again, they stepped between them, protesting that his wife was in no wise to blame, but rather he himself, who knowing beforehand that women cause all things to lose their virtue, had not expressly commanded her not to be seen in his presence all that day, until he had satisfied himself of the real qualities of the stone; and that doubtless Providence had deprived him of this good fortune, because though his friends had accompanied him and assisted him in the search, he had

deceived them, and had not allowed them to participate in the benefit of the discovery. After much more conversation they with difficulty reconciled him to his wife, and, leaving him overwhelmed with grief for the loss of the heliotropium, took their departure.

Conversion by the Law of Contraries.

Some parts of Pamfilo's story made them laugh heartily, and the whole was much commended by the ladies, who had been very attentive ; and, as it was now ended, the queen ordered Neiphile, in the next seat to her, to go on in the manner prescribed. That lady, being as affable in behavior as her person was beautiful, very cheerfully complied, and began in this manner : —

Pamfilo has showed us in his novel the great goodness of God in not regarding any errors of ours, which proceed from the blindness and imperfection of our nature. I intend to set forth in mine how the same goodness of God displays itself in the most plain and evident manner, by bearing with the vices of those persons, who, though bound to give testimony concerning it, both in their words and actions, yet do the reverse — a truth by which we may be taught more steadily to persevere in what we believe.

At Paris there lived, as I have been told, a great merchant, and worthy man called Jeannot de Chivigni, a dealer in silk, and an intimate friend to a certain rich Jew, whose name was Abraham, a merchant also, and a very honest man. Jeannot, being no stranger to Abraham's good and upright intentions, was greatly troubled that the soul of so wise and well-meaning a person should perish through his unbelief. He began, therefore, in the most friendly manner, to entreat him to renounce the errors of Judaism, and embrace the truth of Christianity, which he might plainly see flourishing more and more, and, as being the most wise and holy institution, gaining ground, whereas the religion of the Jews was dwindling to nothing. Abraham answered, that he esteemed no religion like his own ; he was born in it, and in it he intended to live and die ; nor could anything make him alter his resolution. All this did not hinder Jeannot from beginning the same arguments over again in a few days, and setting forth, in as awkward a manner as a merchant must be supposed to do, for what reasons our religion ought to be preferred : and though the Jew was well

read in their law, yet, whether it was his regard to the man, or that Jeannot had the spirit of God upon his tongue, he began to be greatly pleased with his arguments ; but continued obstinate, nevertheless, in his own creed, and would not suffer himself to be converted. Jeannot, on the other hand, was no less persevering in his earnest solicitations, insomuch that the Jew was overcome by them at last, and said : "Look you, Jeannot, you are very desirous I should become a Christian, and I am so much disposed to do as you would have me, that I intend in the first place to go to Rome, to see him whom you call God's vicar on earth, and to consider his ways a little, and those of his brother cardinals. If they appear to me in such a light that I may be able to comprehend by them, and by what you have said, that your religion is better than mine, as you would persuade me, I will then become a Christian ; otherwise I will continue a Jew as I am."

When Jeannot heard this he was much troubled, and said to himself : "I have lost all my labor, which I thought well bestowed, expecting to have converted this man ; for should he go to Rome, and see the wickedness of the clergy there, so far from turning Christian, were he one already, he would certainly again become a Jew." Then addressing Abraham, he said : "Nay, my friend, why should you be at the great trouble and expense of such a journey ? Not to mention the dangers, both by sea and land, to which so rich a person as yourself must be exposed, do you think to find nobody here that can baptize you ? Or if you have any doubts and scruples, where will you meet with abler men than are here to clear them up for you, and to answer such questions as you shall put to them ? You may take it for granted that the prelates yonder are like those you see in France, only so much the better as they are nearer to the principal pastor. Then let me advise you to spare yourself the trouble of this journey, until such time as you may want some pardon or indulgence, and then I may probably bear you company."

"I believe it is as you say," replied the Jew ; "but the long and the short of the matter is, that I am fully resolved, if you would have me do what you have so much solicited, to go thither ; else I will in no wise comply."

Jeannot, seeing him determined, said, "God be with you !" and, supposing that he would never be a Christian after he had seen Rome, gave him over for lost. The Jew took horse, and

made the best of his way to Rome, where he was most honorably received by his brethren, the Jews; and, without saying a word of what he was come about, he began to look narrowly into the manner of living of the pope, the cardinals, and other prelates, and of the whole court; and, from what he himself perceived, being a person of keen observation, and from what he gathered from others, he found that, from the highest to the lowest, they were given to all sorts of lewdness, without the least shame or remorse; so that the only way to obtain anything considerable was, by applying to prostitutes of every description. He observed, also, that they were generally drunkards and gluttons, and, like brutes, more solicitous about their bellies than anything else. Inquiring farther, he found them all such lovers of money that they would not only buy and sell men's blood in general, but even the blood of Christians, and sacred things, of what kind soever, whether benefices or pertaining to the altar; that they drove as great a trade in this way as there is in selling cloth and other commodities in Paris; that to palpable simony they had given the plausible name of procuration, and debaucheries they called supporting the body; as if God had been totally unacquainted with their wicked intentions, and, like men, was to be imposed upon by the names of things. These, and other things which I shall pass over, gave great offense to the Jew, who was a sober and modest person; and now thinking he had seen enough, he returned home.

As soon as Jeannot heard of his arrival he went to see him, thinking of nothing so little as of his conversion. They received one another with a great deal of pleasure; and in a day or two, after the traveler had recovered from his fatigue, Jeannot began to inquire of him what he thought of the holy father, the cardinals, and the rest of the court. The Jew immediately answered: "To me it seems as if God was much kinder to them than they deserve; for, if I may be allowed to judge, I must be bold to tell you that I have neither seen devotion, sanctity, or anything good in the clergy of Rome; but, on the contrary, luxury, avarice, gluttony, and worse than these, if worse things can be, are so much in fashion with all sorts of people that I should rather esteem the court of Rome to be a forge, if you allow the expression, for diabolical operations than things divine; and, for what I can perceive, your pastor, and consequently the rest, strive with their whole might and skill to

overthrow the Christian religion, and to drive it from off the face of the earth, even where they ought to be its chief succor and support. But as I do not see this come to pass, which they so earnestly aim at; on the contrary, that your religion gains strength, and becomes every day more glorious; I plainly perceive that it is upheld by the spirit of God, as the most true and holy of all. For which reason, though I continued obstinate to your exhortations, nor would suffer myself to be converted by them, now I declare to you that I will no longer defer being made a Christian. Let us go then to the church, and do you take care that I be baptized according to the manner of your holy faith."

Jeannot, who expected a quite different conclusion, was the most overjoyed man that could be; and taking his friend to our Lady's church at Paris, he requested the priests there to baptize him, which was done forthwith. Jeannot, being his sponsor, gave him the name of John, and afterwards took care to have him well instructed in our faith, in which he made a speedy proficiency, and became, in time, a good and holy man.

The Three Rings.

This novel having been universally applauded, Filomena thus began: Neiphile's story put me in mind of a ticklish case that befell a certain Jew; for as enough has been said concerning God and the truth of our religion, it will not be amiss if we descend to the actions of men. I proceed, therefore, to the relation of a thing which may make you more cautious for the time to come, in answering questions that shall be put to you. For you must know that as a man's folly often brings him down from the most exalted state of life to the greatest misery, so shall his good sense secure him in the midst of the utmost danger, and procure him a safe and honorable repose. There are many instances of people being brought to misery by their own folly, but these I choose to omit, as they happen daily. What I purpose to exemplify, in the following short novel, is the great cause for comfort to be found in the possession of a good understanding.

Saladin was so brave and great a man that he had raised himself from an inconsiderable station to be Sultan of Babylon, and had gained many victories over both Turkish and Christian princes. This monarch, having in divers wars, and by many

extraordinary expenses, run through all his treasure, some urgent occasion fell out that he wanted a large sum of money. Not knowing which way he might raise enough to answer his necessities, he at last called to mind a rich Jew of Alexandria, named Melchizedeck, who let out money at interest. Him he believed to have wherewithal to serve him ; but then he was so covetous that he would never do it willingly, and Saladin was loath to force him. But as necessity has no law, after much thinking which way the matter might best be effected, he at last resolved to use force under some color of reason. He therefore sent for the Jew, received him in a most gracious manner, and making him sit down, thus addressed him : " Worthy man, I hear from divers persons that thou art very wise and knowing in religious matters ; wherefore I would gladly know from thee which religion thou judgest to be the true one, viz.: the Jewish, the Mahometan, or the Christian ? " The Jew (truly a wise man) found that Saladin had a mind to trap him, and must gain his point should he exalt any one of the three religions above the others ; after considering, therefore, for a little how best to avoid the snare, his ingenuity at last supplied him with the following answer : —

" The question which your Highness has proposed is very curious ; and, that I may give you my sentiments, I must beg leave to tell a short story. I remember often to have heard of a great and rich man, who, among his most rare and precious jewels, had a ring of exceeding beauty and value. Being proud of possessing a thing of such worth, and desirous that it should continue forever in his family, he declared, by will, that to whichsoever of his sons he should give this ring, him he designed for his heir, and that he should be respected as the head of the family. That son to whom the ring was given made the same law with respect to his descendants, and the ring passed from one to another in long succession, till it came to a person who had three sons, all virtuous and dutiful to their father, and all equally beloved by him. Now the young men, knowing what depended upon the ring, and ambitious of superiority, began to entreat their father, who was now grown old, every one for himself, that he would give the ring to him. The good man, equally fond of all, was at a loss which to prefer ; and, as he had promised all, and wished to satisfy all, he privately got an artist to make two other rings, which were so like the first that he himself scarcely knew the true one. When he found his end

approaching, he secretly gave one ring to each of his sons; and they, after his death, all claimed the honor and estate, each disputing with his brothers, and producing his ring; and the rings were found so much alike that the true one could not be distinguished. To law then they went, as to which should succeed, nor is that question yet decided. And thus it has happened, my Lord, with regard to the three laws given by God the Father, concerning which you proposed your question: every one believes he is the true heir of God, has his law, and obeys his commandments; but which is in the right is uncertain, in like manner as with the rings."

Saladin perceived that the Jew had very cleverly escaped the net which was spread for him: he therefore resolved to discover his necessity to him, and see if he would lend him money, telling him at the same time what he had designed to do, had not that discreet answer prevented him. The Jew freely supplied the monarch with what he wanted; and Saladin afterwards paid him back in full, made him large presents, besides maintaining him nobly at his court, and was his friend as long as he lived.

The Pot of Basil.

Eliza having concluded her novel, which was commended by the king, Filomena was then ordered to begin. Full of pity for the two unhappy lovers last mentioned, she heaved a deep sigh, and said: My novel will not be concerning people of such high rank as those of whom Eliza has spoken, but perhaps it may be equally moving; and I am led to it from her mentioning Messina, where the thing happened.

There lived at Messina three young merchants, who were brothers, and left very rich by their father: they had an only sister, named Isabella, a lady of worth and beauty, who, whatever was the reason, was yet unmarried. Now they had in their employ a young man of Pisa, called Lorenzo, who managed all their affairs. He was a young man of very agreeable person and manners, and being often in Isabella's company, she loved him, and he forsook all others for her sake; nor was it long before their mutual desires were consummated. This affair was carried on between them for a considerable time, without the least suspicion; till one night it happened, as Isabella was going to Lorenzo's chamber, that the eldest brother saw her,

without her knowing it. This afflicted him greatly; yet, being a prudent man, he made no discovery, but lay considering with himself till morning what course was best to take. He then related to his brothers what he had seen with regard to their sister and Lorenzo, and, after a long debate, it was resolved to seem to take no notice of it for the present, but to make away with him privately, the first opportunity, that they might remove all cause of reproach both to their sister and themselves. Continuing in this resolution, they behaved with the same freedom and civility to Lorenzo as ever, till at length, under a pretense of going out of the city, upon a party of pleasure, they carried him along with them, and arriving at a lonesome place, fit for their purpose, they slew him, unprepared as he was to make any defense, and buried him on the spot. Then, returning to Messina, they gave it out that they had sent him on a journey of business, which was easily believed, because they frequently did so.

After some time Isabella, thinking that Lorenzo made a long stay, began to inquire earnestly of her brothers concerning him, and this she did so often that at last one of them said to her, "What have you to do with Lorenzo that you are continually teasing us about him? If you inquire any more, you shall receive such an answer as you will by no means like." This grieved her exceedingly, and, fearing she knew not what, she remained without asking any more questions; yet all the night would she lament and complain of his long stay; and thus she spent her life in a tedious and anxious waiting for his return; till one night it happened that, having wept herself to sleep, he appeared to her in a dream, all pale and ghastly, with his clothes rent in pieces, and she thought that he spoke to her thus: "My dearest Isabel, thou grievest incessantly for my absence, and art continually calling upon me; but know that I can return no more to thee, for the last day that thou sawest me thy brothers put me to death." And, describing the place where they had buried him, he bade her call no more upon him, nor ever expect to see him again, and disappeared.

Isabella woke up, implicitly believing the vision, and wept bitterly. In the morning, not daring to say anything to her brothers, she resolved to go to the place mentioned in the dream, to be convinced of the reality. Accordingly, having leave to go a little way into the country, along with a companion of hers, who was acquainted with all her affairs, she went

thither, and clearing the ground of the dried leaves with which it was covered, she observed where the earth seemed to be lightest, and dug there. She had not searched far before she came to her lover's body, which she found in no degree wasted; this informed her of the truth of her vision, and she was in the utmost concern on that account; but, as that was not a fit place for lamentation, she would willingly have taken the corpse away with her, to give it a more decent interment; but finding herself unable to do that, she cut off the head, which she put into a handkerchief, and covering the trunk again with mold, she gave the head to her maid to carry, and returned home without being perceived. She then shut herself up in her chamber, and lamented over her lover's head till she had washed it with her tears, and then she put it into a flowerpot, having folded it in a fine napkin, and covering it with earth, she planted sweet herbs therein, which she watered with nothing but rose or orange water, or else with her tears, accustoming herself to sit always before it, and devoting her whole heart unto it, as containing her dear Lorenzo.

The sweet herbs, what with her continual bathing, and the moisture arising from the putrefied head, flourished exceedingly, and sent forth a most agreeable odor. Continuing this manner of life, she was observed by some of the neighbors, and they related her conduct to her brothers, who had before remarked with surprise the decay of her beauty. Accordingly, they both reprimanded her for it, and, finding that ineffectual, stole the pot from her. She, perceiving that it was taken away, begged earnestly of them to restore it, which they refusing, she fell sick. The young men wondered much why she should have so great a fancy for it, and were resolved to see what it contained: turning out the earth, therefore, they saw the napkin, and in it the head, not so much consumed but that, by the curled locks, they knew it to be Lorenzo's, which threw them into the utmost astonishment, and fearing lest it should be known, they buried it privately, and withdrew themselves thence to Naples. The young lady never ceased weeping, and calling for her pot of flowers, till she died: and thus terminated her unfortunate love. But, in some time afterwards, the thing became public, which gave rise to this song: —

Most cruel and unkind was he,
That of my flowers deprived me, — etc.

The Falcon.

The queen, now observing that only she and Dioneo were left to speak, said pleasantly to this effect: As it is now come to my turn, I shall give you, ladies, a novel something like the preceding one, that you may not only know what influence the power of your charms has over a generous heart, but that you may learn likewise to bestow your favors of your own accord, and where you think most proper, without suffering Fortune to be your directress, who disposes blindly, and without the least judgment whatsoever.

You must understand then, that Coppo di Borghese (who was a person of great respect and authority among us, and whose amiable qualities, joined to his noble birth, had rendered him worthy of immortal fame) in the decline of life used to divert himself among his neighbors and acquaintances, by relating things that had happened in his day, and this he knew how to do with more exactness and elegance of expression than any other person: he, I say, amongst other pleasant stories, used to tell us that at Florence dwelt a young gentleman named Federigo, son of Filippo Alberighi, who, in feats of arms and gentility, surpassed all the youth in Tuscany. This gentleman was in love with a lady called Monna Giovanna, one of the most agreeable women in Florence, and to gain her affection, he was continually making tilts, balls, and such diversions; lavishing away his money in rich presents, and everything that was extravagant. But she, as pure in conduct as she was fair, made no account either of what he did for her sake, or of himself.

As Federigo continued to live in this manner, spending profusely, and acquiring nothing, his wealth soon began to waste, till at last he had nothing left but a very small farm, the income of which was a most slender maintenance, and a single hawk, one of the best in the world. Yet loving still more than ever, and finding he could subsist no longer in the city in the manner he would choose to live, he retired to his farm, where he went out fowling as often as the weather would permit, and bore his distress patiently, without ever making his necessity known to anybody. Now it happened, after he was thus brought low, the lady's husband fell sick, and, being very rich, he made a will by which he left all his substance to an only son, who was almost

grown up, and if he should die without issue, he then ordered that it should revert to his lady, whom he was extremely fond of; and when he had disposed thus of his fortune, he died. Monna Giovanna now being left a widow, retired, as our ladies usually do during the summer season, to a house of hers in the country, near to that of Federigo; whence it happened that her son soon became acquainted with him, and they used to divert themselves together with dogs and hawks; and the boy, having often seen Federigo's hawk fly, and being strangely taken with it, was desirous of having it, though the other valued it to that degree that he knew not how to ask for it.

This being so, the boy soon fell sick, which gave his mother great concern, as he was her only child, and she ceased not to attend on and comfort him; often requesting, if there was any particular thing which he fancied, to let her know it, and promising to procure it for him if it was possible. The young gentleman, after many offers of this kind, at last said: "Madam, if you could contrive for me to have Federigo's hawk, I should soon be well." She was in some perplexity at this, and began to consider how best to act. She knew that Federigo had long entertained a liking for her, without the least encouragement on her part; therefore she said to herself, "How can I send or go to ask for this hawk, which I hear is the very best of the kind, and which is all he has in the world to maintain him? Or how can I offer to take away from a gentleman all the pleasure that he has in life?" Being in this perplexity, though she was very sure of having it for a word, she stood without making any reply; till at last the love of her son so far prevailed, that she resolved, at all events, to make him easy, and not send, but go herself. She then replied, "Set your heart at rest, my boy, and think only of your recovery; for I promise you that I will go to-morrow for it the first thing I do." This afforded him such joy that he immediately showed signs of amendment.

The next morning she went, by way of a walk, with another lady in company, to Federigo's little cottage to inquire for him. At that time, as it was too early to go out upon his diversion, he was at work in his garden. Hearing, therefore, that his mistress inquired for him at the door, he ran thither, surprised and full of joy; whilst she, with a great deal of complaisance, went to meet him; and after the usual compliments, she said: "Good morning to you, sir; I am come to make you some amends for the losses you have sustained on my account; what

I mean is that I have brought a companion to take a neighborly dinner with you to-day." He replied, with a great deal of humility, "Madam, I do not remember ever to have suffered any loss by your means, but rather so much good, that if I was worth anything at any time it was due to your singular merit, and the love I had for you: and most assuredly this courteous visit is more welcome to me than if I had all that I have wasted returned to me to spend over again; but you are come to a very poor host." With these words he showed her into his house, seeming much out of countenance, and thence they went into the garden, when, having no company for her, he said: "Madam, as I have nobody else, please to admit this honest woman, a laborer's wife, to be with you, whilst I set forth the table."

Although his poverty was extreme, never till now had he been so sensible of his past extravagance; but finding nothing to entertain the lady with, for whose sake he had treated thousands, he was in the utmost perplexity, cursing his evil fortune, and running up and down like one out of his wits. At length, having neither money nor anything he could pawn, and longing to give her something, at the same time that he would not make his case known, even so much as to his own laborer, he espied his hawk upon the perch, seized it, and finding it very fat, judged it might make a dish not unworthy of such a lady. Without farther thought, then, he wrung its head off, and gave it to a girl to dress and roast carefully, whilst he laid the cloth, having a small quantity of linen yet left; and then he returned, with a smile on his countenance, into the garden, to tell Monna Giovanna that what little dinner he was able to provide was now ready. She and her friend, therefore, entered and sat down with him, he serving them all the time with great respect, when they ate the good hawk, not knowing what it was.

After dinner was over, and they had sat chatting a little while together, the lady thought it a fit time to tell her errand, and addressed him courteously in this manner: "Sir, if you call to mind your past life, and my resolution, which perhaps you may call cruelty, I doubt not but you will wonder at my presumption, when you know what I am come for: but if you had children of your own, to know how strong our natural affection is towards them, I am very sure you would excuse me. Now, my having a son forces me, against my own inclination and all reason whatsoever, to request a thing of you which I know you value extremely, as you have no other comfort or

diversion left you in your small circumstances; I mean your hawk, which he has taken such a fancy to, that unless I bring it back with me, I very much fear that he will die of his disorder. Therefore I entreat you, not for any regard you have for me (for in that respect you are no way obliged to me), but for that generosity with which you have always distinguished yourself, that you would please to let me have it, so that I may be able to say that my child's life has been restored to me through your gift, and that he and I are under perpetual obligations to you."

Federigo, hearing the lady's request, and knowing it was out of his power to fulfill it, began to weep before he was able to make a word of reply. This she at first attributed to his reluctance to part with his favorite bird, and expected that he was going to give her a flat denial; but after she had waited a little for his answer, he said: "Madam, ever since I have fixed my affections upon you, fortune has still been contrary to me in many things, and sorely I have felt them; but all the rest is nothing to what has now come to pass. You are here to visit me in this my poor dwelling, to which in my prosperity you would never deign to come: you also entreat a small present from me, which it is wholly out of my power to give, as I am going briefly to tell you. As soon as I was acquainted with the great favor you designed me, I thought it proper, considering your superior merit and excellency, to treat you, according to my ability, with something choicer than is usually given to other persons, when, calling to mind my hawk, which you now request, and his goodness, I judged him a fit repast for you, and you have had him roasted. Nor could I have thought him better bestowed, had you not now desired him in a different manner, which is such a grief to me that I shall never be at peace as long as I live:" and saying this, he produced the hawk's feathers, feet, and talons. The lady began now to blame him for killing such a bird to entertain any woman with, in her heart all the while extolling the greatness of his soul, which poverty had no power to abase.

Having now no farther hopes of obtaining the hawk, she took leave of Federigo, and returned sadly to her son; who, either out of grief for the disappointment or through the violence of his disorder, died in a few days. She continued sorrowful for some time; but being left rich and young, her brothers were very pressing with her to marry again. This

went against her inclination, but finding them still importunate, and remembering Federigo's great worth, and the late instance of his generosity in killing such a bird for her entertainment, she said: "I should rather choose to continue as I am; but since it is your desire that I take a husband, I will have none but Federigo de gli Alberighi." They smiled contemptuously at this, and said: "You simple woman! what are you talking of? He is not worth one farthing in the world." She replied, "I believe it, brothers, to be as you say; but know, *that I would sooner have a man that stands in need of riches, than riches without a man.*" They, hearing her resolution, and well knowing his generous temper, gave her to him with all her wealth; and he, seeing himself possessed of a lady whom he had so dearly loved, and of such a vast fortune, lived in all true happiness with her, and was a better manager of his affairs than he had been before.

THE DAMSEL OF THE LAUREL.

By PETRARCH.

(Translated by Charles Bagot Cayley.)

[Petrarch (Francesco Petrarca), the famous Italian lyric poet and scholar, was the son of a Florentine notary named Petracco, who was exiled at the same time with Dante and settled in Arezzo. Here Petrarch was born, July 20, 1304, and when eight years old removed to the papal city of Avignon, where he began his education. Later he spent seven years in the study of law at Montpellier and Bologna, but his own inclinations led him to devote attention to the Latin classics. It was at Avignon that he first met Laura, who exercised such a great influence on his life. She is now generally identified with Laure de Noves, who married Hugo de Sade in 1325, two years before her meeting with the poet. In 1353 Petrarch left Avignon; resided in various cities in northern Italy, being chiefly employed on various diplomatic missions; and died at the village of Arquà, near Padua, July 18, 1374. Petrarch himself based his hopes of immortality upon his Latin works, particularly upon "Africa," an epic poem, for which he received a laurel crown at Rome. But he is now remembered solely for the "Rime" or "Canzoniere," comprising sonnets and odes in honor of Laura. They are among the earliest Italian lyrics.]

Young was the damsel under the green laurel,
Whom I beheld more white and cold than snow
By sun unsmitten, many, many years.
I found her speech and lovely face and hair

So pleasing that I still before my eyes
Have and shall have them, both on wave and shore.

My thoughts will only then have come to shore
When one green leaf shall not be found on laurel;
Nor still can be my heart, nor dried my eyes,
Till freezing fire appear and burning snow.
So many single hairs make not my hair
As for one day like this I would wait years.

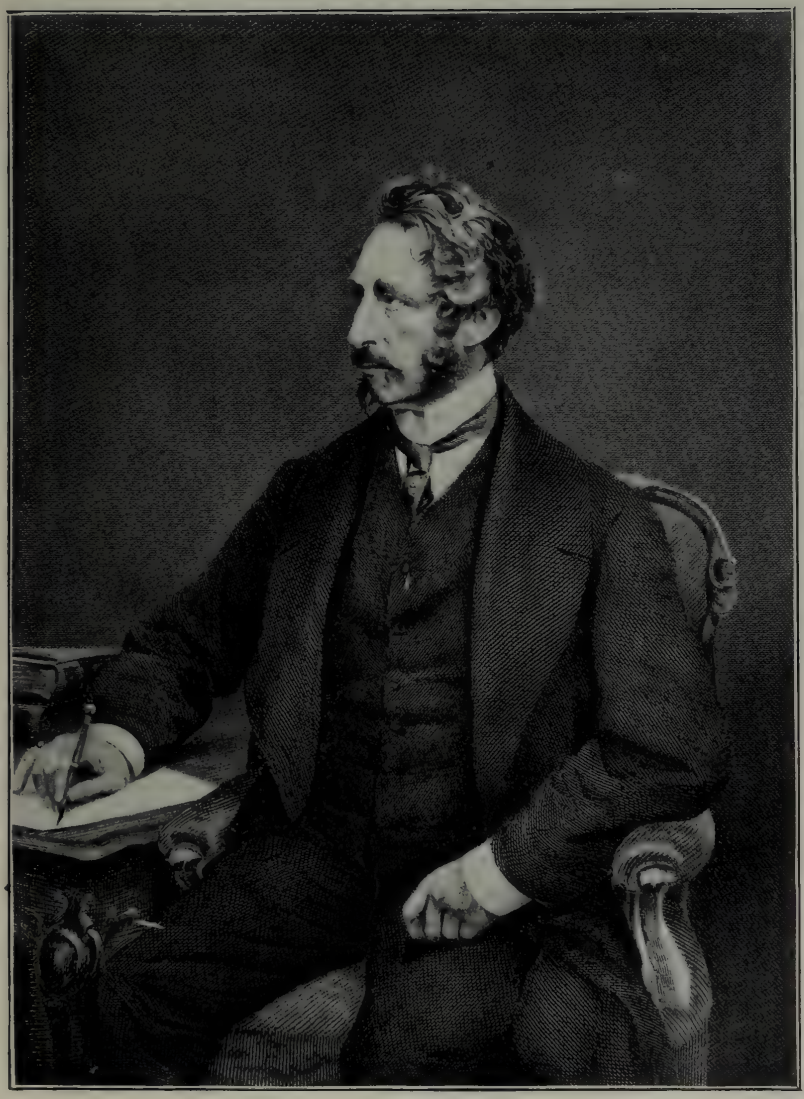
But seeing how Time flits, and fly the years,
And suddenly Death bringeth us ashore,
Perhaps with brown, perhaps with hoary hair,
I will pursue the shade of that sweet laurel
Through the sun's fiercest heat and o'er the snow
Until the latest day shall close my eyes.

There never have been seen such glorious eyes,
Either in our age or in eldest years;
And they consume me as the sun does snow:
Wherefore Love leads my tears, like streams ashore,
Under the foot of that obdurate laurel,
Which boughs of adamant hath and golden hair.

Sooner will change, I dread, my face and hair
Than truly will turn on me pitying eyes
Mine Idol, which is carved in living laurel:
For now, if I miscount not, full seven years
A sighing have I gone from shore to shore,
By night and day, through drought and through the snow.

All fire within and all outside pale snow,
Alone with these my thoughts, with altered hair,
I shall go weeping over every shore,—
Belike to draw compassion to men's eyes,
Not to be born for the next thousand years,
If so long can abide well-nurtured laurel.

But gold and sunlit topazes on snow
Are passed by her pale hair, above those eyes
By which my years are brought so fast ashore.



EDWARD BULWER, LORD LYTTON

THE DEATH OF RIENZI.

By BULWER-LYTTON.

(From "The Last of the Tribunes.")

[Edward George Earle Lytton-Bulwer, later Lord Lytton, English novelist, playwright, and poet, was born in Norfolk in 1803. He graduated at Trinity College, Cambridge; became a member of Parliament for many years, colonial secretary 1858–1859; was editor of the *New Monthly Magazine* 1831–1833; elected lord rector of Glasgow University 1856; died January 18, 1873. His novels include (among many others): "Pelham," "Paul Clifford," "Eugene Aram," "The Last Days of Pompeii," "Rienzi," "Ernest Maltravers," "Alice, or the Mysteries," "Zanoni," "The Caxtons," "My Novel," "Kenelm Chillingly," and "The Coming Race"; his plays, the permanent favorites "Richelieu," "Money," and "The Lady of Lyons"; his poems, the satirical "New Timon," and translations of Schiller's ballads.]

It was the morning of the 8th of October, 1354. Rienzi, who rose betimes, stirred restlessly in his bed. "It is yet early," he said to Nina, whose soft arm was round his neck; "none of my people seem to be astir. Howbeit, *my* day begins before *theirs*."

"Rest yet, my Cola; you want sleep."

"No; I feel feverish, and this old pain in the side torments me. I have letters to write."

"Let me be your secretary, dearest," said Nina.

Rienzi smiled affectionately as he rose; he repaired to his closet adjoining his sleeping apartment, and used the bath as was his wont. Then dressing himself, he returned to Nina, who, already loosely robed, sat by the writing table, ready for her office of love.

"How still are all things!" said Rienzi. "What a cool and delicious prelude, in these early hours, to the toilsome day."

Leaning over his wife, he then dictated different letters, interrupting the task at times by such observations as crossed his mind.

"So, now to Annibaldi! By the way, young Adrian should join us to-day; how I rejoice for Irene's sake!"

"Dear sister — yes! she loves, — if any, Cola, can so love, — as we do."

"Well, but to your task, my fair scribe. Ha! what noise is that? I hear an armed step — the stairs creak — some one shouts my name."

Rienzi flew to his sword! the door was thrown rudely open, and a figure in complete armor appeared within the chamber.

"How! what means this?" said Rienzi, standing before Nina, with his drawn sword.

The intruder lifted his visor; it was Adrian Colonna.

"Fly, Rienzi! hasten, Signora! Thank Heaven, I can save ye yet! Myself and train released by the capture of Palestrina, the pain of my wound detained me last night at Tivoli. The town was filled with armed men — not *thine*, Senator. I heard rumors that alarmed me. I resolved to proceed onward; I reached Rome, the gates of the city were wide open!"

"How!"

"Your guard gone. Presently I came upon a band of the retainers of the Savelli. My insignia, as a Colonna, misled them. I learned that this very hour some of your enemies are within the city, the rest are on their march, the people themselves arm against you. In the obscurer streets I passed through, the mob were already forming. They took me for thy foe, and shouted. I came hither; thy sentries have vanished. The private door below is unbarred and open. Not a soul seems left in thy palace. Haste — fly — save thyself! Where is Irene?"

"The Capitol deserted! — impossible!" cried Rienzi. He strode across the chambers to the anteroom, where his night guard usually waited — it was empty! He passed hastily to Villani's room — it was untenanted! He would have passed farther, but the doors were secured without. It was evident that all egress had been cut off, save by the private door below, — and *that* had been left open to admit his murderers!

He returned to his room. Nina had already gone to rouse and prepare Irene, whose chamber was on the other side, within one of their own.

"Quick, Senator!" said Adrian. "Methinks there is yet time. We must make across to the Tiber. I have stationed my faithful squires and Northmen there. A boat waits us."

"Hark!" interrupted Rienzi, whose senses had of late been preternaturally quickened. "I hear a distant shout — a familiar shout, 'Viva 'l Popolo!' Why, so say I! These must be friends."

"Deceive not thyself; thou hast scarce a friend at Rome."

"Hist," said Rienzi in a whisper; "save Nina — save Irene. I cannot accompany thee."

"Art thou mad?"

"No! but fearless. Besides, did I accompany, I might but destroy you all. Were I found with you, you would be massacred with me. Without me ye are safe. Yes, even the Senator's wife and sister have provoked no revenge. Save them, noble Colonna! Cola di Rienzi puts his trust in God alone!"

By this time Nina had returned, Irene with her. Afar was heard the tramp — steady — slow — gathering — of the fatal multitude.

"Now, Cola," said Nina, with a bold and cheerful air, and she took her husband's arm, while Adrian had already found his charge in Irene.

"Yes, *now*, Nina!" said Rienzi; "at length we part! If this is my last hour — *in* my last hour I pray God to bless and shield thee! for verily, thou hast been my exceeding solace — provident as a parent, tender as a child, the smile of my hearth, the — the ——"

Rienzi was almost unmanned. Emotions, deep, conflicting, unspeakably fond and grateful, literally choked his speech.

"What!" cried Nina, clinging to his breast, and parting her hair from her eyes, as she sought his averted face. "Part! never! This is my place; all Rome shall not tear me from it!"

Adrian, in despair, seized her hand, and attempted to drag her thence.

"Touch me not, sir!" said Nina, waving her arm with angry majesty, while her eyes sparkled as a lioness whom the huntsmen would sever from her young. "I am the wife of Cola di Rienzi, the Great Senator of Rome, and by his side will I live and die!"

"Take her hence: quick! quick! I hear the crowd advancing."

Irene tore herself from Adrian, and fell at the feet of Rienzi; she clasped his knees.

"Come, my brother, come! Why lose these precious moments? Rome forbids you to cast away a life in which her very self is bound up."

"Right, Irene; Rome is bound up with me, and we will rise or fall together! — no more!"

"You destroy us all!" said Adrian, with generous and impatient warmth. "A few minutes more, and we are lost. Rash man! it is not to fall by an infuriate mob that you have been preserved from so many dangers."

"I believe it," said the Senator, as his tall form seemed to dilate as with the greatness of his own soul. "I shall triumph yet! Never shall mine enemies — never shall posterity say that a *second* time Rienzi abandoned Rome! Hark! 'Viva 'l Popolo?' still the cry of 'THE PEOPLE.' That cry scares none but tyrants! I shall triumph and survive!"

"And I with thee!" said Nina, firmly. Rienzi paused a moment, gazed on his wife, passionately clasped her to his heart, kissed her again and again, and then said, "Nina, I command thee, — Go!"

"Never!"

He paused. Irene's face, drowned in tears, met his eyes.

"We will all perish with you," said his sister; "you only, Adrian, *you* leave us!"

"Be it so," said the knight, sadly; "we will *all* remain," and he desisted at once from further effort.

There was a dead but short pause, broken but by a convulsive sob from Irene. The tramp of the raging thousands sounded fearfully distinct. Rienzi seemed lost in thought; then lifting his head, he said calmly, "Ye have triumphed — I join ye; I but collect these papers, and follow you. Quick, Adrian, save them!" and he pointed meaningly to Nina.

Waiting no other hint, the young Colonna seized Nina in his strong grasp; with his left hand he supported Irene, who with terror and excitement was almost insensible. Rienzi relieved him of the lighter load; he took his sister in his arms, and descended the winding stairs. Nina remained passive — she heard her husband's step behind, it was enough for her — she but turned once to thank him with her eyes. A tall Northman clad in armor stood at the open door. Rienzi placed Irene, now perfectly lifeless, in the soldier's arms, and kissed her pale cheek in silence.

"Quick, my lord," said the Northman, "on all sides they come!" So saying, he bounded down the descent with his burden. Adrian followed with Nina; the Senator paused one moment, turned back, and was in his room, ere Adrian was aware that he had vanished.

Hastily he drew the coverlid from his bed, fastened it to the casement bars, and by its aid dropped (at a distance of several feet) into the balcony below. "I will not die like a rat," said he, "in a trap they have set for me! The whole crowd shall, at least, see and hear me."

This was the work of a moment.

Meanwhile Nina had scarcely proceeded six paces, before she discovered that she was alone with Adrian.

"Ha! Cola!" she cried, "where is he? he has gone!"

"Take heart, lady, he has returned but for some secret papers he has forgotten. He will follow us anon."

"Let us wait, then."

"Lady," said Adrian, grinding his teeth, "hear you not the crowd? on, on!" and he flew with a swifter step. Nina struggled in his grasp — Love gave her the strength of despair. With a wild laugh she broke from him. She flew back — the door was closed, but unbarred; her trembling hands lingered a moment round the spring. She opened it, drew the heavy bolt across the panels, and frustrated all attempt from Adrian to regain her. She was on the stairs, — she was in the room. Rienzi was gone! She fled, shrieking his name, through the State Chambers — all was desolate. She found the doors opening on the various passages that admitted to the rooms below barred without. Breathless and gasping, she returned to the chamber. She hurried to the casement; she perceived the method by which he had descended below; her brave heart told her of his brave design; she saw they were separated. "But the same roof holds us," she cried joyously, "and our fate shall be the same!" With that thought she sank in mute patience on the floor.

Forming the generous resolve not to abandon the faithful and devoted pair without another effort, Adrian had followed Nina, but too late; the door was closed against his efforts. The crowd marched on; he heard their cry change on a sudden; it was no longer "LIVE THE PEOPLE!" but, "DEATH TO THE TRAITOR!" His attendant had already disappeared, and waking now only to the danger of Irene, the Colonna in bitter grief turned away, lightly sped down the descent, and hastened to the river side, where the boat and his band awaited him.

The balcony on which Rienzi had alighted was that from which he had been accustomed to address the people; it communicated with a vast hall used on solemn occasions for State festivals, and on either side were square projecting towers, whose grated casements looked into the balcony. One of these towers was devoted to the armory, the other contained the prison of Brettone, the brother of Montreal. Beyond the latter

tower was the general prison of the Capitol. For then the prison and the palace were in awful neighborhood!

The windows of the hall were yet open, and Rienzi passed into it from the balcony; the witness of the yesterday's banquet was still there — the wine, yet undried, crimsoned the floor, and goblets of gold and silver shone from the recesses. He proceeded at once to the armory, and selected from the various suits that which he himself had worn when, nearly eight years ago, he had chased the barons from the gates of Rome. He arrayed himself in the mail, leaving only his head uncovered; and then taking in his right hand, from the wall, the great Gonfalon of Rome, returned once more to the hall. Not a man encountered him. In that vast building, save the prisoner and the faithful Nina, whose presence he knew not of, the Senator was alone.

On they came, no longer in measured order, as stream after stream — from lane, from alley, from palace, and from hovel — the raging sea received new additions. On they came, their passions excited by their numbers — women and men, children and malignant age — in all the awful array of aroused, released, unresisted physical strength and brutal wrath; "Death to the traitor — death to the tyrant — death to him who has taxed the people!" — "*Mora l' traditore che ha fatta la gabella!* — *Mora!*" Such was the cry of the people; such the crime of the Senator! They broke over the low palisades of the Capitol; they filled with one sudden rush the vast space — a moment before so desolate, now swarming with human beings athirst for blood!

Suddenly came a dead silence, and on the balcony above stood Rienzi; his head was bared and the morning sun shone over that lordly brow, and the hair, grown gray before its time, in the service of that maddening multitude. Pale and erect he stood, neither fear, nor anger, nor menace — but deep grief and high resolve — upon his features! A momentary shame, a momentary awe, seized the crowd.

He pointed to the Gonfalon wrought with the Republican motto and arms of Rome, and thus he began: —

"I too am a Roman and a citizen; hear me!"

"Hear him not! hear him not! his false tongue can charm away our senses!" cried a voice louder than his own: and Rienzi recognized Cecco del Vecchio.

"Hear him not! down with the tyrant!" cried a more

shrill and youthful tone; and by the side of the artisan stood Angelo Villani.

"Hear him not! death to the death giver!" cried a voice close at hand, and from the grating of the neighboring prison glared near upon him, as the eye of a tiger, the vengeful gaze of the brother of Montreal.

Then from Earth to Heaven rose the roar: "Down with the tyrant — down with him who taxed the people!"

A shower of stones rattled on the mail of the Senator, — still he stirred not. No changing muscle betokened fear. His persuasion of his own wonderful powers of eloquence, if he could but be heard, inspired him yet with hope; he stood collected in his own indignant but determined thoughts; but the knowledge of that very eloquence was now his deadliest foe. The leaders of the multitude trembled lest he *should* be heard; "*and doubtless*," says the contemporaneous biographer, "*had he but spoken he would have changed them all, and the work been marred.*"

The soldiers of the barons had already mixed themselves with the throng; more deadly weapons than stones aided the wrath of the multitude; darts and arrows darkened the air; and now a voice was heard shrieking, "Way for the torches!" And red in the sunlight the torches tossed and waved, and danced to and fro, above the heads of the crowd, as if the fiends were let loose amongst the mob! And what place in hell *hath* fiends like those a mad mob can furnish? Straw, and wood, and litter, were piled hastily round the great doors of the Capitol, and the smoke curled suddenly up, beating back the rush of the assailants.

Rienzi was no longer visible, an arrow had pierced his hand — the right hand that supported the flag of Rome — the right hand that had given a constitution to the Republic. He retired from the storm into the desolate hall.

He sat down; and tears, springing from no weak woman source, but tears from the loftiest fountain of emotion — tears that befit a warrior when his own troops desert him — a patriot when his countrymen rush to their own doom — a father when his children rebel against his love, — tears such as these forced themselves from his eyes and relieved, but *they changed*, his heart!

"Enough, enough!" he said, presently rising and dashing the drops scornfully away; "I have risked, dared, toiled

enough for this dastard and degenerate race. I will yet baffle their malice! I renounce the thought of which they are so little worthy! Let Rome perish! I feel, at last, that I am nobler than my country! she deserves not so high a sacrifice!"

With that feeling, Death lost all the nobleness of aspect it had before presented to him; and he resolved, in very scorn of his ungrateful foes, in very defeat of their inhuman wrath, to make one effort for his life! He divested himself of his glittering arms; his address, his dexterity, his craft, returned to him. His active mind ran over the chances of disguise — of escape; he left the hall, passed through the humbler rooms devoted to the servitors and menials, found in one of them a coarse working garb; indued himself with it, placed upon his head some of the draperies and furniture of the palace, as if escaping with them; and said, with his old "*fantastico riso*," "When all other friends desert me, I may well forsake myself!" With that he awaited his occasion.

Meanwhile the flames burnt fierce and fast; the outer door below was already consumed; from the apartment he had deserted the fire burst out in volleys of smoke — the wood crackled, the lead melted — with a crash fell the severed gates — the dreadful entrance was opened to all the multitude — the proud Capitol of the Cæsars was already tottering to its fall! Now was the time! He passed the flaming door — the smoldering threshold; he passed the outer gate unscathed — he was in the middle of the crowd. "Plenty of pillage within," he said to the bystanders, in the Roman *patois*, his face concealed by his load: "Down, down with the traitor." The mob rushed past him — he went on — he gained the last stair descending into the open streets — he was at the last gate — liberty and life were before him.

A soldier (one of his own) seized him. "Pass not — whither goest thou?"

"Beware, lest the Senator escape disguised!" cried a voice behind — it was Villani's. The concealing load was torn from his head — Rienzi stood revealed!

"I *am* the Senator!" he said in a loud voice. "Who dare touch the Representative of the People?"

The multitude were round him in an instant. Not led, but rather hurried and whirled along, the Senator was borne to the Place of the Lion. With the intense glare of the bursting

flames, the gray image reflected a lurid light, and glowed — (that grim and solemn monument!) — as if itself of fire!

There arrived, the crowd gave way, terrified by the greatness of their victim. Silent he stood, and turned his face around; nor could the squalor of his garb, nor the terror of the hour, nor the proud grief of detection, abate the majesty of his mien, or reassure the courage of the thousands who gathered, gazing, round him. The whole Capitol, wrapped in fire, lighted with ghastly pomp the immense multitude. Down the long vista of the streets extended the fiery light and the serried throng, till the crowd closed with the gleaming standards of the Colonna — the Orsini — the Savelli! Her true tyrants were marching into Rome! As the sound of their approaching horns and trumpets broke upon the burning air, the mob seemed to regain their courage. Rienzi prepared to speak; his first word was as the signal of his own death.

"Die, tyrant!" cried Cecco del Vecchio; and he plunged his dagger in the Senator's breast.

"Die, executioner of Montreal!" muttered Villani; "thus the trust is fulfilled!" and his was the second stroke. Then, as he drew back and saw the artisan, in all the drunken fury of his brute passion, tossing up his cap, shouting aloud, and spurning the fallen lion, the young man gazed upon him with a look of withering and bitter scorn, and said, while he sheathed his blade, and slowly turned to quit the crowd: —

"Fool, miserable fool! *thou* and *these* at least had no *blood of kindred to avenge!*"

They heeded not his words — they saw him not depart: for as Rienzi, without a word, without a groan, fell to the earth — as the roaring waves of the multitude closed over him — a voice, shrill, sharp, and wild, was heard above all the clamor. At the casement of the palace (the casement of her bridal chamber) Nina stood! — through the flames that burst below and around, her face and outstretched arms alone visible! Ere yet the sound of that thrilling cry passed from the air, down with a mighty crash thundered that whole wing of the Capitol — a blackened and smoldering mass!

At that hour a solitary boat was gliding swiftly along the Tiber. Rome was at a distance; but the lurid glow of the conflagration cast its reflection upon the placid and glassy stream: fair beyond description was the landscape — soft be-

yond all art of painter and of poet, the sunlight quivering over the autumnal herbage, and hushing into tender calm the waves of the golden river!

Adrian's eyes were strained towards the towers of the Capitol, distinguished by the flames from the spires and domes around; senseless, and clasped to his guardian breast, Irene was happily unconscious of the horrors of the time.

"They dare not — they dare not," said the brave Colonna, "touch a hair of that sacred head! If Rienzi fall, the liberties of Rome fall forever! As those towers that surmount the flames, the pride and monument of Rome, he shall rise above the dangers of the hour. Behold, still unscathed amidst the raging element, the Capitol itself is his emblem!"

Scarce had he spoken, when a vast volume of smoke obscured the fires afar off, a dull crash (deadened by the distance) traveled to his ear, and the next moment the towers on which he gazed had vanished from the scene, and one intense and sullen glare seemed to settle over the atmosphere, — making all Rome itself the funeral pyre of THE LAST OF THE ROMAN TRIBUNES!

ON A WET DAY.

BY FRANCO SACCHETTI.

(Rossetti's Translation.)

[FRANCO SACCHETTI, Italian novelist and poet, was born in Florence about 1330, and died about 1400. He wrote two hundred and fifty-eight "Novelle" or stories, and some "Rime" (verses).]

As I walked thinking through a little grove,
Some girls that gathered flowers came passing me,
Saying — "Look here! look there!" delightedly.
"O here it is!" "What's that?" "A lily? love!"
"And there are violets!"
"Farther for roses! O the lovely pets!
The darling beauties! O the nasty thorn!
Look here, my hand's all torn!"
"What's that that jumps?" "O don't! it's a grasshopper!"
"Come, run! come, run!
Here's bluebells!" "O what fun!"

"Not that way! stop her!"
"Yes! this way!" "Pluck them then!"
"O, I've found mushrooms! O look here!" "O, I'm
Quite sure that farther on we'll get wild thyme."
"O, we shall stay too long; it's going to rain;
There's lightning; O! there's thunder!"
"O shan't we hear the vesper bell? I wonder."
"Why, it's not nones, you silly little thing!
And don't you hear the nightingales that sing—
Fly away, O die away?"
"O, I hear something; hush!"
"Why, where? what is it then?" "Ah! in that bush."
So every girl here knocks it, shakes and shocks it:
Till with the stir they make
Out scurries a great snake.
"O Lord! O me! Alack! Ah me! Alack!"
They scream, and then all run and scream again,
And then in heavy drops comes down the rain.

Each running at the other in a fright,
Each trying to get before the other, and crying,
And flying, and stumbling, tumbling, wrong or right;—
One sets her knee
There where her foot should be;
One has her hands and dress
All smothered up with mud in a fine mess;
And one gets trampled on by two or three.
What's gathered is let fall
About the wood, and not picked up at all.
The wreaths of flowers are scattered on the ground,
And still as, screaming, hustling, without rest,
They run this way and that and round and round,
She thinks herself in luck who runs the best.

I stood quite still to have a perfect view,
And never noticed till I got wet through.

THE BATTLE OF OTTERBOURNE.

(From Froissart's "Chronicle.")

[JEAN FROISSART, French historian, was born at Valenciennes about 1333; became a cleric; began while a youth to write the history of the wars of his own time, and in 1360 started on a tour for material. He was for many years the

guest of the highest potentates in England, Scotland, France, the Netherlands, etc., and about 1390 settled in Flanders and resumed his "Chronicle." In 1395 he revisited England. He died at Chimay in 1419. His great work covers the years from 1326 to 1400, and deals chiefly with England and Scotland, France and Flanders, though not confined to them. He wrote some verses also.]

I HAVE before related in this history the troubles which King Richard of England had suffered from his quarrel with his uncles. By advice of the Archbishop of Canterbury, and the king's new council, the Lord Neville, who had commanded the defense of the frontiers of Northumberland for five years against the Scots, was dismissed, and Sir Henry Percy appointed in his stead, which circumstance created much animosity and hatred between the Percys and the Nevilles. The barons and knights of Scotland, considering this a favorable opportunity, now that the English were quarreling among themselves, determined upon an inroad into the country, in order to make some return for the many insults that had been offered to them. That their intention might not be known, they appointed a feast to be holden at Aberdeen, on the borders of the Highlands; this feast the greater part of the barons attended, and it was then resolved that in the middle of August, in the year 1388, they should assemble all their forces at a castle called Jedworth, situated amidst deep forests on the borders of Cumberland. When all things were arranged the barons separated, but never mentioned one word of their intentions to the king; for they said among themselves that he knew nothing about war. On the day appointed James, Earl of Douglas, first arrived at Jedworth, then came John, Earl of Moray, the Earl of March and Dunbar, William, Earl of Fife, John, Earl of Sutherland, Stephen, Earl of Menteith, William, Earl of Mar, Sir Archibald Douglas, Sir Robert Erskine, and very many other knights and squires of Scotland. There had not been for sixty years so numerous an assembly — they amounted to 1200 spears, and 40,000 other men and archers. With the use of the bow the Scots are but little acquainted, but they sling their axes over their shoulders, and when in battle give very deadly blows with them. The lords were well pleased at meeting, and declared they would never return home without having made an inroad into England; and the more completely to combine their plans, they fixed another meeting to be held at a church in the forest of Jedworth called Zedon.

Intelligence was carried to the Earl of Northumberland, to



FROISSART

the Seneschal of York, and to Sir Matthew Redman, governor of Berwick, of the great feast which was to be kept at Aberdeen, and in order to learn what was done at it, these lords sent thither heralds and minstrels, at the same time making every preparation in case of an inroad; for they said if the Scots enter the country through Cumberland, by Carlisle, we will ride into Scotland, and do them more damage than they can do to us, for theirs is an open country, which can be entered anywhere; but ours, on the contrary, contains well-fortified towns and castles. In order to be more sure of the intentions of the Scots, they resolved to send an English gentleman, well acquainted with the country, to the meeting in the forest of Jedworth, of which the minstrels told them. The English squire journeyed without interruption until he came to the church of Yetholm, where the Scottish barons were assembled; he entered it as a servant following his master, and heard the greater part of their plans. When the meeting was near breaking up, he left the church on his return, and went to a tree thinking to find his horse, which he had tied there by the bridle, but it was gone, for a Scotsman (they are all thieves) had stolen him; and being fearful of making a noise about it, he set off on foot, though booted and spurred. He had not, however, gone more than two bowshots from the church before he was noticed by two Scottish knights, who were conversing together.

The first who saw him said, "I have witnessed many wonderful things, but what I now see is equal to any; that man yonder has, I believe, lost his horse, and yet he makes no inquiry about it. On my troth, I doubt much if he belongs to us; let us go after him and ascertain." The two knights soon overtook him, when they asked him where he was going, whence he came, and what he had done with his horse. As he contradicted himself in his answers, they laid hands on him, saying that he must come before their captains. Upon which, they brought him back to the church of Yetholm, to the Earl of Douglas and the other lords, who examined him closely, for they knew him to be an Englishman, and assured him that if he did not truly answer all their questions, his head should be struck off, but if he did, no harm should happen to him. He obeyed, though very unwillingly, for the love of life prevailed; and the Scots barons learnt that he had been sent by the Earl of Northumberland to discover the number of their forces, and whither they were to march. He was then asked where the barons of North-

umberland were? If they had any intention of making an excursion? Also what road they would take to Scotland, along the sea from Berwick to Dunbar, or by the mountains through the country of Menteith to Stirling. He replied, "Since you will force me to tell the truth, when I left Newcastle there were not any signs of an excursion being made; but the barons are all ready to set out at a minute's warning, as soon as they shall hear that you have entered England. They will not oppose you, for they are not in number sufficient to meet so large a body as you are reported to be." "And at what do they estimate our numbers?" said Lord Moray. "They say, my lord," replied the squire, "that you have full 40,000 men and 1200 spears, and by way of counteracting your career, should you march to Cumberland, they will take the road through Berwick to Dunbar, Dalkeith, and Edinburgh; if you follow the other road they will then march to Carlisle, and enter your country by these mountains." The Scottish lords, on hearing this, were silent, but looked at each other. The English squire was delivered to the governor of the castle of Jedworth, with orders to guard him carefully. The barons were in high spirits at the intelligence they had received, and considered their success as certain, now they knew the disposition of the enemy. They held a council as to their mode of proceeding, at which the wisest and most accustomed to arms, such as Sir Archibald Douglas, the Earl of Fife, Sir Alexander Ramsay, and others, said, "that to avoid any chance of failing in their attempt, they would advise the army to be divided, and two expeditions to be made, so that the enemy might be puzzled whither to march their forces. The largest division with the baggage should go to Carlisle in Cumberland, and the others, consisting of three or four hundred spears and 2000 stout infantry and archers, all well mounted, should make for Newcastle-on-Tyne, cross the river, and enter Durham, spoiling and burning the country. They will have committed great waste in England," they continued, "before our enemy can have any information of their being there; if we find they come in pursuit of us, which they certainly will, we will then unite, and fix on a proper place to offer them battle, as we all seem to have that desire, and to be anxious to gain honor; for it is time to repay them some of the mischief they have done to us." This plan was adopted, and Sir Archibald Douglas, the Earl of Fife, the Earl of Sutherland, the Earl of Menteith, the Earl of Mar, the

Earl of Stratherne, Sir Stephen Frazer, Sir George Dunbar, with sixteen other great barons of Scotland, were ordered to the command of the largest division, that was to march to Carlisle. The Earl of Douglas, the Earl of March and Dunbar, and the Earl of Moray were appointed leaders of the 300 picked lances and 2000 infantry, who were to advance to Newcastle-on-Tyne and invade Northumberland. When those two divisions separated, the lords took a very affectionate leave of each other, promising that if the English took the field against them, they would not fight till all were united. They then left the forest of Jedworth, one party marching to the right and the other to the left. The barons of Northumberland not finding the squire return, nor hearing anything of the Scots, began to suspect the accident which had happened; they therefore ordered every one to prepare and march at a moment's notice.

We will now follow the expedition under the Earl of Douglas and his companions, for they had more to do than the division that went to Carlisle. As soon as the Earls of Douglas, Moray, and March were separated from the main body, they determined to cross the Tyne, and enter the bishopric of Durham, and after they had despoiled and burned that country as far as the city of Durham, to return by Newcastle, and quarter themselves there in spite of the English. This they executed, and riding at a good pace through byroads, without attacking town, castle, or house, arrived on the lands of the Lord Percy, and crossed the Tyne without any opposition at the place they had fixed on, three leagues above Newcastle, near to Brancepeth, where they entered the rich country of Durham, and instantly began their war by burning towns, and slaying the inhabitants. Neither the Earl of Northumberland, nor the barons and knights of the country, had heard anything of the invasion; but when intelligence came to Durham and Newcastle that the Scots were abroad, which was now visible enough, from the smoke that was everywhere seen, the earl sent his two sons, Sir Henry and Sir Ralph Percy, to Newcastle, while he himself remained at Alnwick and issued his orders.

In the mean time the Scots continued burning and destroying all before them. At the gates of Durham they skirmished, but made no long stay, setting out on their return as they had planned at the beginning of the expedition, and carrying away all the booty they could. Between Durham and Newcastle, which is about twelve English miles, the country is very rich,

and there was not a town in all this district, unless well inclosed, that was not burnt.

All the knights and squires of the country collected at Newcastle; thither came the Seneschal of York, Sir Ralph Langley, Sir Matthew Redman, Sir Robert Ogle, Sir John Felton, Sir William Walsingham, and so many others, that the town could not lodge them all. These three Scottish lords, having completed the object of their first expedition in Durham, lay three days before Newcastle, where there was an almost continual skirmish. The sons of the Earl of Northumberland, from their great courage, were always first at the barriers. The Earl of Douglas had a long conflict with Sir Henry Percy, and in it, by gallantry of arms, won his pennon, to the great vexation of Sir Henry and the other English. The earl, as he bore away his prize, said, "I will carry this token of your prowess with me to Scotland, and place it on the tower of my castle at Dalkeith, that it may be seen from far." "By God," replied Sir Henry, "you shall not even bear it out of Northumberland; be assured you shall never have this pennon to brag of." "You must come this night and seek it, then," answered Earl Douglas; "I will fix your pennon before my tent, and shall see if you will venture to take it away." As it was now late, the skirmish ended, and each party retired to their quarters. They had plenty of everything, particularly fresh meat. The Scots kept up a very strict watch, concluding from the words of Sir Henry Percy that their quarters would be beaten up in the nighttime; however, they were disappointed, for Sir Henry was advised to defer his attack. On the morrow the Scots dislodged from Newcastle, and taking the road to their own country came to a town and castle called Ponclau, of which Sir Raymond de Laval was lord: here they halted about four o'clock in the morning, and made preparations for an assault, which was carried on with such courage that the place was easily won, and Sir Raymond made prisoner. They then marched away for Otterbourne, which is eight English leagues from Newcastle, and there encamped. This day they made no attack, but very early on the morrow the trumpet sounded, when all advanced towards the castle, which was tolerably strong, and situated among marshes. After a long and unsuccessful attack, they were forced to retire, and the chiefs held a council how they should act. The greater part were for decamping on the morrow, joining their countrymen in the neighborhood of Carlisle. This, however, the

Earl of Douglas overruled by saying, "In despite of Sir Henry Percy, who, the day before yesterday, declared he would take from me his pennon, I will not depart hence for two or three days. We will renew our attack on the castle, for it is to be taken, and we shall see if he will come for his pennon." Every one agreed to what Earl Douglas said. They made huts of trees and branches, and fortified themselves as well as they could, placing their baggage and servants at the entrance of the marsh, on the road to Newcastle, and driving the cattle into the marsh lands.

I will now return to Sir Henry and Sir Ralph Percy, who were both greatly mortified that this Earl of Douglas should have conquered their pennon, and who felt the disgrace the more because Sir Henry had not kept his word. The English imagined the army under the Earl of Douglas to be only the van of the Scots, and that the main body was behind, for which reason those knights who had the most experience in arms strongly opposed the proposal of Sir Henry Percy to pursue them. They said, "Many losses happen in war; if the Earl of Douglas has won your pennon he has bought it dear enough, and another time you will gain from him as much, if not more. The whole power of Scotland have taken the field. We are not strong enough to offer them battle; perhaps this skirmish may have been only a trick to draw us out of the town. It is much better to lose a pennon than 200 or 300 knights and squires, and leave our country in a defenseless state." This speech checked the eagerness of the two Percys, when other news was brought them by some knights and squires, who had followed and observed the Scots, their number and disposition. "Sir Henry and Ralph Percy," they said, "we are come to tell you that we have followed the Scottish army, and observed all the country where they now are. They halted first at Pontland, and took Sir Raymond de Laval in his castle. Thence they went to Otterbourne, and took up their quarters for the night. We are ignorant of what they did on the morrow; but they seemed to have taken measures for a long stay. We know for certain that the army does not consist of more than 3000 men, including all sorts." Sir Henry Percy, on hearing this, was greatly rejoiced, and cried out, "To horse, to horse! For by the faith I owe to my God, and to my lord and father, I will seek to recover my pennon, and beat up the Scots' quarters this night." Such knights and squires in Newcastle as learnt this,

and were willing to be of the party, made themselves ready. The Bishop of Durham was daily expected at that town, for he had heard that the Scots lay before it, and that the sons of the Earl of Northumberland were preparing to offer them battle. The bishop had collected a number of men, and was hastening to their assistance ; but Sir Henry Percy would not wait, for he had with him 600 spears of knights and squires, and upwards of 8000 infantry, which he said would be more than enough to fight the Scots, who were but 300 lances and 2000 others. When all were assembled, they left Newcastle after dinner, and took the field in good array, following the road the Scots had taken towards Otterbourne, which was only eight short leagues distant.

The Scots were supping, and some indeed asleep, when the English arrived, and mistook, at the entrance, the huts of the servants for those of their masters ; they forced their way into the camp, which was tolerably strong, shouting out, "Percy, Percy!" In such cases, you may suppose, an alarm is soon given, and it was fortunate for the Scots the English had made the first attack upon the servants' quarters, which checked them some little. The Scots, expecting the English, had prepared accordingly ; for, while the lords were arming themselves, they ordered a body of the infantry to join their servants and keep up the skirmish. As their men were armed, they formed themselves under the pennons of the three principal barons, who each had his particular appointment.

In the mean time the night advanced ; but it was sufficiently light for them to see what they were doing, for the moon shone, and it was the month of August, when the weather is temperate and serene. When the Scots were properly arrayed, they left the camp in silence, but did not march to meet the English. During the preceding day they had well examined the country, and settled their plans beforehand, which, indeed, was the saving of them. The English had soon overpowered the servants ; but as they advanced into the camp they found fresh bodies of men ready to oppose them and to continue the fight. The Scots, in the mean time, marched along the mountain side, and fell on the enemy's flank quite unexpectedly, shouting their war cries. This was a great surprise to the English, who, however, formed themselves in better order and reinforced that part of the army.

The cries of Percy and Douglas resounded on each side.

The battle now raged. Great was the pushing of lances, and at the first onset very many of each party were struck down. The English, being more numerous than their opponents, kept in a compact body and forced the Scots to retire. But the Earl of Douglas, being young and eager to gain renown in arms, ordered his banner to advance, shouting "Douglas, Douglas!" Sir Henry and Sir Ralph Percy, indignant at the affront the Earl of Douglas had put on them by conquering their pennon, and desirous of meeting him, hastened to the place from which the sounds came, calling out, "Percy, Percy!" The two banners met, and many gallant deeds of arms ensued. The English were in superior strength, and fought so lustily that they drove the Scots back. Sir Patrick Hepburne and his son did honor to their knighthood and country under the banner of Douglas, which would have been conquered but for the vigorous defense they made; and this circumstance not only contributed to their personal credit, but the memory of it is continued with honor to their descendants. I learned the particulars of the battle from knights and squires who had been engaged in it on both sides. There were also with the English two valiant knights from the country of Foix, whom I had the good fortune to meet at Orthès, the year after the battle had been fought. On my return from Foix, I met likewise, at Avignon, a knight and two squires of Scotland, of the party of Douglas. They knew me again, from the recollections I brought to their minds of their own country; for in my youth I, the author of this history, traveled through Scotland, and was full fifteen days resident with William, Earl of Douglas, father of Earl James, of whom we are now speaking, at his castle of Dalkeith, five miles from Edinburgh. At that time Earl James was very young, though a promising youth; he had also a sister named Blanche. I had, therefore, my information from both parties, and they agree that it was the hardest and most obstinate battle that was ever fought. This I readily believe, for the English and Scots are excellent men at arms, and never spare each other when they meet in battle, nor is there any check to their courage as long as their weapons last. When they have well beaten each other, and one party is victorious, they are so proud of the conquest, that they ransom their prisoners instantly, and act in such a courteous manner to those who have been taken, that on their departure they return them thanks. However, when engaged in war, there is no child's

play between them, nor do they shrink from combat; and in the further details of this battle you will see as excellent deeds as were ever performed. The knights and squires of either party were most anxious to continue the combat with vigor, as long as their spears might be capable of holding. Cowardice was unknown among them, and the most splendid courage everywhere exhibited by the gallant youths of England and Scotland; they were so densely intermixed that the archers' bows were useless, and they fought hand to hand, without either battalion giving way. The Scots behaved most valiantly, for the English were three to one. I do not mean to say that the English did not acquit themselves well; for they would sooner be slain or made prisoners in battle than reproached with flight.

As I before mentioned, the two banners of Douglas and Percy met, and the men at arms under each exerted themselves by every means to gain the victory; but the English, at the attack, were so much the stronger that the Scots were driven back. The Earl of Douglas, seeing his men repulsed, seized a battle-ax with both his hands; and, in order to rally his forces, dashed into the midst of his enemies, and gave such blows to all around him that no one could withstand them, but all made way for him on every side. Thus he advanced like another Hector, thinking to conquer the field by his own prowess, until he was met by three spears that were pointed at him. One struck him on the shoulder, another on the stomach, near the belly, and the third entered his thigh. As he could not disengage himself from these spears, he was borne to the ground, still fighting desperately. From that moment, he never rose again. Some of his knights and squires had followed him, but not all; for, though the moon shone, it was rather dark. The three English lances knew they had struck down some person of considerable rank, but never supposed it was Earl Douglas; for, had they known it, they would have redoubled their courage, and the fortune of the day would have been determined to their side. The Scots also were ignorant of their loss until the battle was over; and it was fortunate for them, for otherwise they would certainly from despair have been discomfited. As soon as the earl fell his head was cleaved with a battle-ax, a spear thrust through his thigh, and the main body of the English marched over him without once supposing him to be their principal enemy. In another part of the field the Earl of March and

Dunbar fought valiantly, and the English gave full employment to the Scots, who had followed the Earl of Douglas, and had engaged with the two Percys. The Earl of Moray behaved so gallantly in pursuing the English, that they knew not how to resist him. Of all the battles, great or small, that have been described in this history, this of which I am now speaking was the best fought and the most severe: for there was not a man, knight, or squire who did not acquit himself gallantly hand to hand with the enemy. The sons of the Earl of Northumberland, Sir Henry and Sir Ralph Percy, who were the leaders of the expedition, behaved themselves like good knights. An accident befell Sir Ralph Percy, almost similar to that which happened to the Earl of Douglas; having advanced too far, he was surrounded by the enemy and severely wounded, and being out of breath surrendered himself to a Scottish knight, called Sir John Maxwell, who was of the household of the Earl of Moray. As soon as he was made prisoner the knight asked him who he was. Sir Ralph was so weakened by loss of blood that he had scarcely time to avow himself to be Sir Ralph Percy. "Well," replied the knight, "Sir Ralph, rescued or not, you are my prisoner: my name is Maxwell." "I agree," said Sir Ralph; "but pay me some attention, for I am so desperately wounded that my drawers and greaves are full of blood." Upon this, the Scottish knight took care of him, and suddenly hearing the cry of Moray hard by, and perceiving the earl's banner advancing, Sir John addressed himself to him, and said, "My lord, I present you with Sir Ralph Percy as a prisoner; but let him be well attended to, for he is very badly wounded." The earl was much pleased, and said, "Maxwell, thou hast well earned thy spurs this day." He then ordered his men to take care of Sir Ralph, and bind up his wounds. The battle still continued to rage, and no one, at that moment, could say which side would be the conquerors. There were many captures and rescues which never came to my knowledge. The young Earl of Douglas had performed wonders during the day. When he was struck down there was a great crowd round him, and he was unable to raise himself, for the blow on his head was mortal. His men had followed him as closely as they were able, and there came to him his cousins, Sir James Lindsay, Sir John and Sir Walter Sinclair, with other knights and squires. They found by his side a gallant knight who had constantly attended him, who was his chaplain, but who at this time had exchanged

his profession for that of a valiant man at arms. The whole night he had followed the earl, with his battle-ax in hand, and by his exertion had more than once repulsed the English. His name was Sir William of North Berwick. To say the truth, he was well formed in all his limbs to shine in battle, and in this combat was himself severely wounded. When these knights came to the Earl of Douglas they found him in a melancholy state, as well as one of his knights, Sir Robert Hart, who had fought by his side the whole of the night, and now lay beside him covered with fifteen wounds from lances and other weapons. Sir John Sinclair asked the earl, "Cousin, how fares it with you?" "But so so," he replied; "thanks to God, there are but few of my ancestors who have died in chambers or in their beds. I bid you, therefore, revenge my death, for I have but little hope of living, as my heart becomes every minute more faint. Do you, Walter and Sir John, raise up my banner, for it is on the ground, owing to the death of Sir David Campbell, that valiant squire, who bore it, and who this day refused knighthood from my hands, though he was equal to the most eminent knight for courage and loyalty. Also, continue to shout 'Douglas!' but do not tell friend or foe whether I am in your company or not; for should the enemy know the truth they will greatly rejoice." The two Sinclairs and Sir James Lindsay obeyed his orders.

The banner was raised, and "Douglas!" shouted. Those men who had remained behind, hearing the shout of Douglas so often repeated, ascended a small eminence, and pushed their lances with such courage that the English were repulsed and many killed. The Scots, by thus valiantly driving the enemy beyond the spot where Earl Douglas lay dead, for he had expired on giving his last orders, arrived at his banner, which was borne by Sir John Sinclair. Numbers were continually increasing, from the repeated shouts of Douglas, and the greater part of the Scottish knights and squires were now there. Among them were the Earls of Moray and March, with their banners and men. When all the Scots were thus collected, they renewed the battle with greater vigor than before. To say the truth, the English had harder work than the Scots, for they had come by a forced march that evening from Newcastle-on-Tyne, which was eight English leagues distant, to meet the Scots; by which means the greater part were exceedingly fatigued before the combat began. The Scots, on the contrary,

had rested themselves, which was of the greatest advantage, as was apparent from the event of the battle. In this last attack they so completely repulsed the English, that the latter could never rally again, and the former drove them beyond where the Earl of Douglas lay on the ground.

During the attack, Sir Henry Percy had the misfortune to fall into the hands of the Lord Montgomery. They had fought hand to hand with much valor, and without hindrance from any one; for there was neither knight nor squire of either party who did not find there his equal to fight with, and all were fully engaged. The battle was severely fought on both sides; but such is the fickleness of fortune, that though the English were a more numerous body, and at the first onset had repulsed the Scots, they, in the end, lost the field, and very many knights were made prisoners. Just as the defeat took place, and while the combat was continued in different parts, an English squire, whose name was Thomas Felton, and who was attached to the household of Lord Percy, was surrounded by a body of Scots. He was a handsome man, and, as he showed, valiant in arms. That and the preceding night he had been employed in collecting the best arms, and would neither surrender nor deign to fly. It was told me that he had made a vow to that purpose, and had declared at some feast in Northumberland, that at the very first meeting of the Scots and English he would acquit himself so loyally that, for having stood his ground, he should be renowned as the best combatant of both parties. I also heard, for I believe I never saw him, that his body and limbs were of strength befitting a valiant combatant; and that he performed such deeds, when engaged with the banner of the Earl of Moray, as astonished the Scots: however, he was slain while thus bravely fighting. Through admiration of his great courage they would willingly have made him a prisoner, and several knights proposed it to him; but in vain, for he thought he should be assisted by his friends. Thus died Thomas Felton, much lamented by his own party. When he fell he was engaged with a cousin of the King of Scotland, called Simon Glendinning.

According to what I heard, the battle was very bloody from its commencement to the defeat; but when the Scots saw the English were discomfited and surrendering on all sides, they behaved courteously to them. The pursuit lasted a long time, and was extended to five English miles. Had the Scots been

in sufficient numbers, none of the English would have escaped death or captivity ; and if Sir Archibald Douglas, the Earl of Fife, the Earl of Sutherland, with the division that had marched for Carlisle, had been there, they would have taken the Bishop of Durham and the town of Newcastle, as I shall explain to you.

The same evening that Sir Henry and Sir Ralph Percy had left Newcastle, the Bishop of Durham, with the remainder of the forces of that district, had arrived there and supped. While seated at table, he considered that he should not act very honorably if he remained in the town while his countrymen had taken the field. In consequence he rose up, ordered his horses to be saddled, and his trumpet to sound for his men to prepare : they amounted in all to 7000 ; that is, 2000 on horseback and 5000 on foot. Although it was now night, they took the road towards Otterbourne, and they had not advanced a league from Newcastle when intelligence was brought that the English were engaged with the Scots. On this the bishop halted his men, and several more joined them, out of breath from the combat. On being asked how the affair went on, they replied, "Badly and unfortunately. We are defeated, and the Scots are close at our heels." The second intelligence being worse than the first, gave alarm to several, who broke from their ranks ; and when, shortly after, crowds came to them flying, they were panic-struck, and so frightened with the bad news that the Bishop of Durham could not keep 500 of his men together. Now, supposing a large body had come upon them, and followed them to the town, would not much mischief have ensued? Those acquainted with arms imagine the alarm would have been so great that the Scots would have forced their way into the place with them.

When the bishop saw his own men thus join the runaways in their flight, he demanded of Sir William de Lussy, Sir Thomas Clifford, and other knights of his company, what they were now to do? These knights either could not or would not advise him ; so at length the bishop said, "Gentlemen, everything considered, there is no honor in foolhardiness, nor is it requisite that to one misfortune we should add another. Our men are defeated, and we cannot remedy it. We must, therefore, return this night to Newcastle, and to-morrow we will march and find our enemies." Upon this, they all marched back to Newcastle.

I must say something of Sir Matthew Redman, who had

mounted his horse to escape from the battle, as he alone could not recover the day. On his departure, he was noticed by Sir James Lindsay, a valiant Scottish knight, who, with his battle-ax hung at his neck and his spear in hand, through courage and the hope of gain, mounted his horse to pursue him. When so close that he might have struck him with his lance, he cried out, "Sir knight, turn about, it is disgraceful thus to fly; I am James Lindsay, and if you do not turn, I will drive my spear into your back." Sir Matthew made no reply, but spurred his horse harder than before. In this state did the chase last for three miles, when Sir Matthew's horse stumbling under him, he leaped off, drew his sword, and put himself in a posture of defense. The Scottish knight made a thrust at his breast with his lance; but Sir Matthew escaped the blow by writhing his body, the point of the lance was buried in the ground, and Sir Matthew cut it in two with his sword. Sir James upon this dismounted, grasped his battle-ax, which was slung across his shoulder, and handled it after the Scottish manner, with one hand, most dexterously, attacking the knight with renewed courage. They fought for a long time, one with his battle-ax and the other with his sword, for there was no one to prevent them. At last, however, Sir James laid about him such heavy blows that Sir Matthew was quite out of breath, and, desiring to surrender, said, "Lindsay, I yield myself to you." "Indeed," replied the Scottish knight, "rescued or not?" "I consent," said Sir Matthew. "You will take good care of me?" "That I will," replied Sir James; and, upon this, Sir Matthew put his sword into the scabbard and said, "Now, what do you require, for I am your prisoner by fair conquest?" "What is it you wish me to do?" replied Sir James. "I should like," said Sir Matthew, "to return to Newcastle, and within fifteen days I will come to you in any part of Scotland you shall appoint." "I agree," said Sir James, "on your pledging yourself to be in Edinburgh within three weeks." And when this condition had been sworn to, each sought his horse, which was pasturing hard by, and rode away, — Sir James to join his companions, and Sir Matthew to Newcastle.

Sir James, from the darkness of the night, mistook his road, and fell in with the Bishop of Durham, and about 500 English, whom he mistook for his own friends in pursuit of the enemy. When in the midst of them, those nearest asked who he was, and he replied, "I am Sir James Lindsay;" upon which the

bishop, who was within hearing, pushed forward and said, "Lindsay, you are a prisoner." "And who are you?" said Lindsay. "I am the Bishop of Durham." Sir James then told the bishop that he had just captured Sir Matthew Redman, and ransomed him, and that he had returned to Newcastle under a promise to come to him in three weeks' time. Before day dawned after the battle the field was clear of combatants; the Scots had retired within the camp, and had sent scouts and parties of light horse towards Newcastle, and on the adjacent roads, to observe whether the English were collecting in any large bodies, that they might not be surprised a second time. This was wisely done — for when the Bishop of Durham was returned to Newcastle and had disarmed himself, he was very melancholy at the unfortunate news he had heard that his cousins the sons of the Earl of Northumberland, and all the knights who had followed them, were either taken or slain; he sent for all knights and squires at the time in Newcastle, and requested to know if they would suffer things to remain in their present state, since it was very disgraceful that they should return without ever seeing their enemies. They therefore held a council, and determined to arm themselves by sunrise, march horse and foot after the Scots to Otterbourne, and offer them battle. This resolution was published throughout the town, and the trumpet sounded at the hour appointed; upon which the whole army made themselves ready, and were drawn up before the bridge.

About sunrise they left Newcastle, through the gate leading to Berwick, and followed the road to Otterbourne; including horse and foot, they amounted to 10,000 men. They had not advanced two leagues when it was signified to the Scots that the Bishop of Durham had rallied his troop, and was on his march to give them battle. Sir Matthew, on his return to Newcastle, told the event of the battle, and of his being made prisoner by Sir James Lindsay, and to his surprise he learned from the bishop or some of his people that Sir James had in his turn been taken prisoner by the bishop. As soon, therefore, as the bishop had quitted Newcastle, Sir Matthew went to seek for Sir James, whom he found at his lodgings very sorrowful, and who said on seeing him, "I believe, Sir Matthew, there will be no need of your coming to Edinburgh to obtain your ransom, for as I am now a prisoner, we may finish the matter here, if my master consent to it." To this Redman replied by invit-

ing Sir James to dine with him, at the same time stating that they should soon agree about the ransom.

As soon as the barons and knights of Scotland heard of the Bishop of Durham's approach, they held a council, and resolved to abide the event where they were. Accordingly they made the best arrangements they could, and then ordered their minstrels to play merrily. The bishop and his men on approaching heard the noise, and were much frightened. The concert, after lasting a considerable time, ceased; and after a pause, when the Scots thought the English were within half a league, they recommenced it, continuing it as long as before, when it again ceased. The bishop, however, kept advancing with his men in battle array, until within two bowshots of the enemy, when the Scots began to play louder than before, and for a much longer time, during which the bishop examined with surprise how well the Scots had chosen their encampment; and as it was deemed advisable not to risk an attack, he and his army returned to Newcastle. The Scots, perceiving that the English did not intend to offer them battle, made preparations for their own departure.

I was told that at the battle of Otterbourne, which was fought on the 19th day of August, 1388, there were taken or left dead on the field, on the side of the English, 1040 men of all descriptions; in the pursuit 840, and more than 1000 wounded. Of the Scots there were only about 100 slain, and 200 made prisoners. When everything had been arranged, and the dead bodies of the Earl of Douglas and Sir Simon Glendinning were inclosed within coffins and placed in cars, the Scots began their march, carrying with them Sir Henry Percy and upwards of forty English knights. They took the road to Melrose on the Tweed, and on their departure set fire to the huts. At Melrose, which is an abbey of black monks, situated on the borders of the two kingdoms, they halted, and gave directions to the friars for the burial of the Earl of Douglas, whose obsequies were very reverently performed on the second day after their arrival. His body was placed in a tomb of stone with the banner of Douglas suspended over it. Of the Earl of Douglas, God save his soul, there was no issue, nor do I know who succeeded to the estates; for when I was in Scotland, at his castle of Dalkeith, during the lifetime of Earl William, there were only two children, a boy and a girl. As soon as the Scots had finished the business which brought them to Melrose,

they departed each to his own country, and those who had prisoners carried them with them, or ransomed them before they left Melrose. It was told me, and I believe it, that the Scots gained 200,000 francs by the ransoms ; and that never since the battle of Bannockburn, when the Bruce, Sir William Douglas, Sir Robert de Versy, and Sir Simon Frazer pursued the English for three days, have they had so complete or so gainful a victory. When the news of it was brought to Sir Archibald Douglas, the Earls of Fife and Sutherland, before Carlisle, where they were with the larger division of the army, they were greatly rejoiced, though at the same time vexed that they had not been present. They held a council, and determined to retreat into Scotland, since their companions had already marched thither. We will now leave the English and Scots, and speak of other matters.

We left the King of France on his march to Gueldres ; his army was very numerous, and well appointed, and Duke Juliers and his subjects much dreaded their approach, for they knew they should be first attacked ; the duke, therefore, sent ambassadors to the king, and at last came himself to him, endeavoring to make excuses for his son's conduct. The King of France on his coming received him graciously, and the duke had restored to him the territory of Vierson, for which he paid homage to the king, who quartered his army on a friendly footing in the duchy of Juliers, while the duke went in company with the Archbishop of Cologne to his son, and, by remonstrances and negotiations, concluded a peace with him.

We must now return to the Duke of Lancaster, and speak of his negotiations with the King of Castille and the Duke of Berry respecting the marriage of his daughter. The King of Castille was desirous of having her for his son, as the means of peace with England ; and the Duke of Berry wished her for himself, being very impatient to marry her. The Duke of Lancaster was wise and prudent ; he saw that the most advantageous alliance for himself and his countess was Castille, for by it he should recover the inheritance of that country for his daughter ; if he gave her to the Duke of Berry, and he should die before her, she would be poor in comparison with other ladies, for the duke had children by his first marriage, who would be entitled to all his landed property. The duchess likewise was more inclined to the connection with Castille, and so the marriage was agreed upon. Proper contracts were drawn

up, and sealed with covenants to prevent any danger of breaking off the match ; and the duchess consented, when the whole should be concluded, to conduct her daughter to Castille.

The King of France, being now twenty-one years of age, had taken upon himself the government of his kingdom, and on hearing of the intended marriage he sent to the King of Castille, remonstrating with him not to enter into any alliance which might be prejudicial to him or to his kingdom. The Duke of Berry, having been disappointed of marrying the daughter of the Duke of Lancaster, was told that the Count de Boulogne had a beautiful daughter named Jane, who was not residing with her father and mother, but in the country of Béarn with his good friend and cousin the Count de Foix, at whose castle she had been for the space of nine years, and who had the wardship of all her property. The duke, therefore, sent to the count demanding this lady in marriage ; however, though the count gave a handsome reception to the duke's messengers, he did not at once settle the business, for he was not a person to act hastily, and prudently thought that many questions would arise before the business could be concluded.

About this time the fleet under command of the Earl of Arundel, which had been cruising on the coasts of Normandy, returned to England, and shortly after the Duchess of Lancaster made preparations for her journey into Castille, whither she was to carry her daughter to solemnize her marriage with the son of the king of that country. It was her intention when in Castille to visit the field of the battle of Monteil, where her father, Don Pedro, had lost his life, and make strict inquiries where his body had been buried, which when found was to be taken up, conveyed to the city of Seville, and magnificently interred there, in a manner becoming a king.

The party having set out from Bordeaux, and traversed the kingdom of Navarre, met King John of Castille at Burgos. And when the marriage had been duly solemnized, and all contracts signed, the duchess left her daughter with the king and her young husband, who was then but eight years old, and went to Monteil ; on arriving at which place such search was made that she discovered where her father had been buried, and had his bones taken up, washed and embalmed, and carried in a coffin to Seville. The bones were then reverently buried in the cathedral with very solemn obsequies, which were attended by

King John, his son, the young Prince of Galicia, and the greater part of the prelates and barons of the realm.

The marriage of the daughter of the Duke of Lancaster with the Infant of Castille was no sooner concluded, than the Duke of Berry became more urgent in his negotiations with the Count de Foix, who at length acceded to his proposals, and sent to him his cousin of Boulogne, whom the duke married with the least possible delay. The marriage was very magnificent; the feastings and tournaments lasted for four days, and I, the writer of this book, was a partaker of them all.

After this a truce for three years was negotiated between the French and English and all their allies; and notwithstanding it was objected to on the part of the Scots, in consequence of their recent success against the English at the battle of Otterbourne, it was finally settled, through the means of commissioners of high rank on both sides, who held their conference at a place called Leulinghem, between Boulogne and Calais.

The Battle of Otterbourne.

(From the old ballad.)

When Percy wi' the Douglas met,
I wat he was fu' fain!
They swakked their swords, till sair they swat,
And the blood ran down like rain.

But Percy with his good broadsword,
That could so sharply wound,
Has wounded Douglas on the brow,
Till he fell to the ground.

Then he called on his little foot page,
And said, "Run speedilie,
And fetch my ain dear sister's son,
Sir Hugh Montgomery."

"My nephew good," the Douglas said,
"What recks the death of ane?
Last night I dreamed a dreary dream,
And I ken the day's thy ain.

"My wound is deep, I fain would sleep;
Take thou the vanguard of the three
And hide me by the braken bush,
That grows on yonder lilye lee.

"O bury me by the braken bush,
Beneath the blooming brier;
Let never living mortal ken,
That ere a kindly Scot lies here."

He lifted up that noble lord,
Wi' the saut tear in his ee;
He hid him in the braken bush,
That his merrie men might not see.

The moon was clear, the day drew near,
The spears in flinders flew;
But mony a gallant Englishman
Ere day the Scotsmen slew.

The Gordons good, in English blood
They steeped their hose and shoon;
The Lindsays flew like fire about,
Till all the fray was done.

The Percy and Montgomery met,
That either of other were fain;
They swapped swords, and they twa swat,
And aye the blood ran down between.

"Now, yield thee, yield thee, Percy," he said,
"Or else I vow I'll lay thee low!"
"To whom must I yield," quoth Earl Percy,
"Now that I see it must be so?"

"Thou shalt not yield to lord nor loun,
Nor yet shalt thou yield to me;
But yield thee to the braken bush,
That grows upon yonder lilye lee."

"I will not yield to a braken bush,
Nor yet will I yield to the brier;
But I would yield to Earl Douglas,
Or Sir Hugh the Montgomery, if he were hire."

As soon as he knew it was Montgomery,
He stuck his sword's point in the gronde:
The Montgomery was a courteous knight,
And quickly took him by the honde.

This deed was done at the Otterbourne,
About the breaking of the day;
Earl Douglas was buried at the braken bush,
And the Percy led captive away.

A CHAPTER OF FROISSART.

By AUSTIN DOBSON.

[Henry Austin Dobson: English poet and biographer; born at Plymouth, England, January 18, 1840. He was educated as a civil engineer, but since 1856 has held a position in the Board of Trade, devoting his leisure hours to literary work. He domesticated the old French stanza form in English verse, and has done much to revive an interest in English art and literature of the eighteenth century. "Vignettes in Rhyme," "At the Sign of the Lyre," and "Proverbs in Porcelain" constitute his chief poetical works. In prose he has written biographies of Bewick, Walpole, Hogarth, Steele, and Goldsmith; "Eighteenth-Century Vignettes," etc.]

(Grandpapa Loquitur.)

You don't know Froissart now, young folks.
This age, I think, prefers recitals
Of high-spiced crime, with "slang" for jokes,
And startling titles;

But, in my time, when still some few
Loved "old Montaigne," and praised Pope's "Homer"
(Nay, thought to style him "poet" too,
Were scarce misnomer),

Sir John was less ignored. Indeed,
I can recall how Some One present
(Who spoils her grandson, Frank!) would read,
And find him pleasant;

For, — by this copy, — hangs a Tale.
Long since, in an old house in Surrey,
Where men knew more of "morning ale"
Than "Lindley Murray,"

In a dim-lighted, whip-hung hall,
'Neath Hogarth's "Midnight Conversation"
It stood; and oft 'twixt spring and fall,
With fond elation,

I turned the brown old leaves. For there
All through one hopeful happy summer,
At such a page (I well knew where),
Some secret comer,

Whom can I picture, 'Trix, like you
(Though scarcely such a colt unbroken),
Would sometimes place for private view
A certain token; —

A rose leaf meaning "Garden wall,"
An ivy leaf for "Orchard corner,"
A thorn to say "Don't come at all," —
Unwelcome warner! —

Not that, in truth, our friends gainsaid;
But then Romance required dissembling,
(Ann Radcliffe taught us that!) which bred
Some genuine trembling; —

Though, as a rule, all used to end
In such kind confidential parley
As may to you kind Fortune send,
You long-legged Charlie,

When your time comes. How years slip on!
We had our crosses like our betters;
Fate sometimes looked askance upon
Those floral letters;

And once, for three long days disdained,
The dust upon the folio settled;
For some one, in the right, was pained,
And some one nettled,

That sure was in the wrong, but spake
Of fixed intent and purpose stony
To serve King George, enlist and make
Minced meat of "Boney,"

Who yet survived — ten years at least.
And so, when she I mean came hither,
One day that need for letters ceased,
She brought this with her!

Here is the leaf-stained Chapter: "How
The English King laid Siege to Calais;"
I think Gran. knows it even now,—
Go ask her, Alice.

THE BALLAD OF CHEVY CHACE.

(Modern Form. From Percy's "Reliques.")

God prosper long our noble king,
Our liffes and safetyes all;
A woefull hunting once there did
In Chevy Chace befall.

To drive the deere with hound and horne,
Erle Percy took his way;
The child may rue that is unborne
The hunting of that day.

The stout Erle of Northumberland
A vow to God did make,
His pleasure in the Scottish woods
Three summers days to take;

The cheefest harts in Chevy Chace
To kill and beare away:
These tydings to Erle Douglas came,
In Scotland where he lay.

Who sent Erle Percy present word,
He wold prevent his sport;
The English Erle not fearing that,
Did to the woods resort,

With fifteen hundred bowmen bold,
All chosen men of might,
Who knew full well in time of neede
To ayme their shafts arright.

The gallant greyhounds swiftly ran,
To chase the fallow deere;
On Munday they began to hunt,
Ere daylight did appeare;



BATTLE OF CHEVY CHACE

And long before high noone they had
An hundred fat buckes slaine;
Then having dined, the drovyers went
To rouze the deere againe.

The bowmen mustered on the hills,
Well able to endure;
Theire backsides all, with speciall care,
That day were guarded sure.

The hounds ran swiftly through the woods,
The nimble deere to take,
That with their cryes the hills and dales
An eccho shrill did make.

Lord Percy to the quarry went,
To view the tender deere;
Quoth he, "Erle Douglas promised
This day to meet me heere;

"But if I thought he wold not come,
Noe longer wold I stay."
With that, a brave younge gentleman
Thus to the Erle did say:

"Loe, yonder doth Erle Douglas come,
His men in armor bright;
Full twenty hundred Scottish speres,
All marching in our sight.

"All men of pleasant Tivydale,
Fast by the river Tweede:"
"O cease your sport," Erle Percy said,
"And take your bowes with speede.

"And now with me, my countrymen,
Your courage forth advance;
For never was there champion yett
In Scotland or in France,

"That ever did on horsebacke come,
But, if my hap it were,
I durst encounter man for man,
With him to breake a spere."

Erle Douglas on his milke-white steede,
Most like a baron bold,
Rode formost of his company,
Whose armor shone like gold.

"Show me," sayd hee, "whose men you bee,
That hunt soe boldly heere,
That, without my consent, doe chase
And kill my fallow deere."

The man that first did answer make
Was noble Percy hee;
Who sayd, "Wee list not to declare,
Nor shew whose men wee bee.

"Yet will wee spend our deerest blood,
Thy cheefest harts to slay;"
Then Douglas swore a solempne oathe,
And thus in rage did say:

"Ere thus I will out-braved bee,
One of us two shall dye:
I know thee well, an erle thou art,
Lord Percy, soe am I.

"But trust me, Percy, pittye it were,
And great offense, to kill
Any of these our guiltlesse men,
For they have done no ill.

"Let thou and I the battell trye,
And set our men aside."
"Accurst bee he," Erle Percy sayd,
"By whome this is denyed."

Then stept a gallant squier forth,
Witherington was his name,
Who said, "I wold not have it told
To Henry our king for shame,

"That ere my captaine fought on foote,
And I stood looking on:
You bee two erles," sayd Witherington,
"And I a squier alone.

"Ile doe the best that doe I may,
While I have power to stand;
While I have power to weeld my sword,
Ile fight with hart and hand."

Our English archers bent their bowes,
Their harts were good and trew;
Att the first flight of arrowes sent,
Full fourscore Scots they slew.

[Yet bides Earl Douglas on the bent,
As Chieftain stout and good,
As valiant Captain, all unmoved
The shock he firmly stood.

His host he parted had in three,
As Leader ware and tryed,
And soon his spearmen on their foes
Bare down on every side.

Throughout the English archery
They dealt full many a wound;
But still our valiant Englishmen
All firmly kept their ground.

And throwing strait their bows away,
They grasped their swords so bright;
And now sharp blows, a heavy shower,
On shields and helmets light.]

They closed full fast on everye side,
Noe slacknes there was found;
And many a gallant gentleman
Lay gasping on the ground.

O Christ! it was a griefe to see,
And likewise for to heare,
The cries of men lying in their gore,
And scattered here and there.

At last these two stout erles did meet,
Like captaines of great might;
Like lyons wood they layd on lode,
And made a cruell fight.

They fought, untill they both did sweat,
With swords of tempered steele;
Until the blood, like drops of rain,
They trickling downe did feele.

"Yeeld thee, Lord Percy," Douglas sayd;
"In faith I will thee bringe,
Where thou shalt high advancèd bee
By James our Scottish king.

"Thy ransome I will freely give,
And thus report of thee,
Thou art the most couragious knight
That ever I did see."

"Noe, Douglas," quoth Erle Percy then,
"Thy proffer I doe scorne;
I will not yeelde to any Scott,
That ever yett was borne."

With that, there came an arrow keene
Out of an English bow,
Which strucke Erle Douglas to the heart,
A deepe and deadlye blow:

Who never spake more words than these,
"Fight on, my merry men all;
For why, my life is at an end:
Lord Percy sees my fall."

Then leaving liffe, Erle Percy tooke
The dead man by the hand;
And said, "Erle Douglas, for thy life
Wold I had lost my land!

"O Christ! my verry hart doth bleed
With sorrow for thy sake;
For sure, a more renownèd knight
Mischance cold never take."

A knight amongst the Scotts there was,
Which saw Erle Douglas dye,
Who streight in wrath did vow revenge
Upon the Lord Percye;

Sir Hugh Mountgomerye was he calléd,
 Who, with a speare most bright,
Well mounted on a gallant steed,
 Ran fiercely through the fight;

And past the English archers all,
 Without all dread or feare,
And through Erle Percyes body then
 He thrust his hatefull spere

With such a vehement force and might
 He did his body gore,
The speare ran through the other side
 A large cloth yard, and more.

So thus did both these nobles dye,
 Whose courage none could staine;
An English archer then perceived
 The noble erle was slaine.

He had a bow bent in his hand,
 Made of a trusty tree;
An arrow of a cloth yard long
 Up to the head drew hee.

Against Sir Hugh Mountgomerye,
 So right the shaft he sett,
The grey goose wing that was thereon
 In his harts bloode was wett.

This fight did last from breake of day
 Till setting of the sun;
For when they rung the evening bell,
 The battel scarce was done.

With stout Erle Percy, there was slaine,
 Sir John of Egerton,
Sir Robert Ratcliff, and Sir John,
 Sir James, that bold Barón.

And with Sir George and stout Sir James,
 Both knights of good account,
Good Sir Ralph Rabby there was slaine,
 Whose prowesse did surmount.

For Witherington needs must I wayle,
As one in doleful dumpes;
For when his legs were smitten off,
He fought upon his stumpes.

And with Erle Douglas, there was slaine
Sir Hugh Mountgomerye,
Sir Charles Murray, that from the feeld
One foote wold never flee.

Sir Charles Murray of Ratcliff, too,
His sisters sonne was hee;
Sir David Lamb, so well esteemed,
Yet savèd cold not bee.

And the Lord Maxwell in like case
Did with Erle Douglas dye;
Of twenty hundred Scottish speares,
Scarce fifty-five did flye.

Of fifteen hundred Englishmen,
Went home but fifty-three;
The rest were slaine in Chevy Chace,
Under the greene wood tree.

Next day did many widowes come,
Their husbands to bewayle;
They washt their wounds in brinish teares,
But all wold not prevayle.

Theyr bodyes, bathed in purple blood,
They bore with them away:
They kist them dead a thousand times,
Ere they were cladd in clay.

This newes was brought to Eddenborrow,
Where Scotlands king did raigne,
That brave Erle Douglas suddenlye
Was with an arrow slaine.

"O heavy newes," King James did say;
"Scottland can witnesse bee,
I have not any captaine more
Of such account as hee."

Like tydings to King Henry came,
Within as short a space,
That Percy of Northumberland
Was slaine in Chevy Chace.

"Now God be with him," said our king,
"Sith it will noe better bee;
I trust I have, within my realme,
Five hundred as good as hee.

"Yett shall not Scotts nor Scotland say,
But I will vengeance take,
I'll be revengèd on them all,
For brave Erle Percyes sake."

This vow full well the king performed
After, at Humbledowne;
In one day, fifty knights were slaine,
With lordes of great renowne.

And of the rest, of small account,
Did many thousands dye;
Thus endeth the hunting in Chevy Chace,
Made by the Erle Percy.

God save our king, and bless this land
In plentye, joy, and peace;
And grant henceforth, that foule debate
'Twixt noblemen may cease!

PILPAY'S FABLES.

[PILPAY: The reputed author of a widely circulated collection of fables, known as the "Fables of Pilpay," which originated from an old Indian collection in Sanskrit, entitled "Panchatantra." It was first translated into Pahlavi about 550 A.D., and subsequently through the Arabic was transmitted to all the peoples of Europe. Versions are found even in the Malay, Mongol, and Afghan languages.]

HOW WE OUGHT TO MAKE CHOICE OF FRIENDS, AND WHAT ADVANTAGE MAY BE REAPED FROM THEIR CONVERSATION.

"YOU have now told me," said the King, "to my infinite satisfaction, the story of a knave who, under the false appearances

of friendship, occasioned the death of an innocent person. I desire you next to inform me, what benefit may be made of honest men and real friends in civil life."

"Your Majesty," answered the Brahmin, "is to know that honest men esteem and value nothing so much in this world as a real friend. Such a one is as it were another self, to whom we impart our most secret thoughts, who partakes of our joy, and comforts us in our affliction: add to this, that his company is an everlasting pleasure to us. But nothing can, perhaps, give your Majesty a clearer or nobler idea of the pleasures of a reciprocal friendship than the following Fable."

Fable I.

THE RAVEN, THE RAT, AND THE PIGEONS.

Near adjoining to Odorna there was once a most delightful place, which was extremely full of wildfowl, and was therefore much frequented by the sportsmen and fowlers. A Raven one day accidentally espied in this place, at the foot of a tree, on the top of which she had built her nest, a certain Fowler with a net in his hand. The poor Raven was afraid at first, imagining it was herself that the Fowler aimed at; but her fears ceased when she observed the motions of the person, who, after he had spread his net upon the ground, and scattered some corn about it to allure the birds, went and hid himself behind a hedge, where he was no sooner lain down, but a flock of Pigeons threw themselves upon the corn, without hearkening to their chieftain, who would fain have hindered them, telling them that they were not so rashly to abandon themselves to their passions. This prudent leader, who was an old Pigeon called Montivaga, perceiving them so obstinate, had many times a desire to separate himself from them; but fate, that imperiously controls all living creatures, constrained him to follow the fortune of the rest, so that he alighted upon the ground with his companions. It was not long after this before they all saw themselves under the net, and just ready to fall into the Fowler's hands.

"Well," said Montivaga on this, mournfully to them, "what think you now; will you believe me another time, if it be possible that you may get away from this destruction? I see," continued he, perceiving how they fluttered to get loose, "that

every one of you minds his own safety only, never regarding what becomes of his companions; and, let me tell you, that this is not only an ungrateful but a foolish way of acting; we ought to make it our business to help one another, and it may be so charitable an action may save us all: let us all together strive to break the net." On this they all obeyed Montivaga, and so well bestirred themselves, that they tore the net up from the ground, and carried it up with them into the air. The Fowler, on this, vexed to lose so fair a prey, followed the Pigeons, in hopes that the weight of the net would tire them.

In the mean time the Raven, observing all this, said to herself, "This is a very pleasant adventure, I am resolved to see the issue of it;" and accordingly she took wing and followed them. Montivaga observing that the Fowler was resolved to pursue them, "This man," said he to his companions, "will never give over pursuing us till he has lost sight of us; therefore, to prevent our destruction, let us bend our flight to some thick wood or some ruined castle, to the end that, when we are protected by some forest or thick wall, despair may force him to retire." This expedient had the desired success; for, having secured themselves among the boughs of a thick forest, where the Fowler lost sight of them, he returned home, full sorely afflicted for the loss of his game and his net to boot.

As for the Raven, she followed them still, out of curiosity to know how they got out of the net, that she might make use of the same secret upon the like occasion.

The Pigeons, thus quit of the Fowler, were overjoyed: however, they were still troubled with the entanglements of the net, which they could not get rid of: but Montivaga, who was fertile in inventions, soon found a way for that.

"We must address ourselves," said he, "to some intimate friend, who, setting aside all treacherous and by-ends, will go faithfully to work for our deliverance. I know a Rat," continued he, "that lives not far from hence, a faithful friend of mine, whose name is Zirac; he, I know, will gnaw the net, and set us at liberty." The Pigeons, who desired nothing more, all entreated to fly to this friend; and soon after they arrived at the Rat's hole, who came forth upon the fluttering of their wings; and, astonished and surprised to see Montivaga so entangled in the net, "O! my dear friend," said he, "how came you in this condition?"

To whom Montivaga replied, "I desire you, my most faith-

ful friend, first of all to disengage my companions." But Zirac, more troubled to see his friend bound than for all the rest, would needs pay his respects to him first; but Montivaga cried out, "I conjure you once more, by our sacred friendship, to set my companions at liberty before me; for that besides being their chieftain I ought to take care for them in the first place, I am afraid the pains thou wilt take to unbind me will slacken thy good offices to the rest; whereas the friendship thou hast for me will excite thee to hasten their deliverance, that thou mayest be sooner in a condition to give me my freedom." The Rat, admiring the solidity of these arguments, applauded Montivaga's generosity, and fell to unloosening the strangers; which was soon done, and then he performed the same kind office for his friend.

Montivaga, thus at liberty, together with his companions, took his leave of Zirac, returning him a thousand thanks for his kindness. And when they were gone, the Rat returned to his hole.

The Raven, having observed all this, had a great desire to be acquainted with Zirac. To which end he went to his hole, and called him by his name. Zirac, frighted to hear a strange voice, asked who he was. To which the Raven answered, "It is a Raven who has some business of importance to impart to thee."

"What business," replied the Rat, "can you and I have together? We are enemies." Then the Raven told him, he desired to list himself in the number of a Rat's acquaintance whom he knew to be so sincere a friend.

"I beseech you," answered Zirac, "find out some other creature, whose friendship agrees better with your disposition. You lose your time in endeavoring to persuade me to such an incompatible reconciliation."

"Never stand upon incompatibilities," said the Raven, "but do a generous action, by affording an innocent person your friendship and acquaintance, when he desires it at your hands."

"You may talk to me of generosity till your lungs ache," replied Zirac, "I know your tricks too well: in a word, we are creatures of so different species that we can never be either friends or acquaintance. The example which I remember of the Partridge, that overhastily granted her friendship to a Falcon, is a sufficient warning to make me wiser."

Fable II.

THE PARTRIDGE AND THE FALCON.

"A Partridge," said Zirac, keeping close in his hole, but very obligingly pursuing his discourse, "was promenading at the foot of a hill, and tuning her throat, in her coarse way, so delightfully, that a Falcon flying that way, and hearing her voice, came towards her, and very civilly was going to ask her acquaintance. 'Nobody,' said he to himself, 'can live without a friend; and it is the saying of the wise that they who want friends labor under perpetual sickness.' With these thoughts he would fain have accosted the Partridge; but she, perceiving him, escaped into a hole, all over in a cold sweat for fear.

"The Falcon followed her, and presenting himself at the entrance of the hole, 'My dear Partridge,' said he, 'I own that I never had hitherto any great kindness for you, because I did not know your merit; but since my good fortune now has made me acquainted with your merry note, be pleased to give me leave to speak with you, that I may offer you my friendship, and that I may beg of you to grant me yours.'

" 'Tyrant,' answered the Partridge, 'let me alone, and labor not in vain to reconcile fire and water.'

" 'Most amiable Partridge,' replied the Falcon, 'banish these idle fears, and be convinced that I love you, and desire that we may enter into a familiarity together: had I any other design, I would not trouble myself to court you with such soft language out of your hole. Believe me, I have such good pounces, that I would have seized a dozen other Partridges in the time that I have been courting your affection. I am sure you will have reasons enough to be glad of my friendship; first, because no other Falcon shall do you any harm while you are under my protection; secondly, because that being in my nest, you will be honored by the world; and, lastly, I will procure you a male to keep you company, and give you all the delights of love and a young progeny.'

"It is impossible for me to think that you can have so much kindness for me,' replied the Partridge: 'but, indeed, should this be true, I ought not to accept your proposal; for you being the prince of birds, and of the greatest strength, and I a poor weak Partridge, whenever I shall do anything that displeases you, you will not fail to tear me to pieces.'

"'No, no,' said the Falcon, 'set your heart at rest for that; the faults that friends commit are easily pardoned.' Much other discourse of this kind passed between them, and many doubts were started and answered satisfactorily, so that at length the Falcon testified such an extraordinary friendship for the Partridge, that she could no longer refuse to come out of her hole. And no sooner was she come forth, than the Falcon tenderly embraced her, and carried her to his nest, where for two or three days he made it his whole business to divert her. The Partridge, overjoyed to see herself so caressed, gave her tongue more liberty than she had done before, and talked much of the cruelty and savage temper of the birds of prey. This began to offend the Falcon; though for the present he dissembled it. One day, however, he unfortunately fell ill, which hindered him from going abroad in search of prey, so that he grew hungry; and wanting victuals, he soon became melancholy, morose, and churlish. His being out of humor quickly alarmed the Partridge, who kept herself, very prudently, close in a corner, with a very modest countenance. But the Falcon, soon after, no longer able to endure the importunities of his stomach, resolved to pick a quarrel with the poor Partridge. To which purpose, 'It is not proper,' said he, 'that you should lie lurking there in the shade, while all the world is exposed to the heat of the sun.'

"The Partridge, trembling every joint of her, replied, 'King of birds, it is now night, and all the world is in the shade as well as I, nor do I know what sun you mean.' 'Insolent baggage,' replied the Falcon, 'then you will make me either a liar or mad:' and so saying, he fell upon her, and tore her to pieces.

"Do not believe," pursued the Rat, "that upon the faith of your promises, I will lay myself at your mercy."

"Recollect yourself," answered the Raven, "and consider that it is not worth my while to fool my stomach with such a diminutive body as thine; it is therefore with no such intent I am talking with thee, but I know thy friendship may be beneficial to me; scruple not, therefore, to grant me this favor."

"The sages of old," replied the Rat, "admonish us to take care of being deluded by the fair words of our enemies, as was a certain unfortunate Man, whose story, if you please, I will relate to you."

Fable III.

THE MAN AND THE ADDER.

A Man mounted upon a Camel once rode into a thicket, and went to rest himself in that part of it from whence a caravan was just departed, and where the people having left a fire, some sparks of it, being driven by the wind, had set a bush, wherein lay an Adder, all in a flame. The fire environed the Adder in such a manner that he knew not how to escape, and was just giving himself over to destruction, when he perceived the Man already mentioned, and with a thousand mournful conjurations begged of him to save his life. The Man, on this, being naturally compassionate, said to himself, "It is true these creatures are enemies to mankind; however, good actions are of great value, even of the very greatest when done to our enemies; and whoever sows the seed of good works, shall reap the fruit of blessings." After he had made this reflection, he took a sack, and tying it to the end of his lance, reached it over the flame to the Adder, who flung himself into it; and when he was safe in, the traveler pulled back the bag, and gave the Adder leave to come forth, telling him he might go about his business; but hoped he would have the gratitude to make him a promise, never to do any more harm to men, since a man had done him so great a piece of service.

To this the ungrateful creature answered, "You much mistake both yourself and me: think not that I intend to be gone so calmly; no, my design is first to leave thee a parting blessing, and throw my venom upon thee and thy Camel."

"Monster of ingratitude!" replied the Traveler, "desist a moment at least, and tell me whether it be lawful to recompense good with evil."

"No," replied the Adder, "it certainly is not; but in acting in that manner I shall do no more than what yourselves do every day; that is to say, retaliate good deeds with wicked actions, and requite benefits with ingratitude."

"You cannot prove this slanderous and wicked aspersion," replied the Traveler: "nay, I will venture to say that if you can show me any one other creature in the world that is of your opinion, I will consent to whatever punishment you think fit to inflict on me for the faults of my fellow-creatures."

"I agree to this willingly," answered the Adder; and at

the same time spying a Cow, "Let us propound our question," said he, "to this creature before us, and we shall see what answer she will make." The Man consented; and so both of them accosting the Cow, the Adder put the question to her, how a good turn was to be requited. "By its contrary," replied the Cow, "if you mean according to the custom of men; and this I know by sad experience. I belong," said she, "to a man, to whom I have long been several ways extremely beneficial: I have been used to bring him a calf every year, and to supply his house with milk, butter, and cheese; but now I am grown old, and no longer in a condition to serve him as formerly I did, he has put me in this pasture to fat me, with a design to sell me to a butcher, who is to cut my throat, and he and his friends are to eat my flesh: and is not this requiting good with evil?"

On this, the Adder, taking upon him to speak, said to the Man, "What say you now? are not your own customs a sufficient warrant for me to treat you as I intend to do?"

The Traveler, not a little confounded at this ill-timed story, was cunning enough, however, to answer, "This is a particular case only, and give me leave to say, one witness is not sufficient to convict me; therefore pray let me have another."

"With all my heart," replied the Adder; "let us address ourselves to this Tree that stands here before us." The Tree, having heard the subject of their dispute, gave his opinion in the following words: "Among men, benefits are never requited but with ungrateful actions. I protect travelers from the heat of the sun, and yield them fruit to eat, and a delightful liquor to drink; nevertheless, forgetting the delight and benefit of my shade, they barbarously cut down my branches to make sticks, and handles for hatchets, and saw my body to make planks and rafters. Is not this requiting good with evil?"

The Adder, on this, looking upon the Traveler, asked if he was satisfied. But he was in such a confusion that he knew not what to answer. However, in hopes to free himself from the danger that threatened him, he said to the Adder, "I desire only one favor more; let us be judged by the next beast we meet; give me but that satisfaction, it is all I crave: you know life is sweet; suffer me therefore to beg for the means of continuing it." While they were thus parleying together, a Fox passing by was stopped by the Adder, who conjured him to put an end to their controversy.

The Fox, upon this, desiring to know the subject of their dispute, said the Traveler, "I have done this Adder a signal piece of service, and he would fain persuade me that, for my reward, he ought to do me a mischief." "If he means to act by you as you men do by others, he speaks nothing but what is true," replied the Fox; "but, that I may be better able to judge between you, let me understand what service it is that you have done him."

The Traveler was very glad of this opportunity of speaking for himself, and recounted the whole affair to him: he told him after what manner he had rescued him out of the flames with that little sack, which he showed him.

"How!" said the Fox, laughing outright, "would you pretend to make me believe that so large an Adder as this could get into such a little sack? It is impossible!" Both the Man and the Adder, on this, assured him of the truth of that part of the story; but the Fox positively refused to believe it. At length said he, "Words will never convince me of this monstrous improbability; but if the Adder will go into it again, to convince me of the truth of what you say, I shall then be able to judge of the rest of this affair."

"That I will do most willingly," replied the Adder; and, at the same time, put himself into the sack.

Then said the Fox to the Traveler, "Now you are the master of your enemy's life: and, I believe, you need not be long in resolving what treatment such a monster of ingratitude deserves of you." With that the Traveler tied up the mouth of the sack, and, with a great stone, never left off beating it till he had pounded the Adder to death; and, by that means, put an end to his fears and the dispute at once.

"This Fable," pursued the Rat, "informs us that there is no trusting to the fair words of an enemy, for fear of falling into the like misfortunes."

"You say very true," replied the Raven, "in all this; but what I have to answer to it is that we ought to understand how to distinguish friends from enemies: and, when you have learned that art, you will know I am no terrible or treacherous foe, but a sincere and hearty friend: for I protest to thee, in the most solemn manner, that what I have seen thee do for thy friend the Pigeon and his companions has taken such root in me that I cannot live without an acquaintance with thee;

and I swear I will not depart from hence till thou hast granted me thy friendship."

Zirac perceiving, at length, that the Raven really dealt frankly and cordially with him, replied, "I am happy to find that you are sincere in all this; pardon my fears, and now hear me acknowledge that I think it is an honor for me to wear the title of thy friend; and, if I have so long withstood thy importunities, it was only to try thee, and to show thee that I want neither wit nor policy, that thou mayst know hereafter how far I may be able to serve thee." And so saying, he came forward; but even now he did not venture fairly out, but stopped at the entrance of his hole.

"Why dost thou not come boldly forth?" demanded the Raven. "Is it because thou art not yet assured of my affection?"

"That is not the reason," answered the Rat; "but I am afraid of thy companions upon the trees."

"Set thy heart at rest for that," replied the Raven; "they shall respect thee as their friend: for it is a custom among us that, when one of us enters into a league of friendship with a creature of another species, we all esteem and love that creature." The Rat, upon the faith of these words, came out to the Raven, who caressed him with extraordinary demonstrations of friendship, swearing to him an inviolable amity, and requesting him to go and live with him near the habitation of a certain neighboring Tortoise, of whom he gave a very noble character.

"Command me henceforward in all things," replied Zirac, "for I have so great an inclination for you, that from henceforward I will forever follow you as your shadow: and, to tell you the truth, this is not the proper place of my residence; I was only compelled some time since to take sanctuary in this hole, by reason of an accident, of which I would give you the relation, if I thought it might not be offensive to you."

"My dear friend," replied the Raven, "can you have any such fears? or rather are you not convinced that I share in all your concerns? But the Tortoise," added he, "whose friendship is a very considerable acquisition, which you cannot fail of, will be no less glad to hear the recital of your adventures: come, therefore, away with me to her," continued he; and, at the same time, he took the rat in his bill, and carried him to the Tortoise's dwelling, to whom he related what he had seen

Zirac do. She congratulated the Raven for having acquired so perfect a friend, and caressed the Rat at a very high rate; who, for his part, was too much a courtier not to testify how sensible he was of all her civilities. After many compliments on all sides, they went all three to walk by the banks of a purling rivulet; and, having made choice of a place somewhat distant from the highway, the Raven desired Zirac there to relate his adventures, which he did in the following manner.

Fable IV.

THE ADVENTURES OF ZIRAC.

"I was born," said Zirac, "and lived many years in the city of India called Marout, where I made choice of a place to reside in that seemed to be the habitation of silence itself, that I might live without disturbance. Here I enjoyed long the greatest earthly felicity, and tasted the sweets of a quiet life, in company of some other Rats, honest creatures, of my own humor. There was also in our neighborhood, I must inform you, a certain Dervise, who every day remained idly in his habitation while his companion went a begging. He constantly, however, ate a part of what the other brought home, and kept the remainder for his supper. But, when he sat down to his second meal, he never found his dish in the same condition that he left it: for while he was in his garden I always filled my belly, and constantly called my companions to partake with me, who were no less mindful of their duty to nature than myself. The Dervise, on this, constantly finding his pittance diminished, flew out at length into a great rage, and looked into his books for some receipt or some engine to apprehend us: but all that availed him nothing, I was still more cunning than he. One unfortunate day, however, one of his friends, who had been a long journey, entered into his cell to visit him; and, after they had dined, they fell into a discourse concerning travel. This Dervise, our good purveyor, among other things asked his friend what he had seen that was most rare and curious in his travels. To whom the Traveler began to recount what he had observed most worthy remark; but, as he was studying to give him a description of the most delightful places through which he had passed, the Dervise still interrupted him from time to time, with the noise

which he made, by clapping his hands one against the other, and stamping with his foot against the ground, to fright us away: for, indeed, we made frequent sallies upon his provision, never regarding his presence nor his company. At length the Traveler, taking it in dudgeon that the Dervise gave so little ear to him, told him, in downright terms, that he did ill to detain him there, to trouble him with telling stories he did not attend to, and make a fool of him.

"'Heaven forbid!' replied the Dervise, altogether surprised, 'that I should make a fool of a person of your merit: I beg your pardon for interrupting you, but there is in this place a nest of rats that will eat me up to the very ears before they have done; and there is one above the rest so bold, that he even has the impudence to come and bite me by the toes as I lie asleep, and I know not how to catch the felonious devil.' The Traveler, on this, was satisfied with the Dervise's excuses; and replied, 'Certainly there is some mystery in this: this accident brings to my mind a remarkable story, which I will relate to you, provided you will hearken to me with a little better attention.'"

Fable V.

A HUSBAND AND HIS WIFE.

"One day," continued the Traveler, "as I was on my journey, the bad weather constrained me to stop at a town where I had several acquaintances of different ranks; and, being unable to proceed on my journey for the continuance of the rain, I went to lodge with one of my friends, who received me very civilly. After supper he put me to bed in a chamber that was parted from his own by a very thin wainscot only; so that, in despite of my ears, I heard all his private conversation with his Wife.

"'To-morrow,' said he, 'I intend to invite the principal burghers of the town to divert my friend who has done me the honor to come and see me.'

"'You have not sufficient wherewithal to support your family,' answered his Wife, 'and yet you talk of being at great expenses: rather think of sparing that little you have for the good of your children, and let feasting alone.'

"'This is a man of great religion and piety,' replied the Husband; 'and I ought to testify my joy on seeing him, and

to give my other friends an opportunity of hearing his pious conversation ; nor be you in care for the small expense that will attend this. The providence of God is very great ; and we ought not to take too much care for to-morrow, lest what befell the Wolf befall us.' "

Fable VI.

THE HUNTER AND THE WOLF.

"One day," continued the Husband, "a great Hunter, returning from the chase of a deer, which he had killed, unexpectedly espied a wild boar coming out of a wood, and making directly towards him. 'Very good,' cried the Hunter, 'this beast comes very opportunely ; he will not a little augment my provision.' With that he bent his bow, and let fly his arrow with so good an aim that he wounded the boar to death. Such, however, are the unforeseen events that attend too covetous a care for the necessaries of life, that this fair beginning was but a prelude to a very fatal catastrophe. For the beast, feeling himself wounded, ran with so much fury at the Hunter, that he ripped up his belly with his tusks in such a manner that they both fell dead upon the place.

"At the very moment when this happened, there passed by a Wolf, half-famished, who, seeing so much victuals lying upon the ground, was in an ecstasy of joy. 'However,' said he to himself, 'I must not be prodigal of all this good food ; but it behooves me to husband my good fortune, to make my provision hold out the longer.' Being very hungry, however, he very prudently resolved to fill his belly first, and make his store for the future afterwards. Not willing, however, to waste any part of his treasure, he was for eating his meat, and, if possible, having it too ; he therefore resolved to fill his belly with what was least delicate, and accordingly began with the string of the bow, which was made of gut ; but he had no sooner snapped the string, but the bow, which was highly bent, gave him such a terrible thump upon the breast that he fell stone-dead upon the other bodies.

"'This Fable,' said the Husband, pursuing his discourse 'instructs us that we ought not to be too greedily covetous.'

"'Nay,' said the Wife, 'if this be the effect of saving, even invite whom you please to-morrow.'

"The company was accordingly invited; but the next day, as the Wife was getting the dinner ready, and making a sort of sauce with honey, she saw a rat fall into the honey pot, which turned her stomach, and stopped the making of that part of the entertainment. Unwilling, therefore, to make use of the honey, she carried it to the market, and when she parted with it, took pitch in exchange. I was then, by accident, by her, and asked her why she made such a disadvantageous exchange for her honey.

"'Because,' said she, in my ear, 'it is not worth so much to me as the pitch.' Then I presently perceived there was some mystery in the affair, which was beyond my comprehension. It is the same with this rat: he would never be so bold, had he not some reason for it which we are ignorant of. The rats," continued he, "in this part of the world, are a cunning, covetous, and proud generation; they heap money as much as the misers of our own species; and when one of them is possessed of a considerable sum, he becomes a prince among them, and has his set of comrades, who would die to serve him, as they live by him; for he disburses money for their purchases of food, etc., of one another, and they live his slaves in perfect idleness. And for my part, I am apt to believe that this is the case with this impudent rat; that he has a number of slaves of his own species at command, to defend and uphold him in his audacious tricks, and that there is money hidden in his hole."

The Dervise no sooner heard the Traveler talk of money, than he took a hatchet, and so bestirred himself, that having cleft the wall, he soon discovered my treasure, to the value of a thousand deniers in gold, which I had heaped together with great labor and toil. These had long been my whole pleasure; I told them every day; I took delight to handle them, and tumble upon them, placing all my happiness in that exercise. But to return to the story. When the gold tumbled out, 'Very good,' said the Traveler; 'had I not reason to attribute the insolence of these rats to some unknown cause?'

"I leave you to judge in what a desperate condition I was, when I saw my habitation ransacked after this manner. I resolved on this to change my lodging; but all my companions left me; so that I had a thorough experience of the truth of the proverb, 'No money, no friend.' Friends, nowadays, love us no longer than our friendship turns to their advantage. I

have heard among men, that one day a wealthy and a witty man was asked how many friends he had. 'As for friends alamode,' said he, 'I have as many as I have crowns; but as for real friends, I must stay till I come to be in want, and then I shall know.'

"While I was pondering, however, upon the accident that had befallen me, I saw a rat pass along, who had been heretofore used to profess himself so much devoted to my service, that you would have thought he could not have lived a moment out of my company. I called to him, and asked him why he shunned me like the rest.

"'Thinkest thou,' said the ungrateful and impudent villain, 'that we are such fools as to serve thee for nothing? When thou wast rich, we were thy servants; but now thou art poor, believe me, we will not be the companions of thy poverty.'

"'Alas! thou oughtest not to despise the poor,' said I, 'because they are the beloved of Providence.'

"'It is very true,' answered he; 'but not such poor as thou art. For Providence takes care of those among men who have, for the sake of religion, forsaken the world; not those whom the world has forsaken.' Miserably angry was I with myself for my former generosities to such a wretch; but I could not tell what to answer to such a cutting expression. I stayed, however, notwithstanding my misfortunes, with the Dervise, to see how he would dispose of the money he had taken from me; and I observed that he gave one half to his friend, and that each of them laid their shares under their pillows. On seeing this, an immediate thought came into my mind to go and regain this money. To this purpose I stole softly to the Dervise's bedside, and was just going to carry back my treasure; but unfortunately his friend, who, unperceived by me, observed all my actions, threw his bed staff at me with so good a will that he had almost broke my foot, which obliged me to recover my hole with all the speed I could, though not without some difficulty. About an hour after, I crept out again, believing by this time the Traveler might be asleep also. But he was too diligent a sentinel, and too much afraid of losing his good fortune. However, I plucked up a good heart, went forward, and was already got to the Dervise's bed's head, when my rashness had like to have cost me my life. For the Traveler gave me a second blow upon the head, that stunned me in such a manner that I could hardly find my hole again. At the same instant he also threw

his bed staff at me a third time; but missing me, I recovered my sanctuary; where I was no sooner set down in safety, than I protested that I would never more pursue the recovery of a thing which had cost me so much pains and jeopardy. In pursuance of this resolution, I left the Dervise's habitation, and retired to that place where you saw me with the Pigeon."

The Tortoise was extremely well pleased with the recital of the Rat's adventures; and at the same time embracing him, "You have done well," said she, "to quit the world, and the intrigues of it, since they afford us no perfect satisfaction. All those who are turmoiled with avarice and ambition do but labor for their own ruin, like a certain Cat which I once knew, whose adventures you will not be displeased to hear."

Fable VII.

THE RAVENOUS CAT.

"A certain Person whom I have often seen," continued the Tortoise, "bred up a Cat very frugally in his own house. He gave her enough to suffice nature, though nothing superfluous: and she might, if she pleased, have lived very happily with him; but she was very ravenous, and, not content with her ordinary food, hunted about in every corner for more. One day, passing by a dove house, she saw some young pigeons that were hardly fledged; and presently her teeth watered for a taste of those delicate viands. With this resolution, up she boldly mounted into the dove house, never minding whether the master were there or no, and was presently with great joy preparing to satisfy her voluptuous desires. But the master of the place no sooner saw the epicure of a Cat enter, than he shut up the doors, and stopped up all the holes at which it was possible for her to get out again, and so bestirred himself that he caught the felonious baggage, and hanged her up at the corner of the pigeon house. Soon after this, the owner of the Cat passing that way, and seeing his Cat hanged, 'Unfortunate greedy-gut,' said he, 'hadst thou been contented with thy meaner food, thou hadst not been now in this condition! Thus,' continued he, moralizing on the spectacle, 'insatiable gluttons are the procurers of their own untimely ends. Alas! the felicities of this world are uncertain, and of no continuance. Wise men, I well remember, say there is no reliance

upon these six things, nor anything of fidelity to be expected from them : —

"'1. From a cloud ; for it disperses in an instant.

"'2. From feigned friendship; for it passes away like a flash of lightning.

"'3. From a woman's love; for it changes upon every frivolous fancy.

"'4. From beauty ; for the least injury of time, misfortune, or disease destroys it.

"'5. From false prayers ; for they are but smoke.

"'6. And from the enjoyments of the world ; for they all vanish in a moment.'"

"Men of judgment," replied the Rat, "are all of this opinion : they never labor after these vain things ; there is nothing but the acquisition of a real friend can tempt us to the expectation of a lasting happiness."

The Raven then spoke in his turn : "There is no earthly pleasure or advantage," said he, "like a true friend ; which I shall endeavor to prove, by the recital of the following story."

Fable VIII.

THE TWO FRIENDS.

A certain Person, of a truly noble and generous disposition, once heard, as he lay in bed, somebody knocking at his door at an unseasonable hour. Somewhat surprised at it, he, without stirring out of his place, first asked who was there. But when by the answer he understood that it was one of his best friends, he immediately rose, put on his clothes, and ordering his servant to light a candle, went and opened the door.

So soon as he saw him, "Dear Friend," said he, "I at all times rejoice to see you, but doubly now, because I promise myself, from this extraordinary visit, that I can be of some service to you. I cannot imagine your coming so late to be for any other reason, but either to borrow money, or to desire me to be your second, and I am very happy in that I can assure you that I am provided to serve you in either of these requests. If you want money, my purse is full, and it is open to all your occasions. If you are to meet with your enemy, my arm and sword are at your service." "There is nothing I have less

occasion for," answered his Friend, "than these things which you proffer me. I only came to understand the condition of your health, fearing the truth of an unlucky and disastrous dream."

While the Raven was reciting this Fable, our set of friends beheld at a distance a little wild Goat making towards them with an incredible swiftness.

They all took it for granted, by her speed, that she was pursued by some hunter; and they immediately without ceremony separated, every one to take care of himself. The Tortoise slipped into the water, the Rat crept into a hole which he accidentally found there, and the Raven hid himself among the boughs of a very high tree. In the mean time the Goat stopped all of a sudden, and stood to rest itself by the side of the fountain; when the Raven, who looked about every way, perceiving nobody, called to the Tortoise, who immediately peeped up above the water; and seeing the Goat afraid to drink, "Drink boldly," said the Tortoise, "for the water is very clear:" which the Goat having done, "Pray tell me," cried the Tortoise, "what is the reason you seem to be in such a fright?" "Reason enough," replied the Goat, "for I have just made my escape from the hands of a Hunter, who pursued me with an eager chase."

"Come," said the Tortoise, "I am glad you are safe, and I have an offer to make you: if you can like our company, stay here, and be one of our friends; you will find, I assure you, our hearts honest and our conversation beneficial. Wise men," continued she, "say that the number of friends lessens trouble: and that if a man had a thousand friends, he ought to reckon them no more than as one; but, on the other side, if a man has but one enemy, he ought to reckon that one for a thousand, so dangerous and so desperate a thing is an avowed enemy." After this discourse, the Raven and the Rat entered into company with the Goat, and showed her a thousand civilities; with which she was so taken that she promised to stay there as long as she lived.

These four friends, after this, lived in perfect harmony a long while, and spent their time very pleasantly together. But one day, as the Tortoise, the Rat, and the Raven had met, as they used to do, by the side of the fountain, the Goat was missing; this very much troubled the other friends, as they knew not what accident might have befallen her. They soon

came to a resolution, however, to seek for and assist her; and presently the Raven mounted up into the air, to see what discoveries he could make, and looking round about him, at length, to his great sorrow, saw at a distance the poor Goat entangled in a Hunter's net. He immediately dropped down, on this, to acquaint the Rat and Tortoise with what he had seen; and you may be well assured these ill tidings extremely afflicted all the three friends.

"We have professed a strict friendship together, and long lived happily in it," said the Tortoise; "and it will be shameful now to break through it, and leave our innocent and good-natured friend to destruction: no, we must find some way," continued she, "to deliver the poor Goat out of captivity."

On this, said the Raven to the Rat, "Remember now, O excellent Zirac! thy own talents, and exert them for the public good: there is none but you can set our friend at liberty; and the business must be quickly done, for fear the Huntsman lay his clutches upon her."

"Doubt not but I will gladly do my endeavor," replied the Rat; "therefore let us go immediately, lest we lose time." The Raven, on this, took up Zirac in his bill, and carried him to the place; where being arrived, he fell without delay to gnawing the meshes that held the Goat's foot, and had almost set him at liberty by the time the Tortoise arrived. So soon as the Goat perceived this slow-moving friend, she sent forth a loud cry: "O!" said she, "why have you ventured yourself to come hither?"

"Alas," replied the Tortoise, "I could no longer endure your absence."

"Dear Friend," said the Goat, "your coming to this place troubles me more than the loss of my own liberty; for if the Hunter should happen to come at this instant, what will you do to make your escape? For my part I am almost unbound, and my swift heels will prevent me from falling into his hands; the Raven will find his safety in his wings; the Rat will run into any hole; only you, that are so slow of foot, will become the Hunter's prey."

No sooner had the Goat spoken the words than the Hunter appeared; but the Goat being loosened ran away; the Raven mounted into the sky; the Rat slipped into a hole; and, as the Goat had said, only the slow-paced Tortoise remained without help.

When the Hunter arrived, he was not a little surprised to find his net broken. This was no small vexation to him, and made him look narrowly about, to see if he could discover who had done him the injury; and, unfortunately, in searching, he spied the Tortoise. "O!" said he, "very well, I am very glad to see you here; I find I shall not go home empty-handed, however, at last: here's a plump Tortoise, and that's worth something, I'm sure." With that he took the Tortoise up, put it in his sack, threw the sack over his shoulder, and so was trudging home.

When he was gone, the three friends came from their several places, and met together, when, missing the Tortoise, they easily judged what was become of her. Then sending forth a thousand sighs, they made most doleful lamentations, and shed a torrent of tears. At length the Raven, interrupting this sad harmony, "Dear friends," said he, "our moans and sorrows do the Tortoise no good; we ought, instead of this, if it be possible, to think of a way to save her life. The sages of former ages have informed us that there are four sorts of persons that are never known but upon the proper occasions: men of courage in fight; men of honesty in business; a wife in her husband's misfortunes; and a true friend in extreme necessity. We find, alas! our dear friend the Tortoise is in a sad condition; and therefore we must, if possible, succor her."

"It is well advised," replied the Rat, "and now I think on't, an expedient is come into my head. Let the Goat go and show herself in the Hunter's eye, who will then be sure to lay down his sack to run after her."

"Very well advised," replied the Goat, "I will pretend to be lame, and run limping at a little distance before him, which will encourage him to follow me, and so draw him a good way from his sack, which will give the Rat time to set our friend at liberty." This stratagem had so good a face that it was soon approved by them all; and immediately the Goat ran halting before the Hunter, and seemed to be so feeble and faint that he thought he had her safe in his clutches; and so laying down his sack, ran after the Goat with all his might. That cunning creature suffered him ever and anon almost to come up to her, and then led him another green-goose chase, till in short she had fairly dragged him out of sight; which the Rat perceiving, came and gnawed the string that tied the sack, and let out the Tortoise, who went and hid herself in a thick bush.



CHAUCER

From a painting by P. Krämer

At length the Hunter, tired with running in vain after his prey, left off the chase, and returned to his sack. "Here," said he, "I have something safe however: thou art not quite so swift of foot as this plaguy Goat; and if thou wert, art too fast here to find the way to make thy legs of any use to thee." So saying, he went to the bag, but there missing the Tortoise, he was in amaze, and thought himself in a region of hobgoblins and spirits. He could not but stand and bless himself, that a Goat should free herself out of his nets, and by and by run hopping before him, and make a fool of him; and that in the mean while a Tortoise, a poor feeble creature, should break the string of a sack, and make its escape. All these considerations struck him with such a panic fear, that he ran home as if a thousand robin goodfellows or rawhead and bloody bones had been at his heels. After which the four friends met together again, congratulated each other on their escapes, made new protestations of friendship, and swore never to separate till death parted them.

THE PROLOGUE TO THE CANTERBURY TALES.

By GEOFFREY CHAUCER.

[Geoffrey Chaucer, the first great English poet, was born about 1340, son of a London vintner. He was sent abroad on many embassies, and later became a prosperous London customs official and a knight of the shire; but from 1386 till the end of Richard II.'s reign (1399) he was out of favor, and very poor. Henry IV. granted him a comfortable pension shortly after winning the throne; but Chaucer died the next year, October 25, 1400, and was buried in Westminster Abbey. His one great work is "The Canterbury Tales."]

Whan that Aprillë with his shourës sotë[1]
The drought of March hath percëd to the rotë,
And bathëd every veine in swich[2] licour,
Of which vertue engendred is the flour;
Whan Zephirus eek with his swetë brethë
Enspirëd hath in every holte[3] and hethë
The tendrë croppës and the yongë sonnë
Hath in the Ram his halfë cours y-ronnë,
And smalë fowlës maken melodie,
That slepen al the night with open eye,

[1] Sweet. [2] Such. [3] Grove.

So priketh hem nature in hir corages;
Than longen folk to gon on pilgrimages,
And palmers for to seken strange strondes,
To ferne halwes[1] kouthe[2] in sondry londes;
And specially, from every shires ende
Of Engelond, to Canterbury they wende,
The holy blisful martyr for to seke,
That hem hath holpen, whan that they wer seke.
Befel, that, in that seson on a day,
In Southwerk at the Tabard as I lay,
Redy to wenden on my pilgrimage
To Canterbury with ful devout corage,
At night was come into that hostelrie
Wel nine and twenty in a compagnie
Of sondry folk, by aventure y-falle[3]
In felawship, and pilgrims wer they alle,
That toward Canterbury wolden ride.
The chambres and the stables weren wide,
And wel we weren esed[4] atte beste.[5]
And shortly, whan the sonne was to reste,
So hadde I spoken with hem everichon,[6]
That I was of hir[7] felawship anon,
And made forward erly for to rise,
To take our way ther as I you devise.
But nathëles, while I have time and space,
Or that I forther in this tale pace,
Me thinketh it accordant to reson,
To tell you alle the condition
Of eche of hem, so as it semed to me,
And which they weren, and of what degre;
And eek in what array that they were inne:
And at a knight than wol I first beginne.

The Knight.

A Knight ther was, and that a worthy man,
That from the time that he first began
To riden out, he loved chevalrie,
Trouthe and honour, fredom and curtesie.
Ful worthy was he in his lordes werre,[8]
And therto had he ridden, no man ferre,[9]
As wel in Cristendom as in Hethenesse,
And ever honoured for his worthinesse.

[1] Distant Saints. [2] Known. [3] Fallen. [4] Accommodated. [5] In the best manner. [6] Every one of them. [7] Their. [8] War. [9] Farther.

At Alisandre he was whan it was wonnë.[1]
Ful often time he had the bord begonne[2]
Aboven allë nations in Pruce.[3]
In Lettowe hadde he reysëd[4] and in Rucë,
No cristen man so oft of his degre.
In Gernade[5] at the siege eek had he be
Of Algesir, and rid in Belmarie.[6]
At Leyes[7] was he, and at Satalie,[8]
Whan they were wonne; and in the Gretë see[9]
At many a noble arive[10] hadde he be.
At mortal batails hadde he ben fiftene,
And foughten for our faith at Tramassene
In listes thries, and ay slain his fo.
This ilke[11] worthy knight had ben also
Somtimë with the lord of Palatie,[12]
Agen another hethen in Turkie:
And evermore he hadde a sovereyn prys.[13]
And though that he was worthy he was wys,
And of his port as meke as is a mayde.
He never yet no vilanie ne sayde
In all his lif, unto no maner[14] wight.
He was a veray parfit gentil knight.
But for to tellen you of his aray,
His hors was good, but he ne was not gay.
Of fustian he werëd a gipon,[15]
Allë besmotred[16] with his habergeon,
For he was late y-com from his viage,[17]
And he wentë for to don[18] his pilgrimage.

The Young Squire.

With him ther was his sone a yong Squier,
A lover, and a lusty bacheler,
With lockës crull[19] as they were leyd in presse.
Of twenty yeer of age he was I gesse.

[1] Alexandria was captured A.D. 1365, by Pierre de Lusignan, King of Cyprus, who, however, immediately abandoned it.

[2] *I.e. he had been placed at the head of the table;* or, possibly, won chief place in tourneys.

[3] *Pruce*, Prussia; *Lettowe*, Lithuania; *Ruce*, Russia. [4] Journeyed.

[5] The city of Algezir was taken from the Moorish King of Granada in 1344.

[6] Palmyra. [7] Layas, in Armenia. [8] Attalia. [9] The Mediterranean.

[10] *Arive*, disembarkation. [11] Same. [12] Palathia, in Anatolia. [13] Great renown. [14] No kind of person. [15] A short cassock. [16] Smutted. [17] Journey. [18] Perform. [19] Curled.

Of his stature he was of even lengthe,
And wonderly delivre,[1] and grete of strengthe.
And he had ben somtime in chevachie,[2]
In Flaundres, in Artois, and Picardie,
And born him wel, as of so litel space,
In hope to stonden in his ladies grace.
Embrouded[3] was he, as it were a mede
Al ful of freshë flourës, white and rede.
Singing he was, or floyting[4] al the day,
He was as fresh, as is the month of May.
Short was his goun, with slevës long and wyde.
Wel coude he sitte on hors, and fayrë ryde.
He coude songës make, and wel endite,
Juste and eek dance, and wel pourtraie and write.
So hote he lovëd, that by nightertale[5]
He slep no more than doth a nightingale.
Curteis he was, lowly, and servisable,
And carf before his fader at the table.

His Groom.

A Yeman[6] hadde he, and servánts no mo
At that time, for him lustë ride so;[7]
And he was clad in cote and hood of grene.
A shefe of peacock arwës[8] bright and kene
Under his belt he bare ful thriftily.
Wel coude he dress his takel[9] yemanly:
His arwës droupëd not with fethers lowe.
And in his hond he bare a mighty bowe.
A not-hed[10] had he, with a broun visage.
Of woodcraft coude[11] he wel al the usage.
Upon his arm he bare a gay bracér,[12]
And by his side a swerd and bokelér,
And on that other side a gaie daggere,
Harneisëd[13] wel, and sharpe as point of spere:
A Cristofre[14] on his brest of silver shene.
An horne he bar, the baudrik was of grene.
A forster was he sothly as I gesse.

[1] Agile, nimble. [2] Military expedition. [3] Embroidered. [4] Playing on the flute. [5] Nighttime. [6] *Yeman*, or *yeoman*, is an abbreviation of *yeongeman*, as *youthe* is of *yeongthe*. [7] He preferred to ride so. [8] Arrows with peacock feathers. [9] Bows and arrows. [10] *I.e.* round, like a nut, probably from being cropped. [11] Knew. [12] Armor for the arm. [13] Equipped. [14] A figure of St. Christopher.

The Prioress.

There was also a Nonne, a Prioresse,
That of hir smiling was ful simple and coy;
Hir gretest oth n'as but by Seint Eloy;[1]
And she was clepëd madame Eglentine.
Ful wel she sang the servicë divine,
Entunëd in hir nose ful semëly;
And French she spak ful fayre and fetisly,[2]
After the scole of Stratford-atte-Bowe,
For French of Paris was to hir unknowe.
At metë wely-taught was she withalle;
She let no morsel from hir lippës falle,
Ne wet hir fingrës in hir saucë depe.
Wel coud she carie a morsel, and wel kepe,
That no dropë ne fell upon hir brest.
In curtesie was set ful moch hir lest.[3]
Hir over lippë wipëd she so clene,
That in hir cuppë was no ferthing[4] sene
Of gresë, whan she dronken had hir draught.
Ful semëly after hir mete she raught.[5]
And sikerly[6] she was of greet disport,
And ful plesant, and amiable of port,
And peinëd hir to contrefeten[7] chere
Of court, and ben estatlich of manere,
And to ben holden digne of reverence.
But for to speken of hir conscience,
She was so charitable and so pitoús,
She wolde wepe if that she saw a mous
Caught in a trappe, if it wer ded or bledde.
Of smalë houndës had she, that she fedde
With rosted flesh, or milk and wastel brede.[8]
But sorë wept she if on of hem wer dede,
Or if men smote it with a yerdë[9] smert:[10]
And al was conscience and tendre herte.
Ful semëly hir wimple[11] y-pinched was;
Hir nosë tretis;[12] hir eyen grey as glas;
Hir mouth ful smale, and therto soft and red;
But sikerly she had a fayr forehed.
It was almost a spannë brod I trowe;
For hardily she was not undergrowe.

[1] Either read Seinte Loy, St. Eligius or Seynt Eloy, St. Louis. [2] Neatly, cleverly. [3] Delight, pleasure. [4] Fourth part; hence, bit. [5] Reached. [6] Surely. [7] She took great pains to assume. [8] Best flour bread. [9] A stick. [10] Hardly. [11] A covering for the neck. [12] Long and well proportioned.

Full fetis[1] was hir cloke, as I was ware.
Of smal coral about hir arm she bare
A pair of bedës, gauded[2] all with grene;
And theron heng a broch of gold ful shene,
On whiche was first y-write a crounëd A,
And after, *Amor vincit omnia.*
Another Nonne also with hir had she,
That was hire chapelleine, and Preestës thre.

The Monk.

A Monk ther was, a fayr for the maistrie,[3]
An outrider, that lovëd venerie;[4]
A manly man, to ben an abbot able.
Ful many a deintë hors had he in stable:
And whan he rood, men might his bridel here
Gingéling in a whistling wind as clere,
And eek as loude, as doth the chapel belle.
Ther as[5] this lord was keper of the celle,
The reule of seint Maure and of seint Beneit,
Because that it was old and somdel streit,
This ilke monk let oldë thingës pace,
And held after the newe world the trace.
He yave not of the text a pullëd hen,[6]
That saith, that hunters ben not holy men;
Ne that a monk, whan he is rekkëles,
Is likned to a fish that is waterles;
This is to say, a monk out of his cloistre.
But thilke text held he not worth an oistre.
And I say his opiniön was good.
What[7] shulde he studie, and make himselven wood,[8]
Upon a book in cloistre alway to pore,
Or swinken with his hondës, and laboure,
As Austin bit?[9] how shal the world be served?
Let Austin have his swink[10] to him reserved.
Therfore he was a prickasoure[11] aright:
Greihounds he had as swift as foul in flight:
Of pricking and of hunting for the hare
Was al his lust, for no cost wolde he spare.

[1] Neat, tasteful. [2] With green gawdes, or large Paternoster beads.
[3] *A fair one; for the maistrie*, excellent above all others. MS. *Bod.* 761. *Secreta h. Samp de Clowburnel*, fol. 17 b. Ciroigne bone *pur la maistrie* a briser et a meurer apostemes, etc. — *Tyrwhitt.* [4] Hunting. [5] Where. [6] Bald or scurvy; a molting. [7] Why. [8] Mad. [9] Biddeth. [10] Labor. [11] A hard rider, from *prick*, to spur on a horse.

I saw his sleevs purfilëd at the hond
With gris,[1] and that the finest of the lond.
And for to fastne his hood under his chinne,
He had of gold y-wrought a curious pinne:
A love knot in the greter end ther was.
His hed was bald, and shone as any glas,
And eek his face, as it had ben anoint.
He was a lord ful fat and in good point.
His eyen stepe,[2] and rolling in his hed,
That stemëd as a forneis of a led.[3]
His botës souple, his hors in gret estat,
Now certainly he was a fayr prelat.
He was not pale as a for-pinëd[4] gost.
A fat swan loved he best of any rost.
His palfrey was as broune as is a bery.

The Friar.

A Frere ther was, a wanton[5] and a mery,
A Limitour,[6] a ful solempnë man.
In all the ordres foure is non that can[7]
So moche of daliance[8] and fayr langage.
He hadde y-made ful many a mariage
Of yonge wimmen, at his ownë cost.
Unto his ordre he was a noble post.
Ful wel beloved, and familier was he
With frankleins[9] over all in his contree,
And eek with worthy wimmen of the toun:
For he had power of confessiöun,
As said himselfë, more than a curat,
For of his ordre he was licenciat.
Ful swetëly herd he confessiön,
And plesant was his absolutiön.
He was an esy man to give penánce,
Ther as he wiste to han[10] a good pitánce[11]:
For unto a poure ordre for to give
Is signë that a man is wel y-shrive.
For if he gave, he dorste make avánt,[12]
He wistë that a man was repentánt.
For many a man so hard is of his herte,
He may not wepe although him sorë smerte.

[1] Gray rabbit fur. [2] Sunk deep in his head. [3] Copper caldron. [4] Wasted, tormented. [5] Lively. [6] *I.e.* one licensed to beg within a certain district. [7] Knew. [8] Gossip. [9] Wealthy landholders; country gentlemen of good estate. [10] Have. [11] Mess of victuals. [12] Boast.

Therfore in stede of weping and praieres,
Men moot give silver to the pourë freres.
His tippet[1] was ay farsed[2] ful of knives,
And pinnës, for to given fayrë wives.
And certainly he had a mery note.
Wel coude he singe and plaien on a rote.[3]
Of yeddings[4] he bare utterly the prys.
His nekkë whit was as the flour-de-lys.
Therto he strong was as a champioun,
He knew the taverns wel in every toun,
And every hosteler and gay tapstére,
Bet[5] than a lazar or a beggestere,[6]
For unto swiche a worthy man as he
Accordeth nought, as by his faculte,
To han with sikë lazars[7] acquaintance.
It is not honest, it may not avance,
As for to delen, with no such pouraille,[8]
But all with riche, and sellers of vitaille.
And o'er all, ther as profit shuld arise,
Curteis he was, and lowly of servíse.
Ther n'as no man nowher so vertuous.
He was the bestë begger in his hous:
For though a widwe[9] haddë not a shoo,
(So plesant was his *In principio*)[10]
Yet wold he have a ferthing or he went.
His purchas[11] was wel better than his rent.
And rage he coude and pleyen as a whelp,
In lovë-days,[12] coud he mochel help.
For ther he was not like a cloisterere,
With thredbar cope, as is a pour scolere,
But he was like a maister or a pope.
Of double worsted was his semicope,
That rounded as a belle out of the presse.
Somwhat he lispëd for his wantonnesse,
To make his English swete upon his tonge;
And in his harping, whan that he had songe,
His eyen twinkeld in his hed aright,
As don the sterrës in a frosty night.
This worthy limitour was clept Huberd.

[1] Cowl. [2] Stuffed. [3] On a harp. [4] Gleeman's songs. [5] Better. [6] Beggar. [7] Lepers. [8] Commonalty, poor people. [9] Widow. [10] "In the beginning," Latin text either of the first verse of Genesis or of St. John's Gospel. [11] Proceeds of his alms collecting. [12] Days appointed for the amicable settlement or arbitration of differences.

The Merchant.

A Marchant was ther with a forkëd berd,
In mottelee,[1] and highe on hors he sat,
And on his hed a Flaundrish bever hat.
His botës clapsëd fayre and fetisly.
His resons spak he ful solempnëly,
Souning[2] alway th' encrése of his winníng.
He wold the see were kept for anything
Betwixen Middleburgh and Orewell.[3]
Wel coud he in eschangës sheeldes[4] selle,
This worthy man ful wel his wit besette;[5]
Ther wiste no wight that he was in dette,
So stedfastly did he his governance,
With his bargeines, and with his chevisance.[6]
Forsothe he was a worthy man withalle,
But soth to sayn, I n'ot[7] how men him calle.

The University Student.

A Clerk ther was of Oxenforde also,
That unto logik haddë long y-go.
As lenë was his hors as is a rake,
And he was not right fat, I undertake;
But lokëd holwe, and therto soberly.
Ful thredbare was his overest courtëpy,[8]
For he had geten him yet no benefice,
Ne was so worldly for to have office.
For him was lever han[9] at his beds hed
A twenty bokës, clad in black or red,
Of Aristotle, and his philosophie,
Than robës riche, or fidel, or sautrie.[10]
But all be that he was a philosophre,
Yet haddë he but litel gold in cofre,
But all that he might of his frendës hentë,[11]
On bokës and on lerning he it spentë,
And besily gan for the soulës praie
Of hem, that yave him wherwith to scolaie.[12]
Of studie took he mostë cure and hede.

[1] Mixed, various colors, motley. [2] Sounding. [3] A seaport in Essex. [4] French crowns, so called from their having a shield stamped on one side. [5] Employed his knowledge. [6] An arrangement for borrowing money. [7] Know not. [8] A sort of short upper cloak. [9] *I.e.* he had rather, he preferred. [10] Psaltery. [11] Get. [12] To attend school.

Not a word spak he more than was nede;
And that he said in forme and reverence,
And short and quik, and ful of high senténce.
Souning in moral vertue was his speche,
And gladly wolde he lerne, and gladly teche.

The Sergeant of Law.

A Sergeant of the Lawë ware and wise,
That often had y-ben at the parvys,[1]
Ther was also, ful riche of excellence.
Discrete he was, and of gret reverence:
He semed such, his wordës were so wise,
Justice he was ful often in assise.
By patent, and by pleyn commissioun;
For his sciénce, and for his high renoun,
Of fees and robës had he many on.
So grete a purchasour was nowher non.
All was fee simple to him in effect,
His purchasing might not ben in suspect.
Nowher so besy a man as he ther n'as,
And yet he semëd besier than he was.
In termës had he cas and domës[2] alle,
That from the time of king William wer falle,
Therto he coude endite, and make a thing,
Ther coudë no wight pinche[3] at his writing.
And every statute coude he plaine by rote.
He rode but homely in a medlee cote,
Girt with a seint[4] of silk, with barrës[5] smale;
Of his array tell I no lenger tale.

The Gentleman.

A Frankëlein was in this compagnie;
White was his berd, as is the dayësie.
Of his complexion he was sanguín.
Wel loved he by the morwë[6] a sop in win.
To liven in delit was ae his wone,[7]
For he was Epicurës owen sone,
That held opinion, that plein delít
Was verily felicité parfít.

[1] Church porch. [2] Opinions. [3] Find fault with. [4] Belt. [5] Stripes. [6] Morning. [7] Habit.

An housholder, and that a gret[1] was he;
Seint Julian[2] he was in his contre,
His breed, his ale, was alway after on[3];
A better envyned[4] man was no wher non.
Withoutë bak meet never was his hous,
Of flesh and fish, and that so plenteous,
It snewëd in his hous of mete and drinke,
Of allë deintees that men coud of thinke,
After the sondry sesons of the yere,
So changëd he his mete and his soupere.
Ful many a fat partrich had he in mewe,
And many a breme, and many a luce[5] in stewe.
Wo was his cook, but if[6] his saucë were
Poinant and sharpe, and redy all his gere.
His table dormant in his halle alway
Stood redy covered al the longë day.
At sessions ther was he lord and sire.
Ful often timë he was knight of the shire.
An anlas[7] and a gipcer[8] all of silk,
Heng at his girdel, white as morwe[9] milk.
A shereve had he ben, and a countoúr.[10]
Was no wher such a worthy vavasoúr.[11]

Pilgrims in Livery.

An Haberdasher, and a Carpentér,
A Webbe,[12] a Deyer, and a Tapisér,[13]
Were al y-clothëd in o liveré,
Of a solempne and gret fraternité
Ful freshe and newe hir gere y-piked[14] was.
Hir knivës were y-chaped[15] not with bras,
But al with silver wrought ful clene and wel,
Hir girdles and hir pouchës every del.[16]
Wel semed eche of hem a fayre burgeís,
To sitten in a gild hall, on a deis.[17]
Everich,[18] for the wisdom that he can,
Was shaply[19] for to ben an alderman.
For catel hadden they ynough and rent,
And eek hir wivës wolde it wel assent:

[1] *I.e.* a great one. [2] St. Julian was a patron of pilgrims. [3] One o'clock. [4] Better stocked with wine. [5] Pike. [6] *I.e.* if it were not. [7] A kind of knife or dagger, usually worn at the waist. [8] A purse. [9] Morning. [10] Accountant. [11] A kind of middle-class landholder. [12] A weaver. [13] A tapestry worker. [14] Trimmed. [15] Furnished with "chapes" or metal plates. [16] Every bit. [17] Dais. [18] Each one of them. [19] Suitable.

And elles[1] certainly they were to blame.
It is ful fair to ben y-clept madame,
And gon to vigiliës al before,
And have a mantel reallich[2] y-bore.

The Cook.

A Cook they hadden with hem for the nones,[3]
To boilë chiknës and the marie-bones,
And poudre-marchant-tart and galingale,[4]
Wel coudë he knowe a draught of London ale.
He coudë roste, and sethe, and broile, and frie,
And maken mortreux,[5] and wel bake a pie.
But gret harm was it, as it thoughtë me,
That on his shinne a mormal[6] hadde he.
For blanc manger that made he with the best.

The Sailor.

A Shipman was ther, woning fer by West:
For ought I wote, he was of Dertëmouth.
He rode upon a rouncie,[7] as he couthe,
Al in a goune of falding[8] to the knee.
A dagger hanging by a las[9] hadde hee
About his nekke under his arm adoun.
The hot sommér had made his hew al broun.
And certainly he was a good felaw.
Ful many a draught of win he had y-draw[10]
From Burdeux-ward, whil that the chapman slepe.
Of nicë consciénce took he no kepe.
If that he faught, and had the higher hand,
By water he sent hem hoom to every land.
But of his craft to reken wel his tides,
His stremës and his strandes him besides,
His herbergh,[11] and his mone, his lodemanage,[12]
Ther was non such, from Hull unto Cartage.
Hardy he was, and wise, I undertake:
With many a tempest had his berd ben shake.
He knew wel al the havens, as they were,
Fro Gotland, to the Cape de Finistere,

[1] Otherwise. [2] Royally. [3] The nonce, the occasion. [4] A sharp flavoring powder; galingale is the root of sweet cyperus. [5] A rich broth or soup. [6] *Mort mal*, a cancer, or gangrene. [7] A common hack, Rozinante. [8] Coarse, rough-napped cloth. [9] Belt, rope. [10] Stolen. [11] Harbor, lodging. [12] Pilotship.

And every creke in Bretagne and in Spaine,
His barge y-cleped was the Magdelaine.

The Physician.

With us ther was a Doctour of Phisik,
In all this world ne was ther non him lik
To speke of phisik, and of surgerie:
For he was grounded in astronomie.
He kept his patiént a ful gret del
In houres by his magik naturel.
Well coude he fortunen the ascendént
Of his images for his patiént.
He knew the cause of every maladie,
Were it of cold, or hote, or moist, or drie,
And wher engendred, and of what humour,
He was a veray parfit practisour.
The cause y-knowe, and of his harm the rote,
Anon he gave the sikë man his bote.[1]
Ful redy had he his apotecaries
To send him draggës, and his lettuaries,[2]
For eche of hem made other for to winne:
Hir friendship n'as not newë to beginne.
Of his diét mesúrable was he,
For it was of no superfluité,
But of gret nourishing, and digestible.
His studie was but litel on the Bible.
In sanguin and in pers[3] he clad was al
Linëd with taffata, and with sendal.[4]
And yet he was but esy of dispence:
He keptë that he wan in pestilence.
For gold in phisike is a cordial;
Therfor he lovëd gold in special.

The Wife of Bath.

A good Wif was ther of besidë Bathe,
But she was somdel[5] deef, and that was skathe.
Of cloth making she haddë swiche an haunt,[6]
She passëd hem of Ypres, and of Gaunt.
In all the parish wif ne was ther non,
That to the offring[7] beforë hir shuld gon,

[1] Remedy. [2] Digestive powders and electuaries. [3] Sky-colored, blue. [4] A kind of thin silk. [5] A little. [6] Practice, custom. [7] The offertory at mass.

And if ther did, certain so wroth was she,
That she was out of allë charité.
Hire coverchiefs weren ful fine of ground;
I dorstë swer, they weyëden a pound;
That on the Sonday were upon hir hede.
Hir hosen weren of fyn scarlet rede,
Ful streit y-teyed, and shoon ful moist [1] and newe.
Bold was hir face, and fayr and reed of hew.
She was a worthy woman all hir lyfe,
Housbonds at chirchë door had she had fyfe,
Withouten other compagnie in youthe.
But therof nedeth not to speke as nouthe.[2]
And thries had she ben at Jerusaleme.
She haddë passëd many a strangë streme.
At Romë she had ben, and at Boloine,
In Galice at Seint James, and at Coloine.
She coudë moche of wandring by the way.
Gat-tothëd [3] was she, sothly for to say.
Upon an ambler esily she sat,
Y-wimplëd wel, and on hir hede an hat,
As brode as is a bokler, or a targe.
A fote-mantel about hir hippës large,
And on hir fete a pair of sporrës sharpe.
In felawship wel coud she laughe and carpe
Of remedies of love she knew parchance,
For of that art she coud [4] the oldë dance.

The Poor Parson.

A good man was thër of religioún,
That was a pourë Person [5] of a toun:
But riche he was of holy thought and werk.
He was alsó a lernëd man, a clerk,
That Cristës gospel trewly woldë preche.
His parishens devoutly wold he teche.
Benigne he was, and wonder diligent,
And in adversité ful patiént:
And such he was y-prevëd often sithes.
Ful loth wer him to cursen for his tithes,
But rather wold he yeven [6] out of doute,
Unto his pourë parishens aboute,
Of his offring, and eek of his substánce.
He coud in litel thing have suffisánce.

[1] Fresh. [2] Now. [3] With teeth far apart or projecting; hence lascivious.
[4] Knew. [5] Parson, rector. [6] Give.

Wyd was his parish, and houses fer asonder,
But he ne leftë nought for rain ne thonder,
In siknes and in mischief to visite
The ferrest in his parish, moche and lite,[1]
Upon his fete, and in his hand a staf.
This noble ensample to his shepe he yaf,
That first he wrought, and afterward he taught.
Out of the gospel he the wordës caught,
And this figùre he added yet therto,
That if gold rustë, what shuld iren do?
For if a prest be foul, on whom we trust,
No wonder is a lewëd[2] man to rust:
And shame it is, if that a prest take kepe,
A foul shephérd to see, and clenë shepe:
Wel ought a prest ensample for to yeve,
By his clennessë, how his sheep shuld live.
He settë not his benefice to hire,
And left his shepe acombrëd in the mire,
And ran unto London, unto Seintë Poules,
To seken him a chantërie for soules,
Or with a brotherhed to be withold:
But dwelt at home, and keptë wel his fold,
So that the wolf ne made it not miscarie.
He was a shepherd, and no mercenarie.
And though he holy were, and vertuoús,
He was to sinful men not dispitoús,
Ne of his spechë dangerous ne digne,[3]
But in his teching discret and benigne.
To drawen folk to heven, with fairënesse,
By good ensample, was his besinesse:
But it were any person obstinat,
What so he were of high or low estat,
Him wold he snibben sharply for the nones,[4]
A better prest I trow that nowher non is.
He waited after no pompe ne reverence,
Ne makëd him no spicëd conscience,
But Cristës lore, and his apostles twelve,
He taught, but first he folwed it himselve.

The Plowman.

With him ther was a Plowman, was his brother,
That hadde y-laid of dong ful many a fother.[5]

[1] High and low. [2] Ignorant. [3] Proud. [4] Occasion. [5] Cart load.

A trewë swinker,[1] and a good was he,
Living in pees, and parfit charité.
God loved he best with al his hoolë herte
At al times, were it gain or smerte,
And than his neighëbour right as himselve.
He woldë thresh, and therto dike, and delve,
For Cristës sake, for every pourë wight,
Withouten hire, if it lay in his might.
His tithës paied he ful fayre and wel
Both of his proprë swink, and his catél.
In a tabard[2] he rode upon a mere.

The Miller.

The Miller was a stout carl for the nones,
Ful big he was of braun, and eek of bones;
That provëd wel, for overal ther he came,
At wrastling he wold bere away the ram.
He was short shuldrëd, brode, a thikkë gnarre,[3]
Ther n'as no door, that he n'olde heve of harre,[4]
Or breke it at a renning with his hede.
His berd as any sowe or fox was rede,
And therto brode, as though it were a spade.
Upon the cop[5] right of his nose he hade
A wert, and theron stode a tufte of heres,
Rede as the bristles of a sowës eres.
His nose-thirls blackë were and wide.
A swerd and bokler bare he by his side.
His mouth as widë was as a forneís.
He was a jangler,[6] and a goliardeís,[7]
And that was most of sinne, and harlotries.
Wel coude he stelen corne, and tollen thries.
And yet he had a thomb of gold pardé.
A whit cote and a blew hood werëd he.
A baggëpipë coude he blowe and soune,
And therwithall he brought us out of toune.

[1] Laborer.
[2] Laborer's sleeveless coat.
[3] A hard knot in a tree.
[4] Hinge.
[5] Top.
[6] A prater, babbler.
[7] *Un goliardois*, Fr.; *Goliardus*, or *Goliardensis*, Lat. This jovial sect seems to have been so called from Golias, the real or assumed name of a man of wit, towards the end of the twelfth century, who wrote the "Apocalypsis Goliæ," and other pieces in burlesque Latin rhymes, some of which have been falsely attributed to Walter Map.

The Steward.

The Rēvē was a slendrē colerik man,
His berd was shavē as neighe as ever he can.
His heer was by his erēs round y-shorne.
His top was docked like a prest beforne.
Ful longē were his leggēs, and ful lene,
Y-like a staff, ther was no calf y-sene.
Wel coude he kepe a garner and a binne:
Ther was non auditour coud on him winne.
Wel wiste he by the drought, and by the rain,
The yelding of his seed, and of his grain.
His lordēs sheep, his neet, his deyerie,
His swyn, his hors, his store, and his pultrie,
Were holly in this revēs governing,
And by his covenant yave he rekening,
Sin that his lord was twenty yere of agē;
Ther coudē nō man bring him in arerage.
Ther n'as baillif, ne herde, ne other hine,
That he ne knew his sleight and his covine[1]:
They were adrad[2] of him, as of the deth.
His wonning was ful fayr upon an heth,
With grenē trees y-shadwed was his place.
He coude better than his lord purchace.
Ful riche he was y-stored privily.
His lord wel coude he plesen subtilly,
To yeve and lene[3] him of his owen good,
And have a thank, a cote, and eek an hood.
In youth he lernēd had a good mistere.
He was a wel good wright, a carpentere.
This reve sate upon a right good stot,[4]
That was all pomelee[5] grey, and highte Scot.
A long surcote of pers[6] upon he hade,
And by his side he bare a rusty blade,
Of Northfolk was this reve, of which I tell,
Beside a toun men clepen Baldēswell.
Tucked he was, as is a frere, aboute,
And ever he rode the hindrest of the route.

The Apparitor.

A Sompnour was ther with us in that place,
That hadde a fyr-red cherubinnēs face,

[1] Deceit. [2] Afraid. [3] Lend. [4] A stallion. [5] Dappled. [6] Blue.

For sausëflem[1] he was, with eyen narwe.
As hote he was, and likerous as a sparwe,
With scallëd browës blak, and pillëd berd:
Of his visàgë children were aferd.
Ther n'as quiksilver, litarge, ne brimston,
Boras, ceruse, ne oile of tartre non,
Ne oinëment that woldë clense or bite,
That him might helpen of his whelkës white,
Ne of the knobbës sitting on his chekes.
Wel loved he garlik, oniöns, and lekes,
And for to drinkë strong win red as blood.
Than wold he speke, and crie as he were wood.[2]
And whan that he wel dronken had the wyn,
Than wold he speken no word but Latyn. . . .
In danger[3] hadde he at his owen gise
The yongë girlës[4] of the diocise,
And knew hir conseil, and was of hir rede.
A gerlond had he set upon his hede,
As gret as it were for an alëstake:[5]
A bokler had he maad him of a cake.

The Pardoner.

With him ther rode a gentil Pardonèr[6]
Of Rouncevall, his frend and his comper,[7]
That streit was comen from the court of Rome.
Full loude he sang, "Com hider, love, to me."
This sompnour bar to him a stiff burdoún,
Was never tromp of half so great a soun.
This pardoner had here[8] as yelwe as wax,
But smoth it heng, as doth a strike of flax:
By uncës heng his lokkës that he hadde,
And therwith he his shulders overspradde.
Ful thinne it lay, by culpons[9] on and on,
But hood, for jolité, ne wered he non,
For it was trussëd up in his wallet.
Him thought he rode al of the newe get,[10]
Dishevel, sauf his cap, he rode all bare.
Swich glaring eyen had he, as an hare.

[1] With red pimpled face. [2] Mad. [3] Within the reach or control of his office. [4] This word is applied to both sexes in Chaucer, and therefore may mean the young men as well as the young women. [5] A signpost in front of an alehouse. [6] A seller of indulgences. [7] Friend. [8] Hair. [9] Shreds. [10] Fashion.

A vernicle[1] had he sewëd on his cappe.
His wallet lay beforn him in his lappe,
Bret-ful of pardon come from Rome al hote.
A vois he hadde, as smale as eny gote.
No berdë had he, ne never non shuld have,
As smothe it was as it were newe shave;
I trowe he were a gelding or a mare.
But of his craft, fro Berwike unto Ware,
Ne was ther swich another pardonere.
For in his male[2] he hadde a pilwebere,[3]
Which, that he saidë, was our lady veil:
He said, he hadde a gobbet[4] of the seyl
That seinte Peter had, whan that he went
Upon the see, till Jesu Crist him hent.[5]
He had a cros of laton[6] ful of stones,
And in a glas he haddë piggës bones.
But with these reliks, whannë that he fond
A pourë person dwelling up on lond,
Upon a day he gat him more moneie
Than that the persone gat in moneths tweie.
And thus with fainëd flattering and japes,
He made the person, and the peple, his apes.
But trewëly to tellen attë last,
He was in chirche a noble ecclesiast.
Wel coud he rede a lesson or a storie,
But alderbest he sang an offertorie:
For wel he wiste, whan that song was songe,
He mustë preche, and wel afile[7] his tonge,
To winnë silver, as he right wel coude:
Therfore he sang ful merily and loude.

Now have I told you shortly in a clause,
Thestat, tharaie, the nombre, and eke the cause
Why that assemblëd was this compagnie
In Southwerk at this gentil hostelrie,
That highte the Tabard, faste by the Belle.

MINE HOST.

Gret chere made oure HOST us everich on,
And to the souper set he us anon:

[1] A miniature copy of the picture of Christ, which is said to have been miraculously imprinted upon a handkerchief, preserved in the church of St. Peter at Rome. [2] Portmanteau. [3] A pillowcase. [4] Morsel. [5] Took hold of him. [6] A sort of mixed metal, of the color of brass. [7] Polish.

And servëd us with vitail attë beste.
Strong was the wyn, and wel to drinke us lèste.[1]
A semely man our hostë was withalle
For to han ben a marshal in an halle.
A largë man he was with eyen stepe,
A fairer burgeis is ther non in Chepe:
Bold of his speche, and wise and wel y-taught,
And of manhed him lackëd rightë naught.
Eek therto was he right a mery man,
And after souper plaien he began,
And spake of mirthe amongës other thinges,
Whan that we hadden made our rekeninges.

EARLY DUTCH POETRY.

By Sir JOHN BOWRING.

The Hunter from Greece.

A hunter went a hunting into the forest wide,
And naught he found to hunt but a man whose arms were tied.
"Hunter," quoth he, "a woman is roaming in the grove,
And to your joyous youth-tide a deadly bane shall prove."
"What! should I fear a woman — who never feared a man?"
Then to him, while yet speaking, the cruel woman ran.
She seized his arms and grasped his horse's reins, and hied
Full seventy miles, ascending with him the mountain's side.
The mountains they were lofty, the valleys deep and low, —
Two sucklings dead — one turning upon a spit he saw.
"And am I doomed to perish, as I these perish see?
Then may I curse my fortune that I a Greek should be."
"What! are you then from Greece? for my husband is a Greek;
And tell me of your parents — perchance I know them — speak."
"But should I name them, they may to you be all unknown: —
My father is the monarch of Greece, and I his son;
And Margaret his consort — my mother too is she;
You well may know their titles, and they my parents be."
"The monarch of the Grecians — a comely man and gay —
But should you ne'er grow taller, what boots your life, I pray?"
"Why should I not grow taller? I but eleven years have seen;
I hope I shall grow taller than trees in the forest green."
"How hope you to grow taller than trees in the forest green? —
I have a maiden daughter, a young and graceful queen,

[1] It pleased us well.

And on her head she weareth a crown of pearls so fine;
But not e'en wooing monarchs should have that daughter mine.
Upon her breast she beareth a lily and a sword,
And even hell's black tenants all tremble at her word."
"You boast so of your daughter, I wish she'd cross my way,
I'd steal her kisses slyly, and bid her a good day."
"I have a little courser that's swifter than the wind,
I'll lend it to you slyly — go — seek — the maiden find."
Then bravely on the courser galloped the hunter lad;
"Farewell! black hag, farewell! for your daughter is too bad."
"O had I, as this morning, you in my clutches back,
You dared not then have called me — you dared not call me 'black.'"
She struck the tree in fury with a club stick which she took,
Till the trees in the greenwood trembled, and all the green leaves shook.

The Fettered Nightingale.

Now I will speed to the Eastern land, for there my sweet love dwells,
Over hill and over valley, far over the heather, for there my sweet love dwells:
And two fair trees are standing at the gates of my sweet love,
One bears the fragrant nutmeg, and one the fragrant clove.
The nutmegs were so round, and the cloves they smelt so sweet,
I thought a knight would court me, and but a mean man meet.
The maiden by the hand, by her snow-white hand he led,
And they traveled far away to where a couch was spread;
And there they lay concealed through the loving livelong night,
From evening to the morning till broke the gay daylight;
And the sun is gone to rest, and the stars are shining clear,
I fain would hide me now in an orchard with my dear;
And none should enter then my orchard's deep alcove,
But the proud nightingale that carols high above.
We'll chain the nightingale — his head unto his feet,
And he no more shall chatter of lovers when they meet.
I'm not less faithful now, although in fetters bound,
And still will chatter on of two sweet lovers' wound.

The Knight and his Squire.

A Knight and his Esquire did stray — *Santio*[1]
In the narrow path and the gloomy way, — *Non weder*

[1] The chorus of this Romance is: —

—— Santio
Non weder de kneder de koorde sante jante
Iko, kantiko di kandelaar sti.

So quoth the Knight — "Yon tree do thou — *Santio*
Climb — bring the turtle from the bough." — *Non weder*
"Sir Knight, I dare not; for the tree — *Santio*
Is far too light to carry me." — *Non weder*
The Knight grew grave and stern: and he — *Santio*
Mounted himself the waving tree. — *Non weder*
"My master is fallen dead below — *Santio*
Where are my well-earned wages now?" — *Non weder*
"Your well-earned wages! get you all — *Santio*
Chariots and steeds are in the stall." — *Non weder*
"Chariots and steeds I seek not after, — *Santio*
But I will have the youngest daughter." — *Non weder*
The Squire is now a Knight; and still — *Santio*
Drives steeds and chariots at his will. — *Non weder*

MANDEVILLE'S TRAVELS.

[Sir John Mandeville: The reputed author of an early English book of travels, written in popular style and abounding in extravagant stories, which was translated into various languages. The writer calls himself John Maundevylle, knight of St. Albans, and claims to have visited Turkey, Armenia, Tartary, Persia, Syria, Arabia, Ethiopia, Chaldea, Amazonia, etc., and to have been in the service of the Sultan of Egypt. Recent investigations show that most of his material is derived from the writings of Pliny, William of Bodensele, Friar Odoric, and Vincent de Beauvais.]

The Lady of the Land.

And some men say that in the Isle of Lango is yet the daughter of Hippocrates, in form and likeness of a great dragon, that is a hundred fathom of length, as men say: for I have not seen her. And they of the Isles call her, Lady of the Land. And she lieth in an old castle, in a cave, and showeth twice or thrice in the year. And she doth no harm to no man, but if men do her harm. And she was thus changed and transformed, from a fair damsel, into likeness of a dragon, by a goddess, that was cleped Diana. And men say, that she shall so endure in that form of a dragon, unto the time that a knight come, that is so hardy, that dare come to her and kiss her on the mouth: and then shall she turn again to her own kind, and be a woman again. But after that she shall not live long. And it is not long since, that a knight of the Rhodes,

that was hardy and doughty in arms, said that he would kiss her. And when he was upon his courser, and went to the castle, and entered into the cave, the dragon lift up her head against him. And when the knight saw her in that form so hideous and so horrible, he fled away. And the dragon bare the knight upon a rock, mauger his head; and from that rock she cast him into the sea: and so was lost both horse and man. And also a young man, that wist not of the dragon, went out of a ship, and went through the Isle, till that he came to the castle, and came in to the cave, and went so long till that he found a chamber, and there he saw a damsel that combed her head, and looked in a mirror; and she had much treasure about her, and he trowed that she had been a common woman, that dwelled there to receive men to folly. And he abode, till the damsel saw the shadow of him in the mirror. And she turned her toward him, and asked him, what he would. And he said, he would be her leman or paramour. And she asked him if that he were a knight. And he said, nay. And then she said that he might not be her leman: but she bade him go again unto his fellows, and make him knight, and come again upon the morrow, and she should come out of the cave before him, and then come and kiss her on the mouth, and have no dread; "For I shall do thee no manner of harm, albeit that thou see me in likeness of a dragon. For though thou see me hideous and horrible to look on, I do thee to witness, that it is made by enchantment. For without doubt, I am none other than thou seest now, a woman; and therefore dread thee naught. And if thou kiss me, thou shalt have all this treasure, and be my lord, and lord also of all that isle." And he departed from her and went to his fellows to ship, and let make him knight, and came again upon the morrow, for to kiss this damsel. And when he saw her come out of the cave, in form of a dragon, so hideous and so horrible, he had so great dread, that he fled again to the ship; and she followed him. And when she saw that he turned not again, she began to cry, as a thing that had much sorrow: and then she turned again, into her cave; and anon the knight died. And since then, hitherwards, might no knight see her, but that he died anon. But when a knight cometh, that is so hardy to kiss her, he shall not die; but he shall turn the damsel into her right form and kindly shape, and he shall be lord of all the countries and isles abovesaid.

Of the Qualities of the Right Balm.

And wyte ye well that, that a man ought to take good kepe for to buy balm, but if he can know it right well: for he may right lightly be deceived. For men sell a gum, that men clepen turpentine, instead of balm: and they put thereto a little balm for to give good odor. And some put wax in oil of the wood of the fruit of balm, and say that it is balm: and some distill cloves of gillyflower and of spikenard of Spain and of other spices, that be well smelling; and the liquor that goeth out thereof they clepe it balm: and they wean that they have balm; and they have none. For the Saracens counterfeit it by subtilty of craft, for to deceive the Christian men, as I have see full many a time. And after them, the merchants and the apothecaries counterfeit it eftsoons, and then it is less worth, and a great deal worse. But if it like you, I shall show, how ye shall know and prove, to the end that ye shall not be deceived. First ye shall well know, that the natural balm is full clear, and of citron color, and strong smelling. And if it be thick, or red, or black, it is sophisticate, that is to say counterfeited and made like it, for deceit.

The Castle of the Sparrowhawk.

And from thence, men go through little Ermonye. And in that country is an old castle, that stands upon a rock, the which is cleped the Castle of the Sparrowhawk, that is beyond the city of Layays, beside the town of Pharsipee, that belongeth to the lordship of Cruk; that is a rich lord and a good Christian man; where men find a sparrowhawk upon a perch right fair, and right well made; and a fair Lady of Fayrye, that keepeth it. And who that will wake that Sparrowhawk, 7 days and 7 nights, and as some men say, 3 days and 3 nights, without company and without sleep, that fair lady shall give him, when he hath done, the first wish, that he will wish, of earthly things: and that hath been proved oftentimes. And o time befell, that a king of Ermonye, that was a worthy knight and a doughty man and a noble prince, woke that hawk some time; and at the end of 7 days and 7 nights, the lady came to him and bade him wish; for he had well deserved it. And he answered that he was great lord the now, and well in peace, and had enough of worldly riches; and therefore he would wish none other thing, but the

body of that fair lady, to have it at his will. And she answered him, that he knew not what he asked; and said, that he was a fool, to desire that he might not have: for she said, that he should not ask, but earthly thing: for she was no earthly thing, but a ghostly thing. And the king said, that he would ask none other thing. And the lady answered, "Sith that I may not withdraw you from your lewd courage, I shall give you without wishing, and to all them that shall come of you. Sire King, ye shall have war without peace, and always to the 9 degree, ye shall be in subjection of your enemies; and ye shall be needy of all goods." And never since, neither the King of Ermonye, nor the country, were never in peace, nor they had never since plenty of goods; and they have been since always under tribute of the Saracens. Also the son of a poor man woke that hawk, and wished that he might cheve well, and to be happy to merchandise. And the lady granted him. And he became the most rich and the most famous merchant, that might be on sea or on earth. And he became so rich, that he knew not the 1000 part of that he had: and he was wiser, in wishing, than was the king. Also a Knight of the Temple woke there; and wished a purse ever more full of gold; and the lady granted him. But she said him, that he had asked the destruction of their Order; for the trust and the affiance of that purse, and for the great pride, that they should have: and so it was. And therefore look he kepe him well, that shall wake: for if he sleep, he is lost, that never man shall see him more. This is not the right way for to go to the parts, that I have named before; but for to see the marvel, that I have spoken of.

The State of Prester John.

This Emperor Prester John, when he goeth in to battle, against any other lord, he hath no banners borne before him: but he hath three crosses of gold, fine, great, and high, full of precious stones: and every of the crosses be set in a chariot, full richly arrayed. And for to keep every cross, be ordained 10,000 men of arms, and more than 100,000 men on foot, in manner as men would keep a standard in our countries, when that we be in land of war. And this number of folk is without the principal host, and without wings ordained for the battle. And when he hath no war, but rideth with a privy retinue, then he hath borne before him but a cross of tree, without peinture,

and without gold or silver or precious stones; in remembrance, that Jesu Christ suffered death upon a cross of tree. And he hath borne before him also a platter of gold full of earth, in token that his noblesse and his might and his flesh shall turn to earth. And he hath borne before him also a vessel of silver, full of noble jewels of gold full rich, and of precious stones, in token of his lordship and of his noblesse and of his might. He dwelleth commonly in the city of Sus-a; and there is his principal palace, that is so rich and so noble, that no man will trow it by estimation, but he had seen it. And above the chief tower of the palace, be two round pommels of gold; and in every of them be two carbuncles great and large, that shine full bright upon the night. And the principal gates of his palace be of precious stone, that men call sardoin; and the bordure and the bars be of ivory: and the windows of the halls and chambers be of crystal: and the tables whereon men eat, some be of emerald, some of amethyst and some of gold, full of precious stones; and the pillars, that bear up the tables, be of the same precious stones. And the degrees to go up to his throne, where he sitteth at the meat, one is of onyx, another is of crystal, and another of jasper green, another of amethyst, another of sardoin, another of cornelian, and the seventh that he setteth on his feet, is of chrysolite. And all these degrees be bordured with fine gold, with the tother precious stones, set with great pearls orient. And the sides of the seat of his throne be of emeralds, and bordured with gold full nobly, and dubbed with other precious stones and great pearls. And all the pillars in his chamber be of fine gold with precious stones, and with many carbuncles, that give great light upon the night to all people. And albeit that the carbuncle give light enough, natheless at all times burneth a vessel of crystal full of balm, for to give good smell and odor to the Emperor, and to void away all wicked airs and corruptions.

THE BATTLE OF AGINCOURT.

By MICHAEL DRAYTON.

[Michael Drayton, English poet, born at Atherstone, in Warwickshire, about the year 1563. He died in 1631, and was buried in Westminster Abbey. His works are a collection of Pastorals, 1593; "The Barons' Wars," and "Eng-



BATTLE OF AGINCOURT

land's Heroical Epistles," 1598; "The Polyolbion," first part, 1612, second, 1622.]

Fair stood the wind for France,
When we our sails advance,
Nor now to prove our chance,
Longer will tarry;
But putting to the main,
At Kaux, the mouth of Seine,
With all his martial train,
Landed King Harry.

And taking many a fort,
Furnished in warlike sort,
Marcheth towards Agincourt,
In happy hour;
Skirmishing day by day
With those that stopped his way,
Where the French General lay,
With all his power.

Which in his height of pride,
King Henry to deride,
His ransom to provide
To the King sending.
Which he neglects the while,
As from a nation vile,
Yet with an angry smile,
Their fall portending.

And turning to his men,
Quoth our brave Henry then,
"Though they to one be ten,
Be not amazed.
Yet have we well begun,
Battles so bravely won
Have ever to the Sun
By fame been raised.

"And for myself," quoth he,
"This my full rest shall be,
England ne'er mourn for me,
Nor more esteem me!
Victor I will remain,
Or on this earth lie slain,
Never shall she sustain
Loss to redeem me.

"Poictiers and Cressy tell,
When most their pride did swell,
Under our swords they fell;
No less our skill is,
Than when our grandsire great,
Claiming the regal seat,
By many a warlike feat
Lopped the French Lilies.

The Duke of York so dread,
The eager vaward led;
With the main Henry sped,
Among his henchmen.
Excester had the rear,
A braver man not there,
O Lord, how hot they were
On the false Frenchmen!

They now to fight are gone,
Armor on armor shone;
Drum now to drum did groan,
To hear was wonder;
That with the cries they make
The very earth did shake,
Trumpet to trumpet spake
Thunder to thunder.

Well it thine age became,
O noble Erpingham,
Which didst the signal aim
To our hid forces;
When from a meadow by,
Like a storm suddenly,
The English archery
Stuck the French horses.

With Spanish yew so strong,
Arrows a cloth yard long,
That like to serpents stung,
Piercing the weather;
None from his fellow starts,
But playing manly parts,
And like true English hearts,
Stuck close together.

Henry V.

Portion of a letter giving directions for the defence of the northern borders and for the safe keeping of the Duke of Orleans and other French prisoners taken at Agincourt in 1415, and of James I. of Scotland, captured at sea on his way to France in 1406, information having been received of a design concerted between the Duke of Orleans and the Duke of Albany, Regent of Scotland; without date (1419?), no signature or address remaining. Henry's brother mentioned in the first line was John, Duke of Bedford, Guardian of the Kingdom during the king's absence in France.

Furthermore I will that ye woll send [illegible]
of northumberlond and my cosin of Westm
noble maiestie and stedely for the due o
prisoners of france · and also for the [illegible]
Scotlam of right notable estate in this lo
of france in scotland and accorded [illegible] th
lying in the mannet of scotlond to st
founden Kinge to the halowing abbey [illegible]
as welle as of the remenant of my for
I will that the due of orliance be kept
going to noblest place or to any oth
then ye were disposed yf of alle t

HEN

BRIT. MUS. C

w bysshe with the chaunceller & my cosyn
and and that ye set a gode ordinance for my
liaunce · and for alle the remanant of my
scotelond · for as I am sekely enformed by
that there hath ben a man of the Duc of
uc of albany · that there next somer he shal
e & that he may · and also that they schold be
of the Duc of orliaunce · and also of there
& pysoners that god do defende · & therfore
le & rehym the castel of pontfret & sette
dysporte · for it is better he lak bre dysport
remanant & the as ye thenketh

V., 1419 (?)
Ms. Vesp. F. III, f, 5

When down their bows they threw,
And forth their billows drew,
And on the French they flew,
 Not one was tardy;
Arms were from shoulders sent,
Scalps to the teeth were rent,
Down the French peasants went—
 Our men were hardy.

This while our noble King,
His broadsword brandishing,
Down the French host did ding
 As to o'erwhelm it;
And many a deep wound lent,
His arms with blood besprent,
And many a cruel dent
 Bruised his helmet.

Glo'ster, that Duke so good,
Next of the royal blood,
For famous England stood,
 With his brave brother;
Clarence, in steel so bright,
Though but a maiden knight,
Yet in that furious fight
 Scarce such another.

Warwick in blood did wade,
Oxford the foe invade,
And cruel slaughter made,
 Still as they ran up;
Suffolk his ax did ply,
Beaumont and Willoughby
Bare them right doughtily,
 Ferrers and Fanhope.

Upon St. Crispin's day
Fought was this noble fray,
Which Fame did not delay,
 To England to carry;
O, when shall Englishmen
With such acts fill a pen,
Or England breed again
 Such a King Harry.

FROM "THE WHITE COMPANY."

By A. CONAN DOYLE.

[Arthur Conan Doyle, Scotch novelist, was born in Edinburgh, May 22, 1859. He is the son of Charles Doyle, an artist, and nephew of Richard Doyle of *Punch*. He received his early education at Stonyhurst, in Lancashire, and in Germany; studied medicine at Edinburgh four years; and practiced at Southsea from 1882 to 1890, when he gave his whole attention to literature. He first became popular with the detective stories, "A Study in Scarlet," "The Sign of the Four," and "Adventures of Sherlock Holmes." His other works include: the historical novels "Micah Clarke," "The White Company," "The Refugees," "Rodney Stone," and "Uncle Bernac"; "The Captain of the Polestar"; "Stark Munro Letters"; "Round the Red Lamp"; "Tragedy of the Korosko." He is also the author of the one-act play, "A Story of Waterloo," produced by Sir Henry Irving in 1894.]

The Ravaged Country.

If it were grim and desolate upon the English border, however, what can describe the hideous barrenness of this ten times harried tract of France? The whole face of the country was scarred and disfigured, mottled over with the black blotches of burned farmsteadings, and the gray, gaunt gable ends of what had been chateaux. Broken fences, crumbling walls, vineyards, littered with stones, the shattered arches of bridges — look where you might, the signs of ruin and rapine met the eye. Here and there only, on the farthest sky line, the gnarled turrets of a castle, or the graceful pinnacles of church or of monastery showed where the forces of the sword or of the spirit had preserved some small islet of security in this universal flood of misery. Moodily and in silence the little party rode along the narrow and irregular track, their hearts weighed down by this far-stretching land of despair. It was indeed a stricken and a blighted country, and a man might have ridden from Auvergne in the north to the marches of Foix, nor ever seen a smiling village or a thriving homestead.

From time to time as they advanced they saw strange lean figures scraping and scratching amid the weeds and thistles, who, on sight of the band of horsemen, threw up their arms and dived in among the brushwood, as shy and as swift as wild

animals. More than once, however, they came on families by the wayside, who were too weak from hunger and disease to fly, so that they could but sit like hares on a tussock, with panting chests and terror in their eyes. So gaunt were these poor folk, so worn and spent — with bent and knotted frames, and sullen, hopeless, mutinous faces — that it made the young Englishman heartsick to look upon them. Indeed, it seemed as though all hope and light had gone so far from them that it was not to be brought back; for when Sir Nigel threw down a handful of silver among them there came no softening of their lined faces, but they clutched greedily at the coins, peering questioningly at him, and champing with their animal jaws. Here and there amid the brushwood the travelers saw the rude bundle of sticks which served them as a home — more like a fowl's nest than the dwelling place of man. Yet why should they build and strive, when the first adventurer who passed would set torch to their thatch, and when their own feudal lord would wring from them with blows and curses the last fruits of their toil? They sat at the lowest depth of human misery, and hugged a bitter comfort to their souls as they realized that they could go no lower. Yet they had still the human gift of speech, and would take council among themselves in their brushwood hovels, glaring with bleared eyes and pointing with thin fingers at the great widespread chateaux which ate like a cancer into the life of the countryside. When such men, who are beyond hope and fear, begin in their dim minds to see the source of their woes, it may be an evil time for those who have wronged them. The weak man becomes strong when he has nothing, for then only can he feel the wild, mad thrill of despair. High and strong the chateaux, lowly and weak the brushwood hut; but God help the seigneur and his lady when the men of the brushwood set their hands to the work of revenge!

Sir Tristram de Rochefort, Seneschal of Auvergne and Lord of Villefranche, was a fierce and renowned soldier who had grown gray in the English wars. As lord of the marches and guardian of an exposed countryside, there was little rest for him even in times of so-called peace, and his whole life was spent in raids and outfalls upon the Brabanters, late comers, flayers, free companions, and roving archers who wandered over his province. At times he would come back in triumph, and a

dozen corpses swinging from the summit of his keep would warn evil doers that there was still a law in the land. At others his ventures were not so happy, and he and his troop would spur it over the drawbridge with clatter of hoofs hard at their heels and whistle of arrows about their ears. Hard he was of hand and harder of heart, hated by his foes, and yet not loved by those whom he protected, for twice he had been taken prisoner, and twice his ransom had been wrung by dint of blows and tortures out of the starving peasants and ruined farmers. Wolves or watchdogs, it was hard to say from which the sheep had most to fear.

The Castle of Villefranche was harsh and stern as its master. A broad moat, a high outer wall turreted at the corners, with a great black keep towering above all — so it lay before them in the moonlight. By the light of two flambeaux, protruded through the narrow slit-shaped openings at either side of the ponderous gate, they caught a glimpse of the glitter of fierce eyes and of the gleam of the weapons of the guard. The sight of the two-headed eagle of Du Guesclin, however, was a passport into any fortalice in France, and ere they had passed the gate the old border knight came running forwards with hands outthrown to greet his famous countryman.

The material for a feast was ever at hand in days when, if there was grim want in the cottage, there was at least rude plenty in the castle. Within an hour the guests were seated around a board which creaked under the great pasties and joints of meat, varied by those more dainty dishes in which the French excelled, the spiced ortolan and the truffled beccaficoes. The great fire crackled in the grate, the hooded hawks slept upon their perches, the rough deerhounds with expectant eyes crouched upon the tiled floor; close at the elbows of the guests stood the dapper little lilac-coated pages; the laugh and jest circled round and all was harmony and comfort. Little they recked of the brushwood men who crouched in their rags along the fringe of the forest and looked with wild and haggard eyes at the rich, warm glow which shot a golden bar of light from the high arched windows of the castle.

"These folk here," said the knight of Bohemia, "they do not seem too well fed."

"Ah, canaille!" cried the Lord of Villefranche. "You would scarce credit it, and yet it is sooth that when I was taken at Poictiers it was all that my wife and foster brother could do

to raise the money from them for my ransom. The sulky dogs would rather have three twists of a rack, or the thumbikins for an hour, than pay out a denier for their own feudal father and liege lord. Yet there is not one of them but hath an old stocking full of gold pieces hid away in a snug corner."

"Why do they not buy food then?" asked Sir Nigel. "By St. Paul! it seemed to me their bones were breaking through their skin."

"It is their grutching and grumbling that makes them thin. We have a saying here, Sir Nigel, that if you pommel Jacques Bonhomme he will pat you, but if you pat him he will pommel you. Doubtless you find it so in England."

"Ma foi, no!" said Sir Nigel. "I have two Englishmen of this class in my train, who are at this instant, I make little doubt, as full of your wine as any cask in your cellar. He who pommeled them might come by such a pat as he would be likely to remember."

"I cannot understand it," quoth the seneschal, "for the English knights and nobles whom I have met were not men to brook the insolence of the baseborn."

"Perchance, my fair lord, the poor folk are sweeter and of a better countenance in England," laughed the Lady Rochefort. "Mon Dieu! you cannot conceive to yourself how ugly they are! Without hair, without teeth, all twisted and bent; for me, I cannot think how the good God ever came to make such people. I cannot bear it, I, and so my trusty Raoul goes ever before me with a cudgel to drive them from my path."

"Yet they have souls, fair lady, they have souls!" murmured the chaplain, a white-haired man with a weary, patient face.

"So I have heard you tell them," said the lord of the castle; "and for myself, father, though I am a true son of holy Church, yet I think that you were better employed in saying your mass and in teaching the children of my men at arms, than in going over the countryside to put ideas in these folks' heads which would never have been there but for you. I have heard that you have said to them that their souls are as good as ours, and that it is likely that in another life they may stand as high as the oldest blood of Auvergne. For my part, I believe that there are so many worthy knights and gallant gentlemen in heaven who know how such things should be arranged, that there is little fear that we shall find ourselves mixed up with base

roturiers and swineherds. Tell your beads, father, and con your psalter, but do not come between me and those whom the king has given to me!"

"God help them!" cried the old priest. "A higher King than yours has given them to me, and I tell you here in your own castle hall, Sir Tristram de Rochefort, that you have sinned deeply in your dealings with these poor folk, and that the hour will come, and may even now be at hand, when God's hand will be heavy upon you for what you have done." He rose as he spoke, and walked slowly from the room.

"Pest take him!" cried the French knight. "Now, what is a man to do with a priest, Sir Bertrand? — for one can neither fight him like a man nor coax him like a woman."

"By St. Ives! Tristram, this chaplain of yours seems to me to be a worthy man, and you should give heed to his words, for though I care nothing for the curse of a bad pope, it would be a grief to me to have aught but a blessing from a good priest."

"He shall have four silver candlesticks," said the seneschal, moodily. "And yet I would that he would leave the folk alone. You cannot conceive in your mind how stubborn and brainless they are. Mules and pigs are full of reason beside them. God He knows that I have had great patience with them. It was but last week that, having to raise some money, I called up to the castle Jean Goubert, who, as all men know, has a casketful of gold pieces hidden away in some hollow tree. I give you my word that I did not so much as lay a stripe upon his fool's back, but after speaking with him, and telling him how needful the money was to me, I left him for the night to think over the matter in my dungeon. What think you that the dog did? Why, in the morning we found that he had made a rope from strips of his leathern jerkin, and had hung himself to the bar of the window."

"For me, I cannot conceive such wickedness!" cried the lady.

"And there was Gertrude Le Bœuf, as fair a maiden as eye could see, but as bad and bitter as the rest of them. When young Amory de Valance was here last Lammastide, he looked kindly upon the girl, and even spoke of taking her into his service. What does she do, with her dog of a father? Why, they tie themselves together and leap into the Linden Pool, where the water is five spears' lengths deep. I give you my word that

it was a great grief to young Amory, and it was days ere he could cast it from his mind. But how can one serve people who are so foolish and so ungrateful?"

How the Brushwood Men came to the Chateau of Villefranche.

It was late ere Alleyne Edricson, having carried Sir Nigel the goblet of spiced wine which it was his custom to drink after the curling of his hair, was able at last to seek his chamber. It was a stone-flagged room upon the second floor, with a bed in a recess for him, and two smaller pallets on the other side, on which Aylward and Hordle John were already snoring. Alleyne had knelt down to his evening orisons, when there came a tap at his door, and Ford entered with a small lamp in his hand. His face was deadly pale, and his hand shook until the shadows flickered up and down the wall.

"What is it, Ford?" cried Alleyne, springing to his feet.

"I can scarce tell you," said he, sitting down on the side of the couch, and resting his chin upon his hand. "I know not what to say or what to think."

"Has aught befallen you, then?"

"Yes, or I have been slave to my own fancy. I tell you, lad, that I am all undone, like a fretted bowstring. Hark hither, Alleyne! it cannot be that you have forgotten little Tita, the daughter of the old glass stainer at Bordeaux?"

"I remember her well."

"She and I, Alleyne, broke the lucky groat together ere we parted, and she wears my ring upon her finger. 'Caro mio,' quoth she when last we parted, 'I shall be near thee in the wars, and thy danger will be my danger.' Alleyne, as God is my help, as I came up the stairs this night I saw her stand before me, her face in tears, her hands out as though in warning — I saw it, Alleyne, even as I see those two archers upon their couches. Our very finger tips seemed to meet, ere she thinned away like a mist in the sunshine."

"I would not give overmuch thought to it," answered Alleyne. "Our minds will play us strange pranks."

Ford shook his head. "I saw little Tita as clearly as though I were back at the Rue des Apôtres at Bordeaux," said he. "But the hour is late, and I must go."

"Where do you sleep, then?"

"In the chamber above you. May the saints be with us all!" He rose from the couch and left the chamber, while Alleyne could hear his feet sounding upon the winding stair. The young squire walked across to the window and gazed out at the moonlit landscape.

The window at which he stood was in the second floor of that portion of the castle which was nearest to the keep. In front lay the broad moat, with the moon lying upon its surface, now clear and round, now drawn lengthwise as the breeze stirred the waters. Beyond, the plain sloped down to a thick wood, while further to the left a second wood shut out the view. Between the two an open glade stretched, silvered in the moonshine, with the river curving across the lower end of it.

As he gazed, he saw of a sudden a man steal forth from the wood into the open clearing. He walked with his head sunk, his shoulders curved, and his knees bent, as one who strives hard to remain unseen. Ten paces from the fringe of trees he glanced around, and waving his hand he crouched down, and was lost to sight among a belt of furze bushes. After him there came a second man, and after him a third, a fourth, and a fifth, stealing across the narrow open space and darting into the shelter of the brushwood. Nine and seventy Alleyne counted of these dark figures flitting across the line of the moonlight. Many bore huge burdens upon their backs, though what it was that they carried he could not tell at the distance. Out of the one wood and into the other they passed, all with the same crouching, furtive gait, until the black bristle of trees had swallowed up the last of them.

For a moment Alleyne stood in the window, still staring down at the silent forest, uncertain as to what he should think of these midnight walkers. Then he bethought him that there was one beside him who was fitter to judge on such a matter. His fingers had scarce rested upon Aylward's shoulder ere the bowman was on his feet, with his hand outstretched to his sword.

"Qui va?" he cried. "Holà! mon petit. By my hilt! I thought there had been a camisade. What then, mon gar.?"

"Come hither by the window, Aylward," said Alleyne. "I have seen fourscore men pass from yonder shaw across the glade, and nigh every man of them had a great burden on his back. What think you of it?"

"I think nothing of it, mon camarade! There are as many

masterless folk in this country as there are rabbits on Cowdray Down, and there are many who show their faces by night but would dance in a hempen collar if they stirred forth in the day. On all the French marches are droves of outcasts, reivers, spoilers, and drawlatches, of whom I judge that these are some, though I marvel that they should dare to come so nigh to the castle of the seneschal. All seems very quiet now," he added, peering out of the window.

"They are in the further wood," said Alleyne.

"And there they may bide. Back to rest, mon petit; for, by my hilt! each day now will bring its own work. Yet it would be well to shoot the bolt in yonder door when one is in strange quarters. So!" He threw himself down upon his pallet and in an instant was fast asleep.

It might have been about three o'clock in the morning when Alleyne was aroused from a troubled sleep by a low cry or exclamation. He listened, but, as he heard no more, he set it down as the challenge of the guard upon the walls, and dropped off to sleep once more. A few minutes later he was disturbed by a gentle creaking of his own door, as though some one were pushing cautiously against it, and immediately afterwards he heard the soft thud of cautious footsteps upon the stair which led to the room above, followed by a confused noise and a muffled groan. Alleyne sat up on his couch with all his nerves in a tingle, uncertain whether these sounds might come from a simple cause — some sick archer and visiting leech perhaps — or whether they might have a more sinister meaning. But what danger could threaten them here in this strong castle, under the care of famous warriors, with high walls and a broad moat around them? Who was there that could injure them? He had well-nigh persuaded himself that his fears were a foolish fancy, when his eyes fell upon that which sent the blood cold to his heart, and left him gasping, with hands clutching at the counterpane.

Right in front of him was the broad window of the chamber, with the moon shining brightly through it. For an instant something had obscured the light, and now a head was bobbing up and down outside, the face looking in at him, and swinging slowly from one side of the window to the other. Even in that dim light there could be no mistaking those features. Drawn, distorted, and blood-stained, they were still those of the young fellow-squire who had sat so recently upon his own

couch. With a cry of horror Alleyne sprang from his bed and rushed to the casement, while the two archers, aroused by the sound, seized their weapons and stared about them in bewilderment. One glance was enough to show Edricson that his fears were but too true. Foully murdered, with a score of wounds upon him and a rope round his neck, his poor friend had been cast from the upper window and swung slowly in the night wind, his body rasping against the wall and his disfigured face upon a level with the casement.

"My God!" cried Alleyne, shaking in every limb. "What has come upon us? What devil's deed is this?"

"Here is flint and steel," said John, stolidly. "The lamp, Aylward! This moonshine softens a man's heart. Now we may use the eyes which God hath given us."

"By my hilt!" cried Aylward, as the yellow flame flickered up, "it is indeed young Master Ford, and I think that this seneschal is a black villain, who dare not face us in the day but would murther us in our sleep. By the twang of string! if I do not soak a goose's feather with his heart's blood, it will be no fault of Samkin Aylward of the White Company."

"But, Aylward, think of the men whom I saw yesternight," said Alleyne. "It may not be the seneschal. It may be that others have come into the castle. I must to Sir Nigel ere it be too late. Let me go, Aylward, for my place is by his side."

"One moment, mon gar. Put that steel headpiece on the end of my yew stave. So! I will put it first through the door; for it is ill to come out when you can neither see nor guard yourself. Now, camarades, out swords and stand ready! Holà, by my hilt! it is time that we were stirring!"

As he spoke, a sudden shouting broke forth in the castle, with the scream of a woman and the rush of many feet. Then came the sharp clink of clashing steel, and a roar like that of an angry lion—"Notre Dame Du Guesclin! St. Ives! St. Ives!" The bowman pulled back the bolt of the door, and thrust out the headpiece at the end of the bow. A clash, the clatter of the steel cap upon the ground, and, ere the man who struck could heave up for another blow, the archer had passed his sword through his body. "On, camarades, on!" he cried; and, breaking fiercely past two men who threw themselves in his way, he sped down the broad corridor in the direction of the shouting.

A sharp turning, and then a second one, brought them to

the head of a short stair, from which they looked straight down upon the scene of the uproar. A square oak-floored hall lay beneath them, from which opened the doors of the principal guest chambers. This hall was as light as day, for torches burned in numerous sconces upon the walls, throwing strange shadows from the tusked or antlered heads which ornamented them. At the very foot of the stair, close to the open door of their chamber, lay the seneschal and his wife: she with her head shorn from her shoulders, he thrust through with a sharpened stake, which still protruded from either side of his body. Three servants of the castle lay dead beside them, all torn and draggled, as though a pack of wolves had been upon them. In front of the central guest chamber stood Du Guesclin and Sir Nigel, half-clad and unarmored, with the mad joy of battle gleaming in their eyes. Their heads were thrown back, their lips compressed, their blood-stained swords poised over their right shoulders, and their left feet thrown out. Three dead men lay huddled together in front of them; while a fourth, with the blood squirting from a severed vessel, lay back with updrawn knees, breathing in wheezy gasps. Further back — all panting together, like the wind in a tree — there stood a group of fierce, wild creatures, bare-armed and bare-legged, gaunt, unshaven, with deep-set murderous eyes and wild beast faces. With their flashing teeth, their bristling hair, their mad leapings and screamings, they seemed to Alleyne more like fiends from the pit than men of flesh and blood. Even as he looked, they broke into a hoarse yell and dashed once more upon the two knights, hurling themselves madly upon their sword points; clutching, scrambling, biting, tearing, careless of wounds if they could but drag the two soldiers to earth. Sir Nigel was thrown down by the sheer weight of them, and Sir Bertrand with his thunderous war cry was swinging round his heavy sword to clear a space for him to rise, when the whistle of two long English arrows, and the rush of the squire and the two English archers down the stairs, turned the tide of the combat. The assailants gave back, the knights rushed forward, and in a very few moments the hall was cleared, and Hordle John had hurled the last of the wild men down the steep steps which led from the end of it.

"Do not follow them," cried Du Guesclin. "We are lost if we scatter. For myself I care not a denier, though it is a poor thing to meet one's end at the hands of such scum; but

I have my dear lady here, who must by no means be risked. We have breathing space now, and I would ask you, Sir Nigel, what it is that you would counsel?"

"By St. Paul!" answered Sir Nigel, "I can by no means understand what hath befallen us, save that I have been woken up by your battle cry, and, rushing forth, found myself in the midst of this small bickering. Harrow and alas for the lady and the seneschal! What dogs are they who have done this bloody deed?"

"They are the Jacks, the men of the brushwood. They have the castle, though I know not how it hath come to pass. Look from this window into the bailey."

"By heaven!" cried Sir Nigel, "it is as bright as day with the torches. The gates stand open, and there are three thousand of them within the walls. See how they rush and scream and wave! What is it that they thrust out through the postern door? My God! it is a man at arms, and they pluck him limb from limb, like hounds on a wolf. Now another, and yet another. They hold the whole castle, for I see their faces at the windows. See, there are some with great bundles on their backs."

"It is dried wood from the forest. They pile them against the walls and set them in a blaze. Who is this who tries to check them? By St. Ives! it is the good priest who spake for them in the hall. He kneels, he prays, he implores! What! villains, would ye raise hands against those who have befriended you? Ah, the butcher has struck him! He is down! They stamp him under their feet! They tear off his gown and wave it in the air! See now, how the flames lick up the walls! Are there none left to rally round us? With a hundred men we might hold our own."

"Oh, for my Company!" cried Sir Nigel. "But where is Ford, Alleyne?"

"He is foully murdered, my fair lord."

"The saints receive him! May he rest in peace! But here come some at last who may give us counsel, for amid these passages it is ill to stir without a guide."

As he spoke, a French squire and the Bohemian knight came rushing down the steps, the latter bleeding from a slash across his forehead.

"All is lost!" he cried. "The castle is taken and on fire, the seneschal is slain, and there is naught left for us."

"On the contrary," quoth Sir Nigel, "there is much left to us, for there is a very honorable contention before us, and a fair lady for whom to give our lives. There are many ways in which a man might die, but none better than this."

"You can tell us, Godfrey," said Du Guesclin to the French squire: "how came these men into the castle, and what succors can we count upon? By St. Ives! if we come not quickly to some counsel we shall be burned like young rooks in a nest."

The squire, a dark, slender stripling, spoke firmly and quickly, as one who was trained to swift action. "There is a passage under the earth into the castle," said he, "and through it some of the Jacks made their way, casting open the gates for the others. They have had help from within the walls, and the men at arms were heavy with wine: they must have been slain in their beds, for these devils crept from room to room with soft step and ready knife. Sir Amory the Hospitaler was struck down with an ax as he rushed before us from his sleeping chamber. Save only ourselves, I do not think that there are any left alive."

"What, then, would you counsel?"

"That we make for the keep. It is unused, save in time of war, and the key hangs from my poor lord and master's belt."

"There are two keys there."

"It is the larger. Once there, we might hold the narrow stair; and at least, as the walls are of a greater thickness, it would be longer ere they could burn them. Could we but carry the lady across the bailey, all might be well with us."

"Nay; the lady hath seen something of the work of war," said Tiphaine, coming forth, as white, as grave, and as unmoved as ever. "I would not be a hamper to you, my dear spouse and gallant friend. Rest assured of this, that if all else fail I have always a safeguard here" — drawing a small silver-hilted poniard from her bosom — "which sets me beyond the fear of these vile and blood-stained wretches."

"Tiphaine," cried Du Guesclin, "I have always loved you; and now, by Our Lady of Rennes! I love you more than ever. Did I not know that your hand will be as ready as your words, I would myself turn my last blow upon you, ere you should fall into their hands. Lead on, Godfrey! A new golden pyx will shine in the minster of Dinan if we come safely through with it."

The attention of the insurgents had been drawn away from murder to plunder, and all over the castle might be heard their

cries and whoops of delight as they dragged forth the rich tapestries, the silver flagons, and the carved furniture. Down in the courtyard half-clad wretches, their bare limbs all mottled with blood stains, strutted about with plumed helmets upon their heads, or with the Lady Rochefort's silken gowns girt round their loins and trailing on the ground behind them. Casks of choice wine had been rolled out from the cellars, and starving peasants squatted, goblet in hand, draining off vintages which De Rochefort had set aside for noble and royal guests. Others, with slabs of bacon and joints of dried meat upon the ends of their pikes, held them up to the blaze or tore at them ravenously with their teeth. Yet all order had not been lost amongst them, for some hundreds of the better armed stood together in a silent group, leaning upon their rude weapons and looking up at the fire, which had spread so rapidly as to involve one whole side of the castle. Already Alleyne could hear the crackling and roaring of the flames, while the air was heavy with heat and full of the pungent whiff of burning wood.

How Five Men held the Keep of Villefranche.

Under the guidance of the French squire the party passed down two narrow corridors. The first was empty, but at the head of the second stood a peasant sentry, who started off at the sight of them, yelling loudly to his comrades. "Stop him, or we are undone!" cried Du Guesclin, and had started to run, when Aylward's great war bow twanged like a harp string, and the man fell forward upon his face, with twitching limbs and clutching fingers. Within five paces of where he lay a narrow and little-used door led out into the bailey. From beyond it came such a Babel of hooting and screaming, horrible oaths and yet more horrible laughter, that the stoutest heart might have shrunk from casting down the frail barrier which faced them.

"Make straight for the keep!" said Du Guesclin, in a sharp, stern whisper. "The two archers in front, the lady in the center, a squire on either side, while we three knights shall bide behind and beat back those who press upon us. So! Now open the door, and God have us in His holy keeping!"

For a few moments it seemed that their object would be attained without danger, so swift and so silent had been their movements. They were halfway across the bailey ere the frantic, howling peasants made a movement to stop them. The

few who threw themselves in their way were overpowered or brushed aside, while the pursuers were beaten back by the ready weapons of the three cavaliers. Unscathed they fought their way to the door of the keep, and faced round upon the swarming mob, while the squire thrust the great key into the lock.

"My God!" he cried, "it is the wrong key."

"The wrong key!"

"Dolt, fool that I am! This is the key of the castle gate; the other opens the keep. I must back for it!" He turned, with some wild intention of retracing his steps, but at the instant a great jagged rock, hurled by a brawny peasant, struck him full upon the ear, and he dropped senseless to the ground.

"This is key enough for me!" quoth Hordle John, picking up the huge stone, and hurling it against the door with all the strength of his enormous body. The lock shivered, the wood smashed, the stone flew into five pieces, but the iron clamps still held the door in its position. Bending down, he thrust his great fingers under it, and with a heave raised the whole mass of wood and iron from its hinges. For a moment it tottered and swayed, and then, falling outward, buried him in its ruin, while his comrades rushed into the dark archway which led to safety.

"Up the steps, Tiphaine!" cried Du Guesclin. "Now round, friends, and beat them back!" The mob of peasants had surged in upon their heels, but the two trustiest blades in Europe gleamed upon that narrow stair, and four of their number dropped upon the threshold. The others gave back, and gathered in a half-circle round the open door, gnashing their teeth and shaking their clenched hands at the defenders. The body of the French squire had been dragged out by them and hacked to pieces. Three or four others had pulled John from under the door, when he suddenly bounded to his feet, and clutching one in either hand dashed them together with such force that they fell senseless across each other upon the ground. With a kick and a blow he freed himself from two others who clung to him, and in a moment he was within the portal with his comrades.

Yet their position was a desperate one. The peasants from far and near had been assembled for this deed of vengeance, and not less than six thousand were within or around the walls of the Chateau of Villefranche. Ill armed and half starved, they

were still desperate men, to whom danger had lost all fears: for what was death that they should shun it to cling to such a life as theirs? The castle was theirs, and the roaring flames were spurting through the windows and flickering high above the turrets on two sides of the quadrangle. From either side they were sweeping down from room to room and from bastion to bastion in the direction of the keep. Faced by an army, and girt in by fire, were six men and one woman; but some of them were men so trained to danger and so wise in war that even now the combat was less unequal than it seemed. Courage and resource were penned in by desperation and numbers, while the great yellow sheets of flame threw their lurid glare over the scene of death.

"There is but space for two upon a step to give free play to our sword arms," said Du Guesclin. "Do you stand with me, Nigel, upon the lowest. France and England will fight together this night. Sir Otto, I pray you to stand behind us with this young squire. The archers may go higher yet and shoot over our heads. I would that we had our harness, Nigel."

"Often have I heard my dear Sir John Chandos say that a knight should never, even when a guest, be parted from it. Yet it will be more honor to us if we come well out of it. We have a vantage, since we see them against the light and they can scarce see us. It seems to me that they muster for an onslaught."

"If we can but keep them in play," said the Bohemian, "it is likely that these flames may bring us succor if there be any true men in the country."

"Bethink you, my fair lord," said Alleyne to Sir Nigel, "that we have never injured these men, nor have we cause of quarrel against them. Would it not be well, if but for the lady's sake, to speak them fair and see if we may not come to honorable terms with them?"

"Not so, by St. Paul!" cried Sir Nigel. "It does not accord with mine honor, nor shall it ever be said that I, a knight of England, was ready to hold parley with men who have slain a fair lady and a holy priest."

"As well hold parley with a pack of ravening wolves," said the French captain. "Ha! Notre Dame Du Guesclin! St. Ives! St. Ives!"

As he thundered forth his war cry, the Jacks who had

been gathering before the black arch of the gateway rushed in madly in a desperate effort to carry the staircase. Their leaders were a small man, dark in the face, with his beard done up in two plaits, and another larger man, very bowed in the shoulders, with a huge club studded with sharp nails in his hand. The first had not taken three steps ere an arrow from Aylward's bow struck him full in the chest, and he fell coughing and spluttering across the threshold. The other rushed onwards, and breaking between Du Guesclin and Sir Nigel he dashed out the brains of the Bohemian with a single blow of his clumsy weapon. With three swords through him he still struggled on, and had almost won his way through them ere he fell dead upon the stair. Close at his heels came a hundred furious peasants, who flung themselves again and again against the five swords which confronted them. It was cut and parry and stab as quick as eye could see or hand act. The door was piled with bodies, and the stone floor was slippery with blood. The deep shout of Du Guesclin, the hard, hissing breath of the pressing multitude, the clatter of steel, the thud of falling bodies, and the screams of the stricken, made up such a medley as came often in after years to break upon Alleyne's sleep. Slowly and sullenly at last the throng drew off, with many a fierce backward glance, while eleven of their number lay huddled in front of the stair which they had failed to win.

"The dogs have had enough," said Du Guesclin.

"By St. Paul! there appear to be some very worthy and valiant persons among them," observed Sir Nigel. "They are men from whom, had they been of better birth, much honor and advancement might be gained. Even as it is, it is a great pleasure to have seen them. But what is this that they are bringing forward?"

"It is as I feared," growled Du Guesclin. "They will burn us out, since they cannot win their way past us. Shoot straight and hard, archers; for, by St. Ives! our good swords are of little use to us."

As he spoke, a dozen men rushed forward, each screening himself behind a huge fardel of brushwood. Hurling their burdens in one vast heap within the portal, they threw burning torches upon the top of it. The wood had been soaked in oil, for in an instant it was ablaze, and a long, hissing yellow flame licked over the heads of the defenders, and drove them further up to the first floor of the keep. They had scarce reached it,

however, ere they found that the wooden joists and planks of the flooring were already on fire. Dry and worm eaten, a spark upon them became a smolder, and a smolder a blaze. A choking smoke filled the air, and the five could scarce grope their way to the staircase which led up to the very summit of the square tower.

Strange was the scene which met their eyes from this eminence. Beneath them on every side stretched the long sweep of peaceful country, rolling plain, and tangled wood, all softened and mellowed in the silver moonshine. No light, nor movement, nor any sign of human aid could be seen, but far away the hoarse clangor of a heavy bell rose and fell upon the winter air. Beneath and around them blazed the huge fire, roaring and crackling on every side of the bailey, and even as they looked the two corner turrets fell with a deafening crash, and the whole castle was but a shapeless mass, spouting flames and smoke from every window and embrasure. The great black tower upon which they stood rose like a last island of refuge amid this sea of fire ; but the ominous crackling and roaring below showed that it would not be long ere it was engulfed also in the common ruin. At their very feet was the square courtyard, crowded with the howling and dancing peasants, their fierce faces upturned, their clenched hands waving, all drunk with bloodshed and with vengeance. A yell of execration and a scream of hideous laughter burst from the vast throng, as they saw the faces of the last survivors of their enemies peering down at them from the height of the keep. They still piled the brushwood round the base of the tower, and gamboled hand in hand around the blaze, screaming out the doggerel lines which had long been the watchword of the Jacquerie : —

> Cessez, cessez, gens d'armes et piétons,
> De piller et manger le bonhomme,
> Qui de longtemps Jacques Bonhomme
> Se nomme.

Their thin, shrill voices rose high above the roar of the flames and the crash of the masonry, like the yelping of a pack of wolves who see their quarry before them and know that they have well-nigh run him down.

"By my hilt!" said Aylward to John, "it is in my mind that we shall not see Spain this journey. It is a great joy to

me that I have placed my feather bed and other things of price with that worthy woman at Lyndhurst, who will now have the use of them. I have thirteen arrows yet, and if one of them fly unfleshed, then, by the twang of string ! I shall deserve my doom. First at him who flaunts with my lady's silken frock. Clap in the clout, by God ! though a hand's breadth lower than I had meant. Now for the rogue with the head upon his pike. Ha ! to the inch, John. When my eye is true, I am better at rovers than at long-butts or hoyles. A good shoot for you also, John ! The villain hath fallen forward into the fire. But I pray you, John, to loose gently, and not to pluck with the drawing hand, for it is a trick that hath marred many a fine bowman."

Whilst the two archers were keeping up a brisk fire upon the mob beneath them, Du Guesclin and his lady were consulting with Sir Nigel upon their desperate situation.

"'Tis a strange end for one who has seen so many stricken fields," said the French chieftain. "For me one death is as another, but it is the thought of my sweet lady which goes to my heart."

"Nay, Bertrand, I fear it as little as you," said she. "Had I my dearest wish, it would be that we should go together."

"Well answered, fair lady !" cried Sir Nigel. "And very sure I am that my own sweet wife would have said the same. If the end be now come, I have had great good fortune in having lived in times when so much glory was to be won, and in knowing so many valiant gentlemen and knights. But why do you pluck my sleeve, Alleyne."

"If it please you, my fair lord, there are in this corner two great tubes of iron, with many heavy balls, which may perchance be those bombards and shot of which I have heard."

"By St. Ives ! it is true," cried Sir Bertrand, striding across to the recess where the ungainly, funnel-shaped, thick-ribbed engines were standing. "Bombards they are, and of good size. We may shoot down upon them."

"Shoot with them, quotha ?" cried Aylward in high disdain, for pressing danger is the great leveler of classes. "How is a man to take aim with these fool's toys, and how can he hope to do scath with them ?"

"I will show you," answered Sir Nigel ; "for here is the great box of powder, and if you will raise it for me, John, I will show you how it may be used. Come hither, where the

folk are thickest round the fire. Now, Aylward, crane thy neck and see what would have been deemed an old wife's tale when we first turned our faces to the wars. Throw back the lid, John, and drop the box into the fire!"

A deafening roar, a fluff of bluish light, and the great square tower rocked and trembled from its very foundations, swaying this way and that like a reed in the wind. Amazed and dizzy, the defenders, clutching at the cracking parapets for support, saw great stones, burning beams of wood, and mangled bodies hurtling past them through the air. When they staggered to their feet once more, the whole keep had settled down upon one side, so that they could scarce keep their footing upon the sloping platform. Gazing over the edge, they looked down upon the horrible destruction which had been caused by the explosion. For forty yards round the portal the ground was black with writhing, screaming figures, who struggled up and hurled themselves down again, tossing this way and that, sightless, scorched, with fire bursting from their tattered clothing. Beyond this circle of death their comrades, bewildered and amazed, cowered away from this black tower and from these invincible men, who were most to be dreaded when hope was furthest from their hearts.

"A sally, Du Guesclin, a sally!" cried Sir Nigel. "By St. Paul! they are in two minds, and a bold rush may turn them." He drew his sword as he spoke and darted down the winding stairs, closely followed by his four comrades. Ere he was at the first floor, however, he threw up his arms and stopped. "Mon Dieu!" he said, "we are lost men!"

"What then?" cried those behind him.

"The wall hath fallen in, the stair is blocked, and the fire still rages below. By St. Paul! friends, we have fought a very honorable fight, and may say in all humbleness that we have done our devoir, but I think that we may now go back to the Lady Tiphaine and say our orisons, for we have played our parts in this world, and it is time that we made ready for another."

The narrow pass was blocked by huge stones littered in wild confusion over each other, with the blue choking smoke reeking up through the crevices. The explosion had blown in the wall and cut off the only path by which they could descend. Pent in, a hundred feet from earth, with a furnace raging under them and a ravening multitude all round who

thirsted for their blood, it seemed indeed as though no men had ever come through such peril with their lives. Slowly they made their way back to the summit, but as they came out upon it the Lady Tiphaine darted forward and caught her husband by the wrist.

"Bertrand," said she, "hush and listen! I have heard the voices of men all singing together in a strange tongue."

Breathless they stood and silent, but no sound came up to them, save the roar of the flames and the clamor of their enemies.

"It cannot be, lady," said Du Guesclin. "This night hath overwrought you, and your senses play you false. What men are there in this country who would sing in a strange tongue?"

"Holà!" yelled Aylward, leaping suddenly into the air with waving hands and joyous face. "I thought I heard it ere we went down, and now I hear it again. We are saved, comrades! By these ten finger bones, we are saved! It is the marching song of the White Company. Hush!"

With upraised forefinger and slanting head, he stood listening. Suddenly there came swelling up a deep-voiced, rollicking chorus from somewhere out of the darkness. Never did choice or dainty ditty of Provence or Languedoc sound more sweetly in the ears than did the rough-tongued Saxon to the six who strained their ears from the blazing keep: —

We'll drink all together
To the gray goose feather
And the land where the gray goose flew.

"Ha, by my hilt!" shouted Aylward, "it is the dear old bow song of the Company. Here come two hundred as tight lads as ever twirled a shaft over their thumb nails. Hark to the dogs, how lustily they sing!"

Nearer and clearer, swelling up out of the night, came the gay marching lilt: —

What of the bow?
The bow was made in England.
Of true wood, of yew wood,
The wood of English bows;
For men who are free
Love the old yew tree
And the land where the yew tree grows.

What of the men?
The men were bred in England,
The bowmen, the yeomen,
The lads of the dale and fell,
Here's to you and to you,
To the hearts that are true,
And the land where the true hearts dwell.

"They sing very joyfully," said Du Guesclin, "as though they were going to a festival."

"It is their wont when there is work to be done."

"By St. Paul!" quoth Sir Nigel, "it is in my mind that they come too late, for I cannot see how we are to come down from this tower."

"There they come, the hearts of gold!" cried Aylward. "See, they move out from the shadow. Now they cross the meadow. They are on the further side of the moat. Holà, camarades, holà! Johnston, Eccles, Cooke, Harward, Bligh! Would ye see a fair lady and two gallant knights done foully to death?"

"Who is there?" shouted a deep voice from below. "Who is this who speaks with an English tongue?"

"It is I, old lad. It is Sam Aylward of the Company; and here is your captain, Sir Nigel Loring, and four others, all laid out to be grilled like an Easterling's herrings."

"Curse me if I did not think that it was the style of speech of old Samkin Aylward," said the voice, amid a buzz from the ranks. "Wherever there are knocks going there is Sammy in the heart of it. But who are these ill-faced rogues who block the path? To your kennels, canaille! What! you dare look us in the eyes? Out swords, lads, and give them the flat of them! Waste not your shafts upon such runagate knaves."

There was little fight left in the peasants, however, still dazed by the explosion, amazed at their own losses, and disheartened by the arrival of the disciplined archers. In a very few minutes they were in full flight for their brushwood homes, leaving the morning sun to rise upon a blackened and blood-stained ruin, where it had left the night before the magnificent castle of the Seneschal of Auvergne. Already the white lines in the east were deepening into pink as the archers gathered round the keep and took counsel how to rescue the survivors.

"Had we a rope," said Alleyne, "there is one side which is not yet on fire, down which we might slip."

"But how to get a rope?"

"It is an old trick," quoth Aylward. "Holà! Johnston, cast me up a rope, even as you did at Maupertius in the war time."

The grizzled archer thus addressed took several lengths of rope from his comrades, and knotting them firmly together, he stretched them out in the long shadow which the rising sun threw from the frowning keep. Then he fixed the yew stave of his bow upon end and measured the long, thin, black line which it threw upon the turf.

"A six-foot stave throws a twelve-foot shadow," he muttered. "The keep throws a shadow of sixty paces. Thirty paces of rope will be enow and to spare. Another strand, Watkin! Now pull at the end that all may be safe. So! It is ready for them."

"But how are they to reach it?" asked the young archer beside him.

"Watch and see, young fool's head," growled the old bowman. He took a long string from his pouch and fastened one end to an arrow.

"All ready, Samkin?"

"Ready, camarade."

"Close to your hand, then." With an easy pull he sent the shaft flickering gently up, falling upon the stonework within a foot of where Aylward was standing. The other end was secured to the rope, so that in a minute a good strong cord was dangling from the only sound side of the blazing and shattered tower. The Lady Tiphaine was lowered with a noose drawn fast under the arms, and the other five slid swiftly down, amid the cheers and joyous outcry of their rescuers.

THE KING'S TRAGEDY.[1]

James I. of Scots. — 20th February, 1437.

By DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI.

[Gabriel Charles Dante Rossetti, English poet and artist, was the son of a refugee Italian patriot and poet, and was born in London, May 12, 1828. His early ambitions and efforts were all in the line of pictorial art, and in 1848 he took part in founding the Preraphaelite Brotherhood; and all his life his first thought of himself was as artist. But his larger side in capacity was the poetical; and though not great in bulk, his poetry stands next to the very highest rank in English verse. His great ballads, "Sister Helen," "Rose Mary," "The King's Tragedy," and "The White Ship"; "The Blessed Damozel" (written at nineteen); "A Last Confession," "Jenny," etc., are imperishable. He died April 9, 1882.]

I Catherine am a Douglas born,
 A name to all Scots dear;
And Kate Barlass they've called me now
 Through many a waning year.

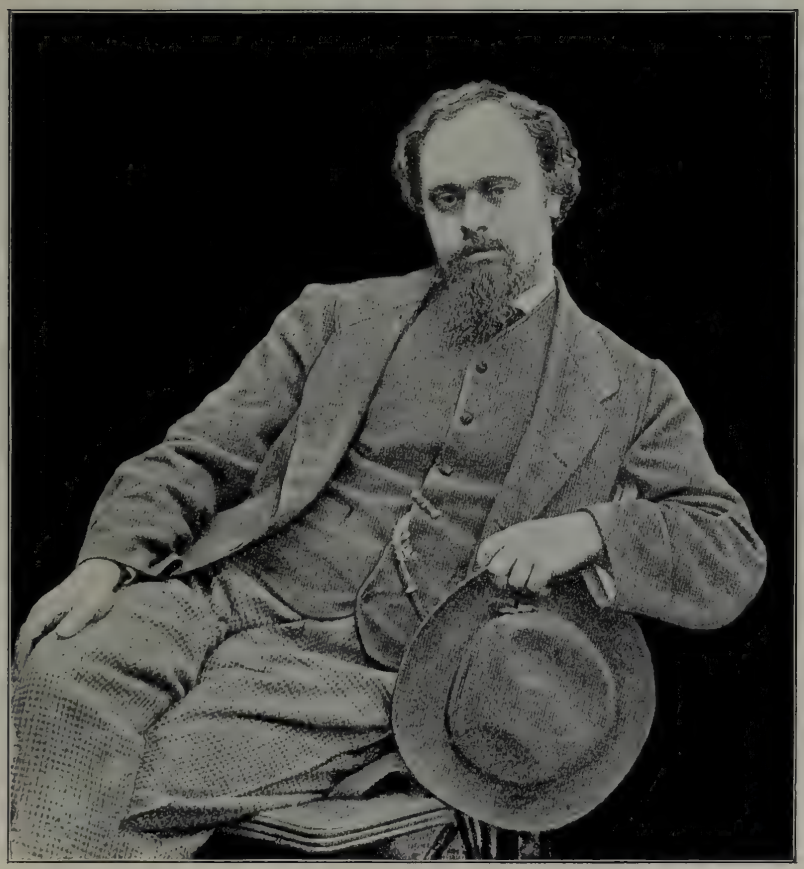
This old arm's withered now. 'Twas once
 Most deft 'mong maidens all
To rein the steed, to wing the shaft,
 To smite the palm-play ball.

In hall adown the close-linked dance
 It has shone most white and fair;
It has been the rest for a true lord's head,
And many a sweet babe's nursing bed,
 And the bar to a King's chambère.

Ay, lasses, draw round Kate Barlass,
 And hark with bated breath
How good King James, King Robert's son,
 Was foully done to death.

[1] Note by Rossetti. — Tradition says that Catherine Douglas, in honor of her heroic act when she barred the door with her arm against the murderers of James the First of Scots, received popularly the name of "Barlass." This name remains to her descendants, the Barlas family, in Scotland, who bear for their crest a broken arm. She married Alexander Lovell of Bolunnie.

A few stanzas from King James' lovely poem, known as "The King's Quhair," are quoted in the course of this ballad. The writer must express regret for the necessity which has compelled him to shorten the ten-syllabled lines to eight syllables, in order that they might harmonize with the ballad meter.



DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI

Through all the days of his gallant youth
The princely James was pent,
By his friends at first and then by his foes,
In long imprisonment.

For the elder Prince, the kingdom's heir,
By treason's murderous brood
Was slain; and the father quaked for the child
With the royal mortal blood.

I' the Bass Rock fort, by his father's care,
Was his childhood's life assured;
And Henry the subtle Bolingbroke,
Proud England's King, 'neath the southron yoke
His youth for long years immured.

Yet in all things meet for a kingly man
Himself did he approve;
And the nightingale through his prison wall
Taught him both lore and love.

For once, when the bird's song drew him close
To the opened window pane,
In her bowers beneath a lady stood,
A light of life to his sorrowful mood,
Like a lily amid the rain.

And for her sake, to the sweet bird's note,
He framed a sweeter Song,
More sweet than ever a poet's heart
Gave yet to the English tongue.

She was a lady of royal blood;
And when, past sorrow and teen
He stood where still through his crownless years
His Scotish realm had been,
At Scone were the happy lovers crowned,
A heart-wed King and Queen.

But the bird may fall from the bough of youth,
And song be turned to moan,
And Love's storm cloud be the shadow of Hate,
When the tempest waves of a troubled State
Are beating against a throne.

Yet well they loved; and the god of Love,
Whom well the King had sung,
Might find on the earth no truer hearts
His lowliest swains among.

From the days when first she rode abroad
With Scotish maids in her train,
I Catherine Douglas won the trust
Of my mistress sweet Queen Jane.

And oft she sighed, "To be born a King!"
And oft along the way
When she saw the homely lovers pass
She has said, "Alack the day!"

Years waned, — the loving and toiling years:
Till England's wrong renewed
Drove James, by outrage cast on his crown,
To the open field of feud.

'Twas when the King and his host were met
At the leaguer of Roxbro' hold,
The Queen o' the sudden sought his camp
With a tale of dread to be told.

And she showed him a secret letter writ
That spoke of treasonous strife,
And how a band of his noblest lords
Were sworn to take his life.

"And it may be here or it may be there,
In the camp or the court," she said:
"But for my sake come to your people's arms
And guard your royal head."

Quoth he, "'Tis the fifteenth day of the siege,
And the castle's nigh to yield."
"O face your foes on your throne," she cried,
"And show the power you wield;
And under your Scotish people's love
You shall sit as under your shield."

At the fair Queen's side I stood that day
When he bade them raise the siege,
And back to his Court he sped to know
How the lords would meet their Liege.

But when he summoned his Parliament,
The lowering brows hung round,
Like clouds that circle the mountain head
Ere the first low thunders sound.

For he had tamed the nobles' lust
And curbed their power and pride,
And reached out an arm to right the poor
Through Scotland far and wide;
And marry a lordly wrongdoer
By the headsman's ax had died.

'Twas then upspoke Sir Robert Graeme,
The bold o'ermastering man: —
"O King, in the name of your Three Estates,
I set you under their ban!

"For, as your lords made oath to you
Of service and fealty,
Even in like wise you pledged your oath
Their faithful sire to be: —

"Yet all we here that are nobly sprung
Have mourned dear kith and kin
Since first for the Scotish Barons' curse
Did your bloody rule begin."

With that he laid his hands on his King: —
"Is this not so, my lords?"
But of all who had sworn to league with him
Not one spake back to his words.

Quoth the King: "Thou speak'st but for one Estate,
Nor doth it avow thy gage.
Let my liege lords hale this traitor hence!"
The Graeme fired dark with rage: —
"Who works for lesser men than himself,
He earns but a witless wage!"

But soon from the dungeon where he lay
He won by privy plots,
And forth he fled with a price on his head
To the country of the Wild Scots.

And word there came from Sir Robert Graeme
To the King at Edinbro': —

"No Liege of mine thou art; but I see
From this day forth alone in thee
God's creature, my mortal foe.

"Through thee are my wife and children lost,
My heritage and lands;
And when my God shall show me a way,
Thyself my mortal foe will I slay
With these my proper hands."

Against the coming of Christmastide
That year the King bade call
I' the Black Friars' Charterhouse of Perth
A solemn festival.

And we of his household rode with him
In a close-ranked company;
But not till the sun had sunk from his throne
Did we reach the Scotish Sea.

That eve was clenched for a boding storm,
'Neath a toilsome moon, half seen;
The cloud stooped low and the surf rose high;
And where there was a line of the sky,
Wild wings loomed dark between.

And on a rock of the black beach side
By the veiled moon dimly lit,
There was something seemed to heave with life
As the King drew nigh to it.

And was it only the tossing furze
Or brake of the waste sea wold?
Or was it an eagle bent to the blast?
When near we came, we knew it at last
For a woman tattered and old.

But it seemed as though by a fire within
Her writhen limbs were wrung;
And as soon as the King was close to her,
She stood up gaunt and strong.

'Twas then the moon sailed clear of the rack
On high in her hollow dome;
And still as aloft with hoary crest
Each clamorous wave rang home,

Like fire in snow the moonlight blazed
Amid the champing foam.

And the woman held his eyes with her eyes: —
"O King, thou art come at last;
But thy wraith has haunted the Scotish Sea
To my sight for four years past.

"Four years it is since first I met,
'Twixt the Duchray and the Dhu,
A shape whose feet clung close in a shroud,
And that shape for thine I knew.

"A year again, and on Inchkeith Isle
I saw thee pass in the breeze,
With the cerecloth risen above thy feet
And wound about thy knees.

"And yet a year, in the Links of Forth,
As a wanderer without rest,
Thou cam'st with both thine arms i' the shroud
That clung high up thy breast.

"And in this hour I find thee here,
And well mine eyes may note
That the winding sheet hath passed thy breast
And risen around thy throat.

"And when I meet thee again, O King,
That of death hast such sore drouth, —
Except thou turn again on this shore, —
The winding sheet shall have moved once more
And covered thine eyes and mouth.

"O King, whom poor men bless for their King,
Of thy fate be not so fain;
But these my words for God's message take,
And turn thy steed, O King, for her sake
Who rides beside thy rein!"

While the woman spoke, the King's horse reared
As if it would breast the sea,
And the Queen turned pale as she heard on the gale
The voice die dolorously.

When the woman ceased, the steed was still,
But the King gazed on her yet,
And in silence save for the wail of the sea
His eyes and her eyes met.

At last he said: "God's ways are His own:
Man is but shadow and dust.
Last night I prayed by His altar stone;
To-night I wend to the Feast of His Son;
And in Him I set my trust.

"I have held my people in sacred charge,
And have not feared the sting
Of proud men's hate, to His will resigned
Who has but one same death for a hind
And one same death for a King.

"And if God in His wisdom have brought close
The day when I must die,
That day by water or fire or air
My feet shall fall in the destined snare
Wherever my road may lie.

"What man can say but the Fiend hath set
Thy sorcery on my path,
My heart with the fear of death to fill,
And turn me against God's very will
To sink in His burning wrath?"

The woman stood as the train rode past,
And moved nor limb nor eye;
And when we were shipped, we saw her there
Still standing against the sky.

As the ship made way, the moon once more
Sank slow in her rising pall;
And I thought of the shrouded wraith of the King,
And I said, "The Heavens know all."

And now, ye lasses, must ye hear
How my name is Kate Barlass:—
But a little thing, when all the tale
Is told of the weary mass
Of crime and woe which in Scotland's realm
God's will let come to pass.

'Twas in the Charterhouse of Perth
That the King and all his Court
Were met, the Christmas Feast being done,
For solace and disport.

'Twas a wind-wild eve in February,
And against the casement pane
The branches smote like summoning hands
And muttered the driving rain.

And when the wind swooped over the lift
And made the whole heaven frown,
It seemed a grip was laid on the walls
To tug the house top down.

And the Queen was there, more stately fair
Than a lily in garden set;
And the King was loath to stir from her side;
For as on the day when she was his bride,
Even so he loved her yet.

And the Earl of Athole, the King's false friend,
Sat with him at the board;
And Robert Stuart the chamberlain
Who had sold his sovereign Lord.

Yet the traitor Christopher Chaumber there
Would fain have told him all,
And vainly four times that night he strove
To reach the King through the hall.

But the wine is bright at the goblet's brim
Though the poison lurk beneath;
And the apples still are red on the tree
Within whose shade may the adder be
That shall turn thy life to death.

There was a knight of the King's fast friends
Whom he called the King of Love;
And to such bright cheer and courtesy
That name might best behove.

And the King and Queen both loved him well
For his gentle knightliness;
And with him the King, as that eve wore on,
Was playing at the chess.

And the King said, (for he thought to jest
And soothe the Queen thereby;) —
"In a book 'tis writ that this same year
A King shall in Scotland die.

"And I have pondered the matter o'er,
And this have I found, Sir Hugh, —
There are but two Kings on Scotish ground,
And those Kings are I and you.

"And I have a wife and a newborn heir,
And you are yourself alone;
So stand you stark at my side with me
To guard our double throne.

"For here sit I and my wife and child,
As well your heart shall approve,
In full surrender and soothfastness,
Beneath your Kingdom of Love."

And the Knight laughed, and the Queen too smiled;
But I knew her heavy thought,
And I strove to find in the good King's jest
What cheer might thence be wrought.

And I said, "My Liege, for the Queen's dear love
Now sing the song that of old
You made, when a captive Prince you lay,
And the nightingale sang sweet on the spray,
In Windsor's castle hold."

Then he smiled the smile I knew so well
When he thought to please the Queen;
The smile which under all bitter frowns
Of hate that rose between,
Forever dwelt at the poet's heart
Like the bird of love unseen.

And he kissed her hand and took his harp,
And the music sweetly rang;
And when the song burst forth, it seemed
'Twas the nightingale that sang.

"Worship, ye lovers, on this May:
Of bliss your kalends are begun:
Sing with us, Away, Winter, away!

Come, Summer, the sweet season and sun!
Awake for shame, — your heaven is won, —
And amorously your heads lift all:
Thank Love, that you to his grace doth call!"

But when he bent to the Queen, and sang
The speech whose praise was hers,
It seemed his voice was the voice of the Spring
And the voice of the bygone years.

" The fairest and the freshest flower
That ever I saw before that hour,
The which o' the sudden made to start
The blood of my body to my heart.

* * * * * *

Ah sweet, are ye a worldly creature
Or heavenly thing in form of nature?"

And the song was long, and richly stored
With wonder and beauteous things;
And the harp was tuned to every change
Of minstrel ministerings;
But when he spoke of the Queen at the last,
Its strings were his own heartstrings.

" Unworthy but only of her grace,
Upon Love's rock that's easy and sure,
In guerdon of all my love's space
She took me her humble creäture.
Thus fell my blissful aventure
In youth of love that from day to day
Flowereth ay new, and further I say.

" To reckon all the circumstance
As it happed when lessen gan my sore,
Of my rancor and woeful chance,
It were too long, — I have done therefor.
And of this flower I say no more
But unto my help her heart hath tended
And even from death her man defended."

" Ay, even from death," to myself I said;
For I thought of the day when she
Had borne him the news, at Roxbro' siege,
Of the fell confederacy.

But Death even then took aim as he sang
With an arrow deadly bright;
And the grinning skull lurked grimly aloof,
And the wings were spread far over the roof
More dark than the winter night.

Yet truly along the amorous song
Of Love's high pomp and state,
There were words of Fortune's trackless doom
And the dreadful face of Fate.

And oft have I heard again in dreams
The voice of dire appeal
In which the King then sang of the pit
That is under Fortune's wheel.

"And under the wheel beheld I there
An ugly Pit as deep as hell,
That to behold I quaked for fear:
And this I heard, that who therein fell
Came no more up, tidings to tell:
Whereat, astound of the fearful sight,
I wist not what to do for fright."

And oft has my thought called up again
These words of the changeful song:—
"Wist thou thy pain and thy travàil
To come, well might'st thou weep and wail!"
And our wail, O God! is long.

But the song's end was all of his love;
And well his heart was graced
With her smiling lips and her tear-bright eyes
As his arm went round her waist.

And on the swell of her long fair throat
Close clung the necklet chain
As he bent her pearl-tired head aside,
And in the warmth of his love and pride
He kissed her lips full fain.

And her true face was a rosy red,
The very red of the rose
That, couched on the happy garden bed,
In the summer sunlight glows.

And all the wondrous things of love
That sang so sweet through the song
Were in the look that met in their eyes,
And the look was deep and long.

'Twas then a knock came at the outer gate,
And the usher sought the King.
"The woman you met by the Scotish Sea,
My Liege, would tell you a thing;
And she says that her present need for speech
Will bear no gainsaying."

And the King said: "The hour is late;
To-morrow will serve, I ween."
Then he charged the usher strictly, and said:
"No word of this to the Queen."

But the usher came again to the King.
"Shall I call her back?" quoth he:
"For as she went on her way, she cried,
'Woe! Woe! then the thing must be!'"

And the King paused, but he did not speak.
Then he called for the Voidee cup:
And as we heard the twelfth hour strike,
There by true lips and false lips alike
Was the draught of trust drained up.

So with reverence meet to King and Queen,
To bed went all from the board;
And the last to leave of the courtly train
Was Robert Stuart the chamberlain
Who had sold his sovereign lord.

And all the locks of the chamber door
Had the traitor riven and brast;
And that Fate might win sure way from afar,
He had drawn out every bolt and bar
That made the entrance fast.

And now at midnight he stole his way
To the moat of the outer wall,
And laid strong hurdles closely across
Where the traitors' tread should fall.

But we that were the Queen's bower maids
 Alone were left behind;
And with heed we drew the curtains close
 Against the winter wind.

And now that all was still through the hall,
 More clearly we heard the rain
That clamored ever against the glass
 And the boughs that beat on the pane.

But the fire was bright in the ingle nook,
 And through empty space around
The shadows cast on the arrased wall
'Mid the pictured kings stood sudden and tall
 Like specters sprung from the ground.

And the bed was dight in a deep alcove;
 And as he stood by the fire
The King was still in talk with the Queen
 While he doffed his goodly attire.

And the song had brought the image back
 Of many a bygone year;
And many a loving word they said
With hand in hand and head laid to head;
 And none of us went anear.

But Love was weeping outside the house,
 A child in the piteous rain;
And as he watched the arrow of Death,
He wailed for his own shafts close in the sheath
 That never should fly again.

And now beneath the window arose
 A wild voice suddenly:
And the King reared straight, but the Queen fell back
 As for bitter dule to dree;
And all of us knew the woman's voice
 Who spoke by the Scotish Sea.

"O King," she cried, "in an evil hour
 They drove me from thy gate;
And yet my voice must rise to thine ears;
 But alas! it comes too late!

"Last night at mid watch, by Aberdour,
When the moon was dead in the skies,
O King, in a death light of thine own
I saw thy shape arise.

"And in full season, as erst I said,
The doom had gained its growth;
And the shroud had risen above thy neck
And covered thine eyes and mouth.

"And no moon woke, but the pale dawn broke,
And still thy soul stood there;
And I thought its silence cried to my soul
As the first rays crowned its hair.

"Since then have I journeyed fast and fain
In very despite of Fate,
Lest Hope might still be found in God's will:
But they drove me from thy gate.

"For every man on God's ground, O King,
His death grows up from his birth
In a shadow plant perpetually;
And thine towers high, a black yew tree,
O'er the Charterhouse of Perth!"

That room was built far out from the house;
And none but we in the room
Might hear the voice that rose beneath,
Nor the tread of the coming doom.

For now there came a torchlight glare,
And a clang of arms there came;
And not a soul in that space but thought
Of the foe Sir Robert Graeme.

Yea, from the country of the Wild Scots,
O'er mountain, valley, and glen,
He had brought with him in murderous league
Three hundred armèd men.

The King knew all in an instant's flash,
And like a King did he stand;
But there was no armor in all the room,
Nor weapon lay to his hand.

And all we women flew to the door
And thought to have made it fast;
But the bolts were gone and the bars were gone
And the locks were riven and brast.

And he caught the pale, pale Queen in his arms
As the iron footsteps fell, —
Then loosed her, standing alone, and said,
"Our bliss was our farewell!"

And 'twixt his lips he murmured a prayer,
And he crossed his brow and breast;
And proudly in royal hardihood
Even so with folded arms he stood, —
The prize of the bloody quest.

Then on me leaped the Queen like a deer: —
"O Catherine, help!" she cried.
And low at his feet we clasped his knees
Together side by side.
"Oh! even a King, for his people's sake,
From treasonous death must hide!"

"For *her* sake most!" I cried, and I marked
The pang that my words could wring.
And the iron tongs from the chimney nook
I snatched and held to the King: —
"Wrench up the plank! and the vault beneath
Shall yield safe harboring."

With brows low-bent, from my eager hand
The heavy heft did he take;
And the plank at his feet he wrenched and tore;
And as he frowned through the open floor,
Again I said, "For her sake!"

Then he cried to the Queen, "God's will be done!"
For her hands were clasped in prayer.
And down he sprang to the inner crypt;
And straight we closed the plank he had ripped
And toiled to smooth it fair.

(Alas! in that vault a gap once was
Where thro' the King might have fled:
But three days since close-walled had it been
By his will; for the ball would roll therein
When without at the palm he played.)

Then the Queen cried, "Catherine, keep the door,
And I to this will suffice!"
At her word I rose all dazed to my feet,
And my heart was fire and ice.

And louder ever the voices grew,
And the tramp of men in mail;
Until to my brain it seemed to be
As though I tossed on a ship at sea
In the teeth of a crashing gale.

Then back I flew to the rest; and hard
We strove with sinews knit
To force the table against the door
But we might not compass it.

Then my wild gaze sped far down the hall
To the place of the hearthstone sill;
And the Queen bent ever above the floor,
For the plank was rising still.

And now the rush was heard on the stair,
And "God, what help?" was our cry.
And was I frenzied or was I bold?
I looked at each empty stanchion hold,
And no bar but my arm had I!

Like iron felt my arm, as through
The staple I made it pass: —
Alack! it was flesh and bone — no more!
'Twas Catherine Douglas sprang to the door,
But I fell back Kate Barlass.

With that they all thronged into the hall,
Half dim to my failing ken;
And the space that was but a void before
Was a crowd of wrathful men.

Behind the door I had fallen and lay,
Yet my sense was widely aware,
And for all the pain of my shattered arm
I never fainted there.

Even as I fell, my eyes were cast
Where the King leaped down to the pit;
And lo! the plank was smooth in its place,
And the Queen stood far from it.

And under the litters and through the bed
And within the presses all
The traitors sought for the King, and pierced
The arras around the wall.

And through the chamber they ramped and stormed
Like lions loose in the lair,
And scarce could trust to their very eyes,—
For behold! no King was there.

Then one of them seized the Queen, and cried,—
"Now tell us, where is thy lord?"
And he held the sharp point over her heart:
She drooped not her eyes nor did she start,
But she answered never a word.

Then the sword half pierced the true, true breast:
But it was the Graeme's own son
Cried, "This is a woman,—we seek a man!"
And away from her girdle zone
He struck the point of the murderous steel;
And that foul deed was not done.

And forth flowed all the throng like a sea,
And 'twas empty space once more;
And my eyes sought out the wounded Queen
As I lay behind the door.

And I said: "Dear Lady, leave me here,
For I cannot help you now;
But fly while you may, and none shall reck
Of my place here lying low."

And she said, "My Catherine, God help thee!"
Then she looked to the distant floor,
And clasping her hands, "O God help *him*,"
She sobbed, "for we can no more!"

But God He knows what help may mean,
If it mean to live or to die;
And what sore sorrow and mighty moan
On earth it may cost ere yet a throne
Be filled in His house on high.

And now the ladies fled with the Queen;
And through the open door
The night wind wailed round the empty room
And the rushes shook on the floor.

And the bed drooped low in the dark recess
Whence the arras was rent away;
And the firelight still shone over the space
Where our hidden secret lay.

And the rain had ceased, and the moonbeams lit
The window high in the wall, —
Bright beams that on the plank that I knew
Through the painted pane did fall
And gleamed with the splendor of Scotland's crown
And shield armorial.

But then a great wind swept up the skies,
And the climbing moon fell back;
And the royal blazon fled from the floor,
And naught remained on its track;
And high in the darkened window pane
The shield and the crown were black.

And what I say next I partly saw
And partly I heard in sooth,
And partly since from the murderers' lips
The torture wrung the truth.

For now again came the armèd tread,
And fast through the hall it fell;
But the throng was less: and ere I saw,
By the voice without I could tell
That Robert Stuart had come with them
Who knew that chamber well.

And over the spacé the Graeme strode dark
With his mantle round him flung;
And in his eye was a flaming light
But not a word on his tongue.

And Stuart held a torch to the floor,
And he found the thing he sought;
And they slashed the plank away with their swords;
And O God! I fainted not!

And the traitor held his torch in the gap,
All smoking and smoldering;
And through the vapor and fire, beneath
In the dark crypt's narrow ring,
With a shout that pealed to the room's high roof
They saw their naked King.

Half naked he stood, but stood as one
Who yet could do and dare:
With the crown, the King was stript away,—
The Knight was reft of his battle array,—
But still the Man was there.

From the rout then stepped a villain forth,—
Sir John Hall was his name;
With a knife unsheathed he leapt to the vault
Beneath the torchlight flame.

Of his person and stature was the King
A man right manly strong,
And mightily by the shoulder blades
His foe to his feet he flung.

Then the traitor's brother, Sir Thomas Hall,
Sprang down to work his worst;
And the King caught the second man by the neck
And flung him above the first.

And he smote and trampled them under him;
And a long month thence they bare
All black their throats with the grip of his hands
When the hangman's hand came there.

And sore he strove to have had their knives,
But the sharp blades gashed his hands.
Oh James! so armed, thou hadst battled there
Till help had come of thy bands;
And oh! once more thou hadst held our throne
And ruled thy Scotish lands!

But while the King o'er his foes still raged
With a heart that naught could tame,
Another man sprang down to the crypt;
And with his sword in his hand hard-gripped,
There stood Sir Robert Graeme.

(Now shame on the recreant traitor's heart
Who durst not face his King
Till the body unarmed was wearied out
With twofold combating!

Ah! well might the people sing and say,
As oft ye have heard aright:—
"O Robert Graeme, O Robert Graeme,
Who slew our King, God give thee shame!"
For he slew him not as a knight.)

And the naked King turned round at bay,
But his strength had passed the goal,
And he could but gasp: "Mine hour is come;
But oh! to succor thine own soul's doom,
Let a priest now shrive my soul!"

And the traitor looked on the King's spent strength
And said: "Have I kept my word?—
Yea, King, the mortal pledge that I gave?
No black friar's shrift thy soul shall have,
But the shrift of this red sword!"

With that he smote his King through the breast;
And all they three in the pen
Fell on him and stabbed and stabbed him there
Like merciless murderous men.

Yet seemed it now that Sir Robert Graeme,
Ere the King's last breath was o'er,
Turned sick at heart with the deadly sight
And would have done no more.

But a cry came from the troop above:—
"If him thou do not slay,
The price of his life that thou dost spare
Thy forfeit life shall pay!"

O God! what more did I hear or see,
Or how should I tell the rest?
But there at length our King lay slain
With sixteen wounds in his breast.

O God! and now did a bell boom forth,
And the murderers turned and fled;—

Too late, too late, O God, did it sound!—
And I heard the true men mustering round,
And the cries and the coming tread.

But ere they came, to the black death gap
Somewise did I creep and steal;
And lo! or ever I swooned away,
Through the dusk I saw where the white face lay
In the Pit of Fortune's Wheel.

And now, ye Scotish maids who have heard
Dread things of the days grown old, —
Even at the last, of true Queen Jane
May somewhat yet be told,
And how she dealt for her dear lord's sake
Dire vengeance manifold.

'Twas in the Charterhouse of Perth,
In the fair-lit Death chapelle,
That the slain King's corpse on bier was laid
With chaunt and requiem knell.

And all with royal wealth of balm
Was the body purified;
And none could trace on the brow and lips
The death that he had died.

In his robes of state he lay asleep
With orb and scepter in hand;
And by the crown he wore on his throne
Was his kingly forehead spanned.

And, girls, 'twas a sweet sad thing to see
How the curling golden hair,
As in the day of the poet's youth,
From the King's crown clustered there.

And if all had come to pass in the brain
That throbbed beneath those curls,
Then Scots had said in the days to come
That this their soul was a different home
And a different Scotland, girls!

And the Queen sat by him night and day,
And oft she knelt in prayer,
All wan and pale in the widow's veil
That shrouded her shining hair.

And I had got good help of my hurt:
 And only to me some sign
She made; and save the priests that were there
 No face would she see but mine.

And the month of March wore on apace;
 And now fresh couriers fared
Still from the country of the Wild Scots
 With news of the traitors snared.

And still as I told her day by day,
 Her pallor changed to sight,
And the frost grew to a furnace flame
 That burnt her visage white.

And evermore as I brought her word,
 She bent to her dead King James,
And in the cold ear with fire-drawn breath
 She spoke the traitors' names.

But when the name of Sir Robert Graeme
 Was the one she had to give,
I ran to hold her up from the floor;
For the froth was on her lips, and sore
 I feared that she could not live.

And the month of March wore nigh to its end,
 And still was the death pall spread;
For she would not bury her slaughtered lord
 Till his slayers all were dead.

And now of their dooms dread tidings came,
 And of torments fierce and dire;
And naught she spake, — she had ceased to speak, —
 But her eyes were a soul on fire.

But when I told her the bitter end
 Of the stern and just award,
She leaned o'er the bier, and thrice three times
 She kissed the lips of her lord.

And then she said, — "My King, they are dead!"
 And she knelt on the chapel floor,
And whispered low with a strange proud smile, —
 "James, James, they suffered more!"

Last she stood up to her queenly height,
 But she shook like an autumn leaf,
As though the fire wherein she burned
Then left her body, and all were turned
 To winter of lifelong grief.

And "O James!" she said, — "My James!" she said, —
 "Alas for the woeful thing,
That a poet true and a friend of man,
In desperate days of bale and ban,
 Should needs be born a King!"

REVIEW OF JOHN FOSTER KIRK'S "CHARLES THE BOLD."

By EDWARD A. FREEMAN.

(For biographical sketch, see page 1650.)

THE career of Charles the Bold naturally falls into two parts. This twofold division is naturally suggested by Charles' twofold position. His career divides itself into a French and a German portion. In both alike he is exposed to the restless rivalry of Lewis of France; but in the one period that rivalry is carried on openly within the French territory, while in the second stage the crafty king finds the means to deal far more effectual blows through the agency of Teutonic hands. That Charles should thus play a part in the affairs of both countries naturally followed from his position as at once a French prince and a prince of the Empire; but it is certainly remarkable that his two spheres of action can be thus mapped out with almost as much chronological as geographical precision. The position of Charles was a very peculiar one; it requires a successful shaking off of modern notions fully to take in what it was. He held the rank of one of the first princes in Europe without being a king, and without possessing an inch of ground for which he did not owe service to some superior lord.

And more than this, he did not owe service to one lord only. The phrase of "Great Powers" had not been invented in the fifteenth century; but there can be no doubt that, if it had been, the Duke of Burgundy would have ranked among



CHARLES THE BOLD

From a painting by Jean Van Eyck

the foremost of them. He was, in actual strength, the equal of his royal neighbor to the west, and far more than the equal of his Imperial neighbor to the east. Yet for every inch of his territories he owed a vassal's duty to one or other of them. Placed on the borders of France and the Empire, some of his territories were held of the Empire and some of the French crown. Charles, Duke of Burgundy, Count of Flanders and Artois, was a vassal of France; but Charles, Duke of Brabant, Count of Burgundy, Holland, and a dozen other duchies and counties, held his dominions as a vassal of Cæsar. His dominions were large in positive extent, and they were valuable out of all proportion to their extent. No other prince in Europe was the direct sovereign of so many rich and flourishing cities, rendered still more rich and flourishing through the long, and, in the main, peaceful administration of his father. The cities of the Netherlands were incomparably greater and more prosperous than those of France or England; and, though they enjoyed large municipal privileges, they were not, like those of Germany, independent commonwealths, acknowledging only an external superior in their nominal lord. Other parts of his dominions, the duchy of Burgundy especially, were as rich in men as Flanders was rich in money.

So far the Duke of Burgundy had some great advantages over every other prince of his time. But, on the other hand, his dominions were further removed than those of any prince in Europe from forming a compact whole. He was not king of one kingdom, but duke, count, and lord of innumerable duchies, counties, and lordships, acquired by different means, held by different titles and of different overlords, speaking different languages, subject to different laws, transmitted according to different rules of succession, and each subject to possible escheat to its own lord. These various territories, moreover, had as little geographical as they had political connection. They lay in two large masses, the two Burgundies forming one and the Low Countries forming the other, so that their common master could not go from one of his capitals to another without passing through a foreign territory.

And even within these two great masses, there were portions of territory intersecting the ducal dominions which there was no hope of annexing by fair means. The dominions of a neighboring duke or count might be acquired by marriage, by purchase, by exchange, by various means short of open rob-

bery. But the dominions of the free cities and of the ecclesiastical princes were in their own nature exempt from any such processes. If the Duke of Burgundy became also Duke of Brabant, the inhabitants simply passed from one line of princes to another; no change was involved in their laws or in their form of government. But as Mr. Kirk well points out, the bishopric of Lüttich could never pass by marriage, inheritance, forfeiture, or purchase. Just as little could the free Imperial city of Besançon. The duke whose dominions hemmed them in could win them only by sheer undisguised conquest, a conquest too which must necessarily change the whole framework of their government. The rights of princely government were in no way affected by the transfer, even the violent transfer, of a duchy from one duke to another; but the rights of the Church in one case, and the rights of civic freedom in the other, would have been utterly trampled underfoot by the annexation of a bishopric or a free city.

Charles too, lord of so many lordships, was also closely connected with many royal houses. In France he was not only the first feudatory of the kingdom, the Dean of the Peers of France: he was also a prince of the blood royal, with no great number of lives between him and the crown. On his mother's side he claimed descent from the royal houses of England and Portugal: he closely identified himself with England; he spoke our language; he played an active part in our politics; he seems to have cherished a hope, one perhaps not wholly unreasonable, that, among the revolutions and disputed successions of our country, the extinction of both the contending houses might at last place the island crown upon his own brow. Looking to his eastern frontier, to the states which he held of the Empire, he was beyond all comparison the most powerful of the Imperial feudatories. The next election might place him upon the throne of the Cæsars, where he would be able to reign after a very different sort from the feeble Austrian whom he aspired to succeed or to displace. Or, failing of any existing crown, he might dream of having a crown called out of oblivion for his special benefit. Burgundy might again give its name to a kingdom, and his scattered duchies and lordships might be firmly welded together under a royal scepter. Perhaps no man ever had so many dreams, dreams which in any one else would have been extravagant, naturally suggested to him by the position in which he found himself by inheritance.

And now what sort of man was he who inherited so much, and whose inheritance prompted him to strive after so much more? We wish to speak of him as he was in his better days; towards the end of his life the effect of unexpected misfortunes darkened all his faults, even if it did not actually touch his reason. . . .

Charles was perhaps unlucky in the age in which he lived; he was certainly unlucky in the predecessor whom he succeeded and in the rival against whom he had to struggle. It may be, as Mr. Kirk says, that he was better fitted for an earlier age than that in which he lived; it is certain that he was quite unfit either to succeed Philip the Good or to contend against Lewis the Eleventh. One can have no hesitation in saying that Charles was morally a better man than his father. He had greater private virtues, and he was certainly not stained with greater public crimes. Yet Philip passed with unusual prosperity and reputation through a reign of unusual length, while the career of Charles was short and stormy, and he left an evil memory behind him. Philip, profligate as a man and unprincipled as a ruler, was still the Good Duke, who lived beloved and died regretted by his subjects. Charles, chaste and temperate in his private life, and with a nearer approach to justice and good faith in his public dealings than most princes of his time, was hated even by his own soldiers, and died unlamented by any one.

As in many other men, the virtues and the vices of Charles were closely linked together. He knew no mercy either for himself or for anybody else. Austere in his personal morals and a strict avenger of vice in others, he probably made himself enemies by his very virtues, where a little genial profligacy might have made him friends. His home government was strictly just; his ear was open to the meanest petitioner, and he was ready to send the noblest offender to the scaffold. But such stern justice was not the way to make himself popular in those days. A justice which knows not how to yield or to forgive is hardly suited for fallible man in any age, and in that age Charles sometimes drew blame upon himself by acts which we should now look on as crowning him with honor. His inexorable justice refused to listen to any entreaties for the life of a gallant young noble who had murdered a man of lower degree. In this we look on him as simply discharging the first duty of a sovereign; in his own age the execution seemed to men of all ranks to be an act of remorseless cruelty. In short,

Charles, as a civil ruler, practiced none of the arts by which much worse rulers have often made themselves beloved. He was chary of gifts, of praise, of common courtesy. No wonder then that so many of his servants forsook him for a prince who at least knew how to appreciate and to reward their services.

And what Charles was as a ruler he was even more conspicuously as a captain. In warfare his discipline was terrible; he imposed indeed no hardship on the lowest sentinel which he did not equally impose upon himself; but the commander who had no kind word for any one, and a heavy punishment for the slightest offense, did not go the way to win the love of his soldiers. His cruelty towards Dinant and Lüttich did not greatly exceed — in some respects it did not equal — the ordinary cruelty of the age; but the cold and quasi judicial severity with which he planned the work of destruction is almost more repulsive than the familiar horrors of the storm and the sack.

It was his utter want of sympathy with mankind which made Charles the Bold hated, while really worse men have been beloved. The ambition of Philip the Good was more unprincipled than that of his son, but it was more moderate, and kept more carefully within the bounds of possibility. The means by which he gained large portions of his dominions, Holland and Hennegau especially, were perhaps more blameworthy than anything in the career of Charles, and in particular acts of cruelty and in violent outbursts of wrath there was little to choose between father and son. But Philip's ambition was satisfied with now and then seizing a province or two which came conveniently within his grasp; he did not keep the world constantly in commotion; he had no longing after royal or Imperial crowns, and indeed refused them when they came in his way; his rule was on the whole peaceful and beneficent, and his very annexations, when they were once made, secured large districts from the horrors of border warfare. But Charles was always planning something, and the world was always wondering what he might be planning. He attacked and annexed so widely that it was no wonder if even those whom he had no mind to attack deemed it necessary to stand ready for him.

His loftiest flights of ambition were far from being so wild and reckless as they are commonly represented; his dream of a new Burgundian kingdom was far from irrational; still less was there anything monstrous either in a great French prince

aspiring to a paramount influence in France, or in a great German prince aspiring to the crown of the Empire. But the misfortune of Charles was that he was always aspiring after something; he was always grasping at something which he had not, instead of enjoying what he had. Neither his own subjects nor strangers were allowed a moment's peace: wars with France, wars with Lüttich, Gelders annexed, Elsass purchased, Neuss besieged, Lorraine conquered, Provence bargained for, were enough to keep the whole world in commotion. The ten years of Charles' reign are as rich in events as the forty-eight years of his father.

Mr. Kirk is fond of enlarging on Charles' good faith; and for a prince of the fifteenth century, the praise is not wholly undeserved. As compared with the contemporary kings of England and France, the Duke of Burgundy may fairly pass for a man of his word. He certainly did not openly trample on oaths and obligations like Edward the Fourth, nor did he carry on a systematic trade of secret intrigue like Lewis the Eleventh. Even in the affair of Péronne, to which Mr. Kirk frequently points as an exception to Charles' general straightforwardness, there seems to have been no deliberate treachery on Charles' part, though there certainly was a breach in words of the safeconduct which he had given to Lewis. The King sought an interview of his own accord; it was to take place in the then Burgundian town of Péronne. The Duke gave the King a safeconduct, notwithstanding anything which had happened or might happen. While Lewis was at Péronne, Charles discovered, or believed that he had discovered, evidence that the King was plotting with the revolted people of Lüttich. Charles then kept him as a prisoner till he had signed an unfavorable treaty, and further obliged him to accompany him on his campaign against Lüttich, and to witness and take a part in the utter overthrow of his allies. Here was undoubtedly a breach of an engagement: according to the letter of the bond, Charles should have taken Lewis safe back into his own dominions, and should have declared war and pursued him the moment he had crossed the frontier. But, setting aside the literal breach of faith, to deal with Lewis as he did, to humble him before all the world, to make him follow where he was most unwilling to go, was quite in character with the stern and ostentatious justice of Charles. As a mere breach of faith, it was a light matter compared with the everyday career of Lewis

himself. But what shocked the feeling of the time was for a vassal to put his suzerain lord under personal duress. To rebel against such a lord and make war upon him was an ordinary business; but for a Duke of Burgundy to make a King of France his prisoner was a breach of all feudal reverence, a sacrilegious invasion of the sanctity of royalty, which carried men's minds back to a deed of treason more than five hundred years old.

We cannot look upon this business at Péronne as being morally of so deep a dye as the long course of insincerity pursued by Charles with regard to the marriage of his daughter. It is clear that he was possessed with a strong and not very intelligible dread of a son-in-law in any shape. Like many other princes, he shrank from the notion of a successor; he shrank especially from a successor who would not be one of his own blood, but the husband of his daughter, one who most likely would seek in her marriage and his affinity nothing but stepping stones to the ducal or royal crown of Burgundy. So far one can enter into the feeling; but it is clear that Charles first carried it to a morbid extent, and then made use of it for a disingenuous political purpose. He held out hopes of his daughter's hand to every prince whom he wished for the moment to attach to his interests, without the least serious intention of bestowing her upon any of them. Mary was used as the bait for Charles of Guienne, for Nicolas of Calabria, for Maximilian of Austria. Now this, though it might serve an immediate end, was a base and selfish policy, which could not fail to leave, as in the end it did leave, both his daughter and his dominions without any lawful or acknowledged protector. The feelings alike of a father and of a sovereign should have made Charles overcome his dread of an acknowledged successor, rather than run the risk of leaving a young girl to grapple unprotected with the turbulent people of Flanders and with such a neighbor as Lewis the Eleventh. It is here, we think, rather than in his formal breach of faith at Péronne, that we should look for the most marked exception to that general character for good faith and sincerity which is claimed for Charles by his biographer. It is certain that he piqued himself upon such a character, and that his conduct was on the whole not inconsistent with it. The worst deeds of his later career, his treatment of the princes of Lorraine and Würtemburg, his unprovoked attack on Neuss, his cruelties after the loss of

Elsass, were deeds of open violence rather than of bad faith. Through the whole of his dealings with Austria and Switzerland there runs a vein of conscious sincerity, a feeling that his own straightforwardness was not met with equal straightforwardness on the part of those with whom he had to deal.

Where then Charles failed was that he had neither the moral nor the intellectual qualities which alone could have enabled him to carry out the great schemes which he was ever planning. Success has often been the lot of brave, frank, and open-hearted princes, who have carried everything before them, and who have won hearts as well as cities by storm. Sometimes again it has fallen to the lot of a cold, crafty, secret plotter, like Charles' own rival and opposite. The gallant, genial René of Lorraine won the love of subjects and allies, and recovered the dominions which Charles had stolen from him. Lewis, from his den at Plessis, established his power over all France; he extended the bounds of France by two great provinces, and permanently attached the stout pikes and halberts of Switzerland to his interest. But Charles the Bold, always planning schemes which needed the genius and opportunities of Charles the Great, was doomed to failure in the nature of things. A prince, just, it may be, and truthful, but harsh and pitiless, who never made a friend public or private, whose very virtues were more repulsive than other men's vices, who displayed no single sign of deep or enlarged policy, but whose whole career was one simple embodiment of military force in its least amiable form, — such a prince was not the man to found an empire; he was the very man to lose the dominions which he had himself inherited and conquered.

And now we turn from the character of the man to the events in which he was the actor or the instrument. The history of Charles is a history of the highest and most varied interest. The tale, as a mere tale, as a narrative of personal adventure and a display of personal character, is one of the most attractive in European history. As such it has been chosen by Scott as the material for two of his novels, one of which, if not absolutely one of his masterpieces, at any rate ranks high among his writings. It is probably from "Quentin Durward" that most English readers have drawn their ideas of Lewis the Eleventh and of Charles the Bold; some may even have drawn their main ideas of the fights of Granson, Morat,

and Nancy from the hurried narrative in "Anne of Geierstein." In fact, a nobler subject, whether for romance or poetry or tragedy, can hardly be conceived than the exaltation and the fall of the renowned Burgundian Duke.

But to the historian the fate of Charles and his duchy has an interest which is far higher and wider than this. Chronologically and geographically alike, Charles and his duchy form the great barrier, or the great connecting link, whichever we choose to call it, between the main divisions of European history and European geography. The dukes of Burgundy of the house of Valois form a sort of bridge between the latter Middle Age and the period of the Renaissance and the Reformation. They connect those two periods by forming the kernel of the vast dominion of that Austrian house to which their inheritance fell, and which, mainly by virtue of that inheritance, fills such a space in the history of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. But the dominions of the Burgundian dukes hold a still higher historical position. They may be said to bind together the whole of European history for the last thousand years. From the ninth century to the nineteenth, the politics of Europe have largely gathered round the rivalry between the Eastern and the Western kingdoms — in modern language, between Germany and France. From the ninth century to the nineteenth, a succession of efforts have been made to establish, in one shape or another, a middle state between the two. Over and over again during that long period have men striven to make the whole or some portion of the frontier lands stretching from the mouth of the Rhine to the mouth of the Rhone into an independent barrier state. The first expression of the idea is to be seen in the kingdom of Lothar, the grandson of Charles the Great, a kingdom of which Provence and the Netherlands were alike portions. The neutralizations, or attempted neutralizations, of Switzerland, Savoy, Belgium, and Lüzelburg, have been the feebler contributions of the nineteenth century to the same work. Meanwhile various kingdoms and duchies of Burgundy and Lorraine have risen and fallen, all of them, knowingly or unknowingly, aiming at the same European object. That object was never more distinctly aimed at, and it never seemed nearer to its accomplishment, than when Charles the Bold actually reigned from the Zuyder Zee to the lake of Neufchâtel, and was not without hopes of extending his frontier to the gulf of Lyons.

To understand his position, to understand the position of the lands over which he ruled, it is not needful to go back to any of the uses of the Burgundian name earlier than the division of the Empire in 888. The old Lotharingia of forty years earlier, the narrow strip reaching from the German Ocean to the Mediterranean, had then ceased to exist as a separate state. Its northern portion had become the later Lotharingia, that border land between the Eastern and Western kingdoms, which for a hundred years formed an endless subject of dispute between them. Its southern portion had become what our Old-English Chroniclers emphatically call the "middelrice" — the Middle kingdom, the state placed between France, Germany, and Italy. This is that Burgundy, sometimes forming one kingdom, sometimes two, which was at last annexed to the Empire, and of which Arles was the capital, where those Emperors who chose to go through a somewhat empty ceremony took the crown of their Burgundian kingdom. This kingdom took in the County Palatine of Burgundy, better known as Franche Comté, which, till the days of Lewis the Fourteenth, remained a fief of the Empire. It did not take in the duchy of Burgundy, the duchy of which Dijon was the capital, which was always a fief of the crown of France. Now there can be no doubt that Charles, Duke of the French Duchy, Count of the Imperial Palatinate, Duke, by inheritance, of the Lower Lorraine (or Brabant), Duke, by conquest, of the Upper Lorraine, had always before his eyes the memory of these earlier Burgundian and Lotharingian kingdoms. Holding, as he did, parts of old Lotharingia and parts of old Burgundy, there can be no doubt that he aimed at the re-establishment of a great Middle kingdom, which should take in all that had ever been Burgundian or Lotharingian ground. He aimed in short, as others have aimed before and since, at the formation of a state which should hold a central position between France, Germany, and Italy — a state which should discharge, with infinitely greater strength, all the duties which our own age has endeavored to throw on Switzerland, Belgium, and Savoy. . . .

This twofold position of Charles, as at once a French and a German prince, forms the key to his history. When he had turned away his thoughts from his schemes of preëminence within the French kingdom, the creation of such a middle state as we have spoken of was a natural form for his ambition to

take. His schemes of this kind form the great subject of the second of the two great divisions of his history. The second division then is undoubtedly the more important, but the former is by far the better known. It has the great advantage of being recorded by one of the few mediæval writers — if Philip of Comines is to count as a mediæval writer — who are familiar to many who are not specially given to mediæval studies. It is a plain straightforward tale, about which there is little difficulty or controversy, and it is so constantly connected with the history of our own country as to have special attractions for the English student. The German career of Charles holds a very different position. One or two facts in it, at least the names of one or two great battles, are familiar to the whole world. Every one can point the moral how the rash and proud Duke was overthrown by the despised Switzer at Granson, at Morat, and at Nancy. But the real character and causes of the war are, for the most part, completely unknown or utterly misrepresented. In fact, no part of history is more thoroughly perplexing than this: the original sources are endless; the inferences made from them by later writers are utterly contradictory; and neither the original sources nor their modern commentators are at all familiar to English students in general. We think then that we shall be doing our readers more service if we pass lightly over the earlier and better known years of Charles' history, and give as much space as we can to the perplexing story of his relations towards Switzerland, Austria, and the Empire.

Each of the two positions which were held by Charles assumes special importance in one of the two great divisions of his career. He succeeded to the ducal crown in 1467; but his practical reign may be dated from a point at least two years earlier, when the old age and sickness of Philip threw the chief management of affairs into his hands. What we have called his French career lasts from this point till 1472. In these years, both before and after the death of his father, he appears mainly as a French prince. His main policy is to maintain and increase that predominance in French politics which had been gained by his father. During this period, with the single exception of his wars with Lüttich, his field of action lies almost wholly within the kingdom of France; and Lüttich, though it lay within the Empire, had at this time a closer practical connection with France than with Germany. Charles' chief French

dominions were the duchy of Burgundy and the counties of Artois and Flanders, the last being strictly a French fief, though circumstances have always tended to unite that province, together with some of its neighbors, into a system of their own, distinct alike from France and from Germany. There was also that fluctuating territory in Picardy, the towns on the Somme, so often pledged, recovered, ceded, and conquered within the space of so few years. These possessions made Charles the most powerful of French princes, to say nothing of the fiefs beyond the kingdom which helped to make him well-nigh the most powerful of European princes. As a French prince, he joined with other French princes to put limits on the power of the crown, and to divide the kingdom into great feudal holdings, as nearly independent as might be of the common overlord. As a French prince, he played his part in the War of the Public Weal, and insisted, as a main object of his policy, on the establishment of the King's brother as an all but independent Duke of Normandy. The object of Lewis was to make France a compact monarchy; the object of Charles and his fellows was to keep France as nearly as might be in the same state as Germany. But, when the other French princes had been gradually conquered, won over, or got rid of in some way or other, by the crafty policy of Lewis, Charles remained no longer the chief of a coalition of French princes, but the personal rival, the deadly enemy, of the French King.

In the second part of his life his objects were wholly different. His looks were now turned eastward and southward, or, if they were turned westward, it was with quite different aims from those with which he went forth to fight at Montlhéry. His object now was, not to gain a paramount influence within the kingdom of France, not to weaken the French monarchy, in the character of one of its vassals, but to throw it into the shade, to dismember, perhaps to conquer it, in the character of a foreign sovereign. For this end probably, more than for any other, Charles sought to be King of the Romans, King of Burgundy, King of England. For this end he strove to gather together province after province, so as to form his scattered territories into a kingdom greater than that of France, a kingdom external and antagonistic to France. As he had found that the French monarchy was too strong for him in his character of a French vassal, he would no longer be a Frenchman at all. To curb and weaken the now hostile and foreign realm,

he would form a state which should altogether hem it in from the North Sea to the Mediterranean. That is to say, he would call again into being that Middle kingdom, call it Burgundy or Lorraine as we will, which he had a better chance of calling into being than any man before or since.

And undoubtedly it would have been for the permanent interest of Europe if he had succeeded in his attempt. It would be one of the greatest of political blessings if a Duke or King of Burgundy or Lorraine could suddenly appear now [1864]. A strong independent power standing in the gap between France and Germany would release the world from many difficulties, and would insure the world against many dangers. It would in fact accomplish, in a much more thoroughgoing way, the objects which modern statesmen have tried to accomplish by guaranteeing the neutrality of the smaller states on the same border. How vain such guaranties are the experience of the last few years has taught us. But the kingdom which Charles dreamed of, had it been held together long enough to acquire any consistency, would have needed no guaranty, but would have stood by its own strength. Such a state would indeed have had two great points of weakness, its enormous extent of frontier and the heterogeneous character of its population. But German and Italian neighbors would hardly have been more dangerous to Burgundy than they have been to France, and such a Burgundy would have been far better able to resist the aggressions of France than Germany and Italy have been. The population would certainly have been made up of very discordant elements, but they would have been less discordant than the elements to be found in the modern "empire" of Austria, and they would have had a common interest in a way in which the subjects of Austria have not. Perhaps indeed a common government and a common interest might in course of time have fused them together as closely as the equally discordant elements in modern Switzerland have been fused together.

Anyhow the great dream of Charles, the formation of a barrier power between France and Germany, is one which, if it only could be carried out, would be most desirable for Europe to have carried out. Statesmen of a much later age than Charles the Bold have dreamed of the kingdom of Burgundy as the needful counterpoise to the power of France. But though the creation of such a state would be highly desirable now, it

does not follow that it was desirable then, still less does it follow that any prince or people of those days could be expected to see that it was desirable. With the map of Europe now before us, it seems madness in Switzerland, or in any other small and independent state, to league itself with France and Austria to destroy a Duke of Burgundy. That is to say, it is very easy to be a Prometheus after the fact. But neither princes nor commonwealths can be expected to look on so many centuries before them. Austria was in those days the least threatening of all powers. Its sovereigns were small German dukes, who had much ado to keep their own small dominions together. In fact, the Duke of Austria with whom we have to do was only a titular Duke of Austria; his capital was not Vienna, but Innsbruck; his dominions consisted of the county of Tyrol and the Swabian and Alsatian lordships of his house. And it would have been only by a miraculous foresight of which history gives few examples that a citizen of Switzerland or of any other country could have perceived that France was a power more really dangerous to the liberties of Europe than Burgundy was. Lewis seemed to have quite enough to do to maintain his power in his own kingdom, while Charles seemed to ride through the whole world, going forth conquering and to conquer. In this case, as in all others, we must try to throw ourselves into the position of the times, and not to judge of everything according to the notions of our own age.

QUENTIN DURWARD'S INITIATION.

By Sir WALTER SCOTT.

(From "Quentin Durward.")

[For biographical sketch, see page 1482.]

THE cavalier who awaited Quentin Durward's descent into the apartment where he had breakfasted, was one of those of whom Louis XI. had long since said that they held in their hands the fortunes of France, as to them were intrusted the direct custody and protection of the royal person.

Charles the Sixth had instituted this celebrated body, the

Archers, as they were called, of the Scottish Bodyguard, with better reason than can generally be alleged for establishing round the throne a guard of foreign and mercenary troops. The divisions which tore from his side more than half of France, together with the wavering and uncertain faith of the nobility who yet acknowledged his cause, rendered it impolitic and unsafe to commit his personal safety to their keeping. The Scottish nation was the hereditary enemy of the English, and the ancient, and, as it seemed, the natural allies of France. They were poor, courageous, faithful — their ranks were sure to be supplied from the superabundant population of their own country, than which none in Europe sent forth more or bolder adventurers. Their high claims of descent, too, gave them a good title to approach the person of a monarch more closely than other troops, while the comparative smallness of their numbers prevented the possibility of their mutinying, and becoming masters where they ought to be servants.

On the other hand, the French monarchs made it their policy to conciliate the affections of this select band of foreigners, by allowing them honorary privileges and ample pay, which last most of them disposed of with military profusion in supporting their supposed rank. Each of them ranked as a gentleman in place and honor; and their near approach to the King's person gave them dignity in their own eyes, as well as importance in those of the nation of France. They were sumptuously armed, equipped, and mounted; and each was entitled to allowance for a squire, a valet, a page, and two yeomen, one of whom was termed *coutelier*, from the large knife which he wore to dispatch those whom in the *mêlée* his master had thrown to the ground. With these followers, and a corresponding equipage, an Archer of the Scottish Guard was a person of quality and importance; and vacancies being generally filled up by those who had been trained in the service as pages or valets, the cadets of the best Scottish families were often sent to serve under some friend and relation in those capacities, until a chance of preferment should occur.

The coutelier and his companion, not being noble or capable of this promotion, were recruited from persons of inferior quality; but as their pay and appointments were excellent, their masters were easily able to select from among their wandering countrymen the strongest and most courageous to wait upon them in these capacities.

Ludovic Lesly, or, as we shall more frequently call him, Le Balafré, by which name he was generally known in France, was upwards of six feet high, robust, strongly compacted in person, and hard-favored in countenance, which latter attribute was much increased by a large and ghastly scar, which, beginning on his forehead, and narrowly missing his right eye, had laid bare his cheek bone, and descended from thence almost to the tip of his ear, exhibiting a deep seam, which was sometimes scarlet, sometimes purple, sometimes blue, and sometimes approaching to black, but always hideous, because at variance with the complexion of the face in whatever state it chanced to be, whether agitated or still, flushed with unusual passion, or in its ordinary state of weather-beaten and sunburnt swarthiness.

His dress and arms were splendid. He wore his national bonnet, crested with a tuft of feathers, and with a Virgin Mary of massive silver for a brooch. These brooches had been presented to the Scottish Guard, in consequence of the King, in one of his fits of superstitious piety, having devoted the swords of his guard to the service of the Holy Virgin, and, as some say, carried the matter so far as to draw out a commission to Our Lady as their Captain General. The Archer's gorget, armpieces, and gauntlets were of the finest steel, curiously inlaid with silver, and his hauberk, or shirt of mail, was as clear and bright as the frostwork of a winter morning upon fern or brier. He wore a loose surcoat or cassock, of rich blue velvet, open at the sides like that of a herald, with a large white Saint Andrew's cross of embroidered silver bisecting it both before and behind — his knees and legs were protected by hose of mail and shoes of steel — a broad strong poniard (called the "Mercy of God") hung by his right side — the baldric for his two-handed sword, richly embroidered, hung upon his left shoulder; but, for convenience, he at present carried in his hand that unwieldy weapon, which the rules of his service forbade him to lay aside.

Quentin Durward, though, like the Scottish youth of the period, he had been early taught to look upon arms and war, thought he had never seen a more martial-looking, or more completely equipped and accomplished man at arms, than now saluted him in the person of his mother's brother, called Ludovic with the Scar, or Le Balafré; yet he could not but shrink a little from the grim expression of his countenance, while with

its rough mustaches he brushed first the one and then the other cheek of his kinsman, welcomed his nephew to France, and, in the same breath, asked what news from Scotland.

"Little good tidings, dear uncle," replied young Durward; "but I am glad that you know me so readily."

"I would have known thee, boy, in the *landes* of Bordeaux, had I met thee marching there like a crane on a pair of stilts. But sit thee down — sit thee down — if there is sorrow to hear of, we will have wine to make us bear it. — Ho! old Pinch-Measure, our good host, bring us of thy best, and that in an instant."

The well-known sound of the Scottish-French was as familiar in the taverns near Plessis as that of the Swiss-French in the modern *guinguettes* of Paris; and promptly — ay, with the promptitude of fear and precipitation, was it heard and obeyed. A flagon of champagne stood before them, of which the elder took a draught, while the nephew helped himself only to a moderate sip, to acknowledge his uncle's courtesy, saying, in excuse, that he had already drunk wine that morning.

"That had been a rare good apology in the mouth of thy sister, fair nephew," said Le Balafré; "you must fear the wine pot less, if you would wear beard on your face, and write yourself soldier. But, come — come — unbuckle your Scottish mail bag — give us the news of Glen-houlakin — how doth my sister?"

"Dead, fair uncle," answered Quentin, sorrowfully.

"Dead!" echoed his uncle, with a tone rather marked by wonder than sympathy — "why, she was five years younger than I, and I was never better in my life. Dead! the thing is impossible. I have never had so much as a headache, unless after reveling out my two or three days' furlough with the brethren of the joyous science — and my poor sister is dead! — And your father, fair nephew, hath he married again?"

And, ere the youth could reply, he read the answer in his surprise at the question, and said, "What! no? — I would have sworn that Allan Durward was no man to live without a wife. He loved to have his house in order — loved to look on a pretty woman too; and was somewhat strict in life withal — matrimony did all this for him. Now, I care little about these comforts; and I can look on a pretty woman without thinking on the sacrament of wedlock — I am scarce holy enough for that."

"Alas! dear uncle, my mother was left a widow a year

since, when Glen-houlakin was harried by the Ogilvies. My father, and my two uncles, and my two elder brothers, and seven of my kinsmen, and the harper, and the tasker, and some six more of our people, were killed in defending the castle; and there is not a burning hearth or a standing stone in all Glen-houlakin."

"Cross of Saint Andrew!" said Le Balafré, "that is what I call an onslaught! Ay, these Ogilvies were ever but sorry neighbors to Glen-houlakin — an evil chance it was; but fate of war — fate of war. — When did this mishap befall, fair nephew?" With that he took a deep draught of wine, and shook his head with much solemnity, when his kinsman replied that his family had been destroyed upon the festival of Saint Jude last by-past.

"Look ye there," said the soldier; "I said it was all chance — on that very day I and twenty of my comrades carried the Castle of Roche-noir by storm, from Amaury Bras-de-fer, a captain of free lances, whom you must have heard of. I killed him on his own threshold, and gained as much gold as made this fair chain, which was once twice as long as it now is — and that minds me to send part of it on an holy errand.— Here, Andrew — Andrew!"

Andrew, his yeoman, entered, dressed like the Archer himself in the general equipment, but without the armor for the limbs,— that of the body more coarsely manufactured — his cap without a plume, and his cassock made of serge, or ordinary cloth, instead of rich velvet. Untwining his gold chain from his neck, Balafré twisted off, with his arm and strong-set teeth, about four inches from the one end of it, and said to his attendant, "Here, Andrew, carry this to my gossip, jolly Father Boniface, the monk of Saint Martin's — greet him well from me, by the same token that he could not say God save ye when we last parted at midnight. Tell my gossip that my brother and sister, and some others of my house, are all dead and gone, and I pray him to say masses for their souls as far as the value of these links will carry him, and to do on trust what else may be necessary to free them from Purgatory. And hark ye, as they were just-living people, and free from all heresy, it may be that they are well-nigh out of limbo already, so that a little matter may have them free of the fetlocks; and in that case, look ye, ye will say I desire to take out the balance of the gold in curses upon a generation called the Ogilvies of Angusshire, in what

way soever the church may best come at them. You understand all this, Andrew?"

The coutelier nodded.

"Then look that none of the links find their way to the wine house ere the Monk touches them; for if it so chance, thou shalt taste of saddle girth and stirrup leather, till thou art as raw as Saint Bartholomew.— Yet hold, I see thy eye has fixed on the wine measure, and thou shalt not go without tasting."

So saying he filled him a brimful cup, which the coutelier drank off, and retired to do his patron's commission.

"And now, fair nephew, let us hear what was your own fortune in this unhappy matter."

"I fought it out among those who were older and stouter than I was, till we were all brought down," said Durward, "and I received a cruel wound."

"Not a worse slash than I received ten years since myself," said Le Balafré. — "Look at this now, my fair nephew," tracing the dark crimson gash which was imprinted on his face.— "An Ogilvie's sword never plowed so deep a furrow."

"They plowed deep enough," answered Quentin, sadly; "but they were tired at last, and my mother's entreaties procured mercy for me, when I was found to retain some spark of life; but although a learned monk of Aberbrothick, who chanced to be our guest at the fatal time, and narrowly escaped being killed in the fray, was permitted to bind my wounds, and finally to remove me to a place of safety, it was only on promise, given both by my mother and him, that I should become a monk."

"A monk!" exclaimed the uncle — "holy Saint Andrew! that is what never befell me. No one, from my childhood upward, ever so much as dreamed of making me a monk. — And yet I wonder when I think of it; for you will allow that, bating the reading and writing, which I could never learn, and the psalmody, which I could never endure, and the dress, which is that of a mad beggar — Our Lady forgive me! — [here he crossed himself] — and their fasts, which do not suit my appetite, I would have made every whit as good a monk as my little gossip at St. Martin's yonder. But I know not why, none ever proposed the station to me. — Oh so, fair nephew, you were to be a monk, then — and wherefore, I pray you?"

"That my father's house might be ended, either in the cloister or in the tomb," answered Quentin, with deep feeling.

"I see," answered his uncle — "I comprehend. Cunning rogues — very cunning! They might have been cheated, though; for, look ye, fair nephew, I myself remember the canon Robersart, who had taken the vows and afterward broke out of cloister and became a captain of Free Companions. He had a mistress, the prettiest wench I ever saw, and three as beautiful children. — There is no trusting monks, fair nephew, — no trusting them — they may become soldiers and fathers when you least expect it — but on with your tale."

"I have little more to tell," said Durward, "except that, considering my poor mother to be in some degree a pledge for me, I have induced to take upon me the dress of a novice, and conformed to the cloister rules, and even learned to read and write."

"To read and write!" exclaimed Le Balafré, who was one of that sort of people who think all knowledge is miraculous which chances to exceed their own. — "To write, say'st thou, and to read! I cannot believe it — never Durward could write his name that ever I heard of, nor Lesly either. I can answer for one of them — I can no more write than I can fly. Now, in Saint Louis' name, how did they teach it you?"

"It was troublesome at first," said Durward, "but became more easy by use; and I was weak with my wounds, and loss of blood, and desirous to gratify my preserver, Father Peter, and so I was the more easily kept to my task. But after several months' languishing, my good kind mother died, and as my health was now fully restored, I communicated to my benefactor, who was also Subprior of the Convent, my reluctance to take the vows; and it was agreed between us, since my vocation lay not to the cloister, that I should be sent out into the world to seek my fortune, and that, to save the Subprior from the anger of the Ogilvies, my departure should have the appearance of flight; and to color it, I brought off the Abbot's hawk with me. But I was regularly dismissed, as will appear from the hand and seal of the Abbot himself."

"That is right, that is well," said his uncle. "Our King cares little what other theft thou mayst have made, but hath a horror at anything like a breach of the cloister. And, I warrant thee, thou hadst no great treasure to bear thy charges?"

"Only a few pieces of silver," said the youth; "for to you, fair uncle, I must make a free confession."

"Alas!" replied Le Balafré, "that is hard. Now, though I am never a hoarder of my pay, because it doth ill to bear a charge about one in these perilous times, yet I always have (and I would advise you to follow my example) some odd gold chain or bracelet, or carcanet, that serves for the ornament of my person, and can at need spare a superfluous link or two, or it may be a superfluous stone for sale, that can answer any immediate purpose. — But you may ask, fair kinsman, how you are to come by such toys as this?" — (he shook his chain with complacent triumph) — "they hang not on every bush — they grow not in fields like the daffodils, with whose stalks children make knight's collars. What then! — you may get such where I got this, in the service of the good King of France, where there is always wealth to be found, if a man has but the heart to seek it, at the risk of a little life or so."

"I understood," said Quentin, evading a decision to which he felt himself as yet scarcely competent, "that the Duke of Burgundy keeps a more noble state than the King of France, and that there is more honor to be won under his banners — that good blows are struck there, and deeds of arms done; while the most Christian King, they say, gains his victories by his ambassadors' tongues."

"You speak like a foolish boy, fair nephew," answered he with the Scar; "and yet, I bethink me, when I came hither I was nearly as simple: I could never think of a King but what I supposed him either sitting under the high dais, and feasting amid his high vassals and Paladins, eating *blanc manger*, with a great gold crown upon his head, or else charging at the head of his troops like Charlemagne in the romaunts, or like Robert Bruce or William Wallace in our own true histories, such as Barbour and the Minstrel. Hark in thine ear, man — it is all moonshine in the water. Policy — policy does it all. But what is policy, you will say? It is an art this French King of ours has found out, to fight with other men's swords, and to wage his soldiers out of other men's purses. Ah! it is the wisest prince that ever put purple on his back — and yet he weareth not much of that neither — I see him often go plainer than I would think befitted me to do."

"But you meet not my exception, fair uncle," answered young Durward; "I would serve, since serve I must in a foreign land, somewhere where a brave deed, were it my hap to do one, might work me a name."

"I understand you, my fair nephew," said the royal man at arms, "I understand you passing well; but you are unripe in these matters. The Duke of Burgundy is a hot-brained, impetuous, pudding-headed, iron-ribbed dare-all. He charges at the head of his nobles and native knights, his liegemen of Artois and Hainault; think you, if you were there, or if I were there myself, that we could be much further forward than the Duke and all his brave nobles of his own land? If we were not up with them, we had a chance to be turned on the Provost Marshal's hands for being slow in making to; if we were abreast of them, all would be called well, and we might be thought to have deserved our pay; and grant that I was a spear's length or so in the front, which is both difficult and dangerous in such a *mêlée* where all do their best, why, my lord duke says, in his Flemish tongue, when he sees a good blow struck, 'Ha! *gut getroffen!* a good lance — a brave Scot — give him a florin to drink our health; but neither rank nor lands, nor treasures, come to the stranger in such a service — all goes to the children of the soil."

"And where should it go, in Heaven's name, fair uncle?" demanded young Durward.

"To him that protects the children of the soil," said Balafré, drawing up his gigantic height. "Thus says King Louis: 'My good French peasant — mine honest Jacques Bonhomme — get you to your tools, your plow and your harrow, your pruning knife and your hoe — here is my gallant Scot that will fight for you, and you shall only have the trouble to pay him. — And you, my most serene duke, my illustrious count, and my most mighty marquis, e'en rein up your fiery courage till it is wanted, for it is apt to start out of the course, and to hurt its master; here are my companies of ordnance — here are my French Guards — here are, above all, my Scottish Archers, and mine honest Ludovic with the Scar, who will fight, as well or better than you, with all that undisciplined valor which, in your father's time, lost Cressy and Azincour.' Now, see you not in which of these states a cavalier of fortune holds the highest rank, and must come to the highest honor?"

"I think I understand you, fair uncle," answered the nephew; "but, in my mind, honor cannot be won where there is no risk. Sure, this is — I pray you pardon me — an easy and almost slothful life, to mount guard round an elderly man whom no one thinks of harming, to spend summer day and

winter night up in yonder battlements, and shut up all the while in iron cages, for fear you should desert your posts — uncle, uncle, it is but the hawk upon his perch, who is never carried out to the fields!"

"Now, by Saint Martin of Tours, the boy has some spirit! a right touch of the Lesly in him; much like myself, though always with a little more folly in it. Hark ye, youth — Long live the King of France! — scarce a day but there is some commission in hand by which some of his followers may win both coin and credit. Think not that the bravest and most dangerous deeds are done by daylight. I could tell you of some, as scaling castles, making prisoners, and the like, where one who shall be nameless hath run higher risk, and gained greater favor, than any desperado in the train of desperate Charles of Burgundy. And if it pleases his Majesty to remain behind, and in the background, while such things are doing, he hath the more leisure of spirit to admire, and the more liberality of hand to reward the adventurers, whose dangers, perhaps, and whose feats of arms, he can better judge of than if he had personally shared them. Oh, 'tis a sagacious and most politic monarch!"

His nephew paused, and then said, in a low but impressive tone of voice, "The good Father Peter used to often teach me there might be much danger in deeds by which little glory was acquired. I need not say to you, fair uncle, that I do in course suppose that these secret commissions must needs be honorable."

"For whom or for what take you me, fair nephew?" said Balafré, somewhat sternly; "I have not been trained, indeed, in the cloister, neither can I write or read. But I am your mother's brother; I am a loyal Lesly. Think you that I am like to recommend to you anything unworthy? The best knight in France, Du Guesclin himself, if he were alive again, might be proud to number my deeds among his achievements."

"I cannot doubt your warranty, fair uncle," said the youth; "you are the only adviser my mishap has left me. But is it true, as fame says, that this King keeps a meager Court here at his Castle of Plessis? No repair of nobles or courtiers, none of his grand feudatories in attendance, none of the high officers of the crown; half-solitary sports, shared only with the menials of his household; secret councils, to which only low and obscure men are invited; rank and nobility depressed, and men raised from the lowest origin to the kingly favor — all this seems



THE BREAKFAST

From an etching by Ad. Lalauze. By permission of Dana Estes & Co.

unregulated, resembles not the manners of his father, the noble Charles, who tore from the fangs of the English lion this more than half-conquered kingdom of France."

"You speak like a giddy child," said Le Balafré; "and even as a child, you harp over the same notes on a new string. Look you: if the King employs Oliver Dain, his barber, to do what Oliver can do better than any peer of them all, is not the kingdom the gainer? If he bids his stout Provost Marshal, Tristan, arrest such or such a seditious burgher, take off such or such a turbulent noble, the deed is done and no more of it; when, were the commission given to a duke or peer of France, he might perchance send the King back a defiance in exchange. If, again, the King pleases to give to plain Ludovic le Balafré a commission which he will execute, instead of employing the High Constable, who would perhaps betray it, doth it not show wisdom? Above all, doth not a monarch of such conditions best suit cavaliers of fortune, who must go where their services are most highly prized, and most frequently in demand? — No, no, child; I tell thee Louis knows how to choose his confidants, and what to charge them with; suiting, as they say, the burden to each man's back. He is not like the King of Castile, who choked of thirst, because the great butler was not beside to hand his cup. — But hark to the bell of Saint Martin's! I must hasten back to the Castle. — Farewell — make much of yourself, and at eight to-morrow morning present yourself before the drawbridge, and ask the sentinel for me. Take heed you step not off the straight and beaten path, in approaching the portal! There are such traps and snaphances as may cost you a limb, which you will sorely miss. You shall see the King, and learn to judge him for yourself — farewell."

So saying, Balafré hastily departed, forgetting, in his hurry, to pay for the wine he had called for, a shortness of memory incidental to persons of his description, and which his host, overawed, perhaps, by the nodding bonnet and ponderous two-handed sword, did not presume to use any efforts for correcting. It might have been expected that, when left alone, Durward would have again betaken himself to his turret, in order to watch for the repetition of those delicious sounds which had soothed his morning reverie. But that was a chapter of romance, and his uncle's conversation had opened to him a page of the real history of life. It was no pleasing one, and for the present the recollections and reflections which it excited

were qualified to overpower other thoughts, and especially all of a light and soothing nature.

Quentin resorted to a solitary walk along the banks of the rapid Cher, having previously inquired of his landlord for one which he might traverse without fear of disagreeable interruption from snares and pitfalls, and there endeavored to compose his turmoiled and scattered thoughts, and consider his future motions, upon which his meeting with his uncle had thrown some dubiety.

The manner in which Quentin Durward had been educated was not of a kind to soften the heart, or perhaps to improve the moral feeling. He, with the rest of his family, had been trained to the chase as an amusement, and taught to consider war as their only serious occupation, and that it was the great duty of their lives stubbornly to endure, and fiercely to retaliate, the attacks of their feudal enemies, by whom their race had been at last almost annihilated. And yet there mixed with these feuds a spirit of rude chivalry, and even courtesy, which softened their rigor; so that revenge, their only justice, was still prosecuted with some regard to humanity and generosity. The lessons of the worthy old monk, better attended to, perhaps, during a long illness and adversity, than they might have been in health and success, had given young Durward still further insight into the duties of humanity toward others; and, considering the ignorance of the period, the general prejudices entertained in favor of a military life and the manner in which he himself had been bred, the youth was disposed to feel more accurately the moral duties incumbent on his station than was usual at the time.

He reflected on his interview with his uncle with a sense of embarrassment and disappointment. His hopes had been high; for although intercourse by letters was out of the question, yet a pilgrim, or an adventurous trafficker, or a crippled soldier, sometimes brought Lesly's name to Glen-houlakin, and all united in praising his undaunted courage, and his success in many petty enterprises which his master had intrusted to him. Quentin's imagination had filled up the sketch in his own way, and assimilated his successful and adventurous uncle (whose exploits probably lost nothing in the telling) to some of the champions and knights-errant of whom minstrels sang, and who won crowns and kings' daughters by dint of sword

and lance. He was now compelled to rank his kinsman greatly lower in the scale of chivalry; but blinded by the high respect paid to parents, and those who approach that character — moved by every early prejudice in his favor — inexperienced besides, and passionately attached to his mother's memory, he saw not, in the only brother of that dear relation, the character he truly held, which was that of an ordinary mercenary soldier, neither much worse nor greatly better than many of the same profession whose presence added to the distracted state of France.

Without being wantonly cruel, Le Balafré was, from habit, indifferent to human life and human suffering; he was profoundly ignorant, greedy of booty, unscrupulous how he acquired it, and profuse in expending it on the gratification of his passions. The habit of attending exclusively to his own wants and interests had converted him into one of the most selfish animals in the world; so that he was seldom able, as the reader may have remarked, to proceed far in any subject without considering how it applied to himself, or, as it is called, making the case his own, though not upon feelings connected with the golden rule, but such as were very different. To this must be added, that the narrow round of his duties and his pleasures had gradually circumscribed his thoughts, hopes, and wishes, and quenched in a great measure the wild spirit of honor, and desire of distinction in arms, by which his youth had been once animated. Balafré was, in short, a keen soldier, hardened, selfish, and narrow-minded; active and bold in the discharge of his duty, but acknowledging few objects beyond it, except the formal observance of a careless devotion, relieved by an occasional debauch with brother Boniface, his comrade and confessor. Had his genius been of a more extended character, he would probably have been promoted to some important command, for the King, who knew every soldier of his bodyguard personally, reposed much confidence in Balafré's courage and fidelity; and, besides, the Scot had either wisdom or cunning enough perfectly to understand, and ably to humor, the peculiarities of that sovereign. Still, however, his capacity was too much limited to admit of his rising to higher rank, and though smiled on and favored by Louis on many occasions, Balafré continued a mere Life Guardsman, or Scottish Archer.

Without seeing the full scope of his uncle's character, Quentin felt shocked at his indifference to the disastrous extirpation of his brother-in-law's whole family, and could not help

being surprised, moreover, that so near a relative had not offered him the assistance of his purse, which, but for the generosity of Maître Pierre, he would have been under the necessity of directly craving from him. He wronged his uncle, however, in supposing that this want of attention to his probable necessities was owing to avarice. Not precisely needing money himself at that moment, it had not occurred to Balafré that his nephew might be in exigencies; otherwise, he held a near kinsman so much a part of himself, that he would have provided for the weal of the living nephew, as he endeavored to do for that of his deceased sister and her husband. But whatever was the motive, the neglect was very unsatisfactory to young Durward, and he wished more than once he had taken service with the Duke of Burgundy before he quarreled with his forester. "Whatever had then become of me," he thought to himself, "I should always have been able to keep up my spirits with the reflection that I had, in case of the worst, a stout back-friend in this uncle of mine. But now I have seen him, and, woe worth him, there has been more help in a mere mechanical stranger, than I have found in my own mother's brother, my countryman and a cavalier! One would think the slash, that has carved all comeliness out of his face, had let at the same time every drop of gentle blood out of his body."

Durward now regretted he had not had an opportunity to mention Maître Pierre to Le Balafré, in the hope of obtaining some further account of that personage: but his uncle's questions had followed fast on each other, and the summons of the great bell of Saint Martin of Tours had broken off their conference rather suddenly. That old man, he thought to himself, was crabbed and dogged in appearance, sharp and scornful in language, but generous and liberal in his actions; and such a stranger is worth a cold kinsman. — "What says our old Scottish proverb? — 'Better kind fremit, than fremit kindred.' I will find out that man, which, methinks, should be no difficult task, since he is so wealthy as mine host bespeaks him. He will give me good advice for my governance, at least; and if he goes to strange countries, as many such do, I know not but his may be as adventurous a service as that of those Guards of Louis."

As Quentin framed this thought, a whisper from those recesses of the heart in which lies much that the owner does not know of, or will not acknowledge willingly, suggested

that, perchance, the lady of the turret, she of the veil and lute, might share that adventurous journey.

As the Scottish youth made these reflections, he met two grave-looking men, apparently citizens of Tours, whom, doffing his cap with the reverence due from youth to age, he respectfully asked to direct him to the house of Maître Pierre.

"The house of whom, my fair son?" said one of the passengers.

"Of Maître Pierre, the great silk merchant, who planted all the mulberry trees in the park yonder," said Durward.

"Young man," said one of them who was nearest to him, "you have taken up an idle trade a little too early."

"And have chosen wrong subjects to practice your fooleries upon," said the further one, still more gruffly. "The Syndic of Tours is not accustomed to be thus talked to by strolling jesters from foreign parts."

Quentin was so much surprised at the causeless offense which these two decent-looking persons had taken at a very simple and civil question, that he forgot to be angry at the rudeness of their reply, and stood staring after them as they walked on with amended pace, often looking back at him, as if they were desirous to get as soon as possible out of his reach.

He next met a party of vinedressers, and addressed to them the same question; and in reply, they demanded to know whether he wanted Maître Pierre, the schoolmaster? or Maître Pierre, the carpenter? or Maître Pierre, the beadle? or half a dozen of Maître Pierres besides. When none of those corresponded with the description of the person after whom he inquired, the peasants accused him of jesting with them impertinently, and threatened to fall upon him and beat him, in guerdon of his raillery. The oldest amongst them, who had some influence over the rest, prevailed on them to desist from violence.

"You see by his speech and his fool's cap," said he, "that he is one of the foreign mountebanks who are come into the country, and whom some call magicians and soothsayers, and some jugglers, and the like, and there is no knowing what tricks they have amongst them. I have heard of such a one paying a liard to eat his bellyful of grapes in a poor man's vineyard; and he ate as many as would have loaded a wain, and never undid a button of his jerkin — and so let him pass quietly, and keep his way, as we will keep ours. — And you,

friend, if you would shun worse, walk quietly on, in the name of God, Our Lady of Marmoutier, and Saint Martin of Tours, and trouble us no more about your Maître Pierre, which may be another name for the devil, for aught we know."

The Scot, finding himself much the weaker party, judged it his wisest course to walk on without reply; but the peasants, who at first shrunk from him in horror, at his supposed talents for sorcery and grape devouring, took heart of grace as he got to a distance, and having uttered a few cries and curses, finally gave them emphasis with a shower of stones, although at such a distance as to do little or no harm to the object of their displeasure. Quentin, as he pursued his walk, began to think, in his turn, either that he himself lay under a spell, or that the people of Touraine were the most stupid, brutal, and inhospitable of the French peasants. The next incident which came under his observation did not tend to diminish this opinion.

On a slight eminence, rising above the rapid and beautiful Cher, in the direct line of his path, two or three large chestnut trees were so happily placed as to form a distinguished and remarkable group; and beside them stood three or four peasants, motionless, with their eyes turned upward, and fixed, apparently, upon some object amongst the branches of the tree next to them. The meditations of youth are seldom so profound as not to yield to the slightest impulse of curiosity, as easily as the lightest pebble, dropped casually from the hand, breaks the surface of a limpid pool. Quentin hastened his pace, and ran lightly up the rising ground, time enough to witness the ghastly spectacle which attracted the notice of these gazers — which was nothing less than the body of a man, convulsed by the last agony, suspended on one of the branches.

"Why do you not cut him down?" said the young Scot, whose hand was as ready to assist affliction as to maintain his own honor when he deemed it assailed.

One of the peasants, turning on him an eye from which fear had banished all expression but its own, and a face as pale as clay, pointed to a mark cut upon the bark of the tree, having the same rude resemblance to a *fleur-de-lis* which certain talismanic scratches, well known to our revenue officers, bear to a *broad arrow*. Neither understanding nor heeding the import of this symbol, young Durward sprung lightly as the ounce up into the tree, drew from his pouch that most necessary implement of a Highlander or woodsman, the trusty *skene-dhu*, and,

calling to those below to receive the body on their hands, cut the rope asunder in less than a minute after he had perceived the exigency.

But his humanity was ill seconded by the bystanders. So far from rendering Durward any assistance, they seemed terrified at the audacity of his action, and took to flight with one consent, as if they feared their merely looking on might have been construed into accession to his daring deed. The body, unsupported from beneath, fell heavily to earth in such a manner that Quentin, who presently afterward jumped down, had the mortification to see that the last sparks of life were extinguished. He gave not up his charitable purpose, however, without further efforts. He freed the wretched man's neck from the fatal noose, undid the doublet, threw water on the face, and practiced the other ordinary remedies resorted to for recalling suspended animation.

While he was thus humanely engaged, a wild clamor of tongues, speaking a language which he knew not, arose around him; and he had scarcely time to observe that he was surrounded by several men and women of a singular and foreign appearance, when he found himself roughly seized by both arms, while a naked knife, at the same moment, was offered to his throat.

"Pale slave of Eblis!" said a man, in imperfect French, "are you robbing him you have murdered? — But we have you — and you shall aby it."

There were knives drawn on every side of him as these words were spoken, and the grim and distorted countenances which glared on him were like those of wolves rushing on their prey.

Still the young Scot's courage and presence of mind bore him out. "What mean ye, my masters?" he said; "if that be your friend's body, I have just now cut him down, in pure charity, and you will do better to try to recover his life, than misuse an innocent stranger to whom he owes his chance of escape."

The women had by this time taken possession of the dead body, and continued the attempts to recover animation which Durward had been making use of, though with the like bad success; so that, desisting from their fruitless efforts, they seemed to abandon themselves to all the Oriental expressions of grief, — the women making a piteous wailing, and tearing their long black hair, while the men seemed to rend their gar-

ments, and to sprinkle dust upon their heads. They gradually became so much engaged in their mourning rites, that they bestowed no longer any attention on Durward, of whose innocence they were probably satisfied from circumstances. It would certainly have been his wisest plan to have left these wild people to their own courses, but he had been bred in almost reckless contempt of danger, and felt all the eagerness of youthful curiosity.

The singular assemblage, both male and female, wore turbans and caps, more similar, in general appearance, to his own bonnet, than to the hats commonly worn in France. Several of the men had curled black beards, and the complexion of all was nearly as dark as that of Africans. One or two, who seemed their chiefs, had some tawdry ornaments of silver about their necks and in their ears, and wore showy scarfs of yellow, or scarlet, or light green; but their legs and arms were bare, and the whole troop seemed wretched and squalid in appearance. There were no weapons among them that Durward saw, except the long knives with which they had lately menaced him, and one short crooked saber, or Moorish sword, which was worn by an active-looking young man, who often laid his hand upon the hilt, while he surpassed the rest of the party in his extravagant expression of grief, and seemed to mingle with them threats of vengeance.

The disordered and yelling group were so different in appearance from any beings whom Quentin had yet seen, that he was on the point of concluding them to be a party of Saracens, of those "heathen hounds," who were the opponents of gentle knights and Christian monarchs, in all the romances which he had heard or read, and was about to withdraw himself from a neighborhood so perilous, when a galloping of horse was heard, and the supposed Saracens, who had raised by this time the body of their comrade upon their shoulders, were at once charged by a party of French soldiers.

This sudden apparition changed the measured wailing of the mourners into irregular shrieks of terror. The body was thrown to the ground in an instant, and those who were around it showed the utmost and most dexterous activity in escaping under the bellies, as it were, of the horses, from the point of the lances which were leveled at them, with the exclamations of "Down with the accursed heathen thieves — take and kill — bind them like beasts — spear them like wolves!"

These cries were accompanied with corresponding acts of violence; but such was the alertness of the fugitives, the ground being rendered unfavorable to the horsemen by the thickets and bushes, that only two were struck down and made prisoners, one of whom was the young fellow with the sword, who had previously offered some resistance. Quentin, whom fortune seemed at this period to have chosen for the butt of her shafts, was at the same time seized by the soldiers, and his arms, in spite of his remonstrances, bound down with a cord, those who apprehended him showing a readiness and dispatch in the operation, which proved them to be no novices in matters of police.

Looking anxiously to the leader of the horsemen, from whom he hoped to obtain liberty, Quentin knew not exactly whether to be pleased or alarmed upon recognizing in him the down-looking and silent companion of Maître Pierre. True, whatever crime these strangers might be accused of, this officer might know, from the history of the morning, that he, Durward, had no connection with them whatever; but it was a more difficult question, whether this sullen man would be either a favorable judge or a willing witness in his behalf, and he felt doubtful whether he would mend his condition by making any direct application to him.

But there was little leisure for hesitation. "Trois-Eschelles and Petit-André," said the down-looking officer to two of his band, "these same trees stand here quite convenient. I will teach these misbelieving, thieving sorcerers to interfere with the King's justice, when it has visited any of their accursed race. Dismount, my children, and do your office briskly."

Trois-Eschelles and Petit-André were in an instant on foot, and Quentin observed that they had each, at the crupper and pommel of his saddle, a coil or two of ropes, which they hastily undid, and showed that, in fact, each coil formed a halter, with the fatal noose adjusted, ready for execution. The blood ran cold in Quentin's veins, when he saw three cords selected, and perceived that it was proposed to put one around his own neck. He called on the officer loudly, reminding him of their meeting that morning, claimed the right of a freeborn Scotsman, in a friendly and allied country, and denied any knowledge of the persons along with whom he was seized, or of their misdeeds.

The officer whom Durward thus addressed scarce deigned to look at him while he was speaking, and took no notice whatever of the claim he preferred to prior acquaintance. He barely

turned to one or two of the peasants who were now come forward, either to volunteer their evidence against the prisoners, or out of curiosity, and said gruffly, "Was yonder young fellow with the vagabonds?"

"That he was, sir, an it pleases your noble Provostship," answered one of the clowns; "he was the very first blasphemously to cut down the rascal whom his Majesty's justice most deservedly hung up, as we told your worship."

"I'll swear by God, and Saint Martin of Tours, to have seen him with their gang," said another, "when they pillaged our *métairie*."

"Nay, but, father," said a boy, "yonder heathen was black, and this youth was fair; yonder one had short curled hair, and this hath long fair locks."

"Ay, child," said the peasant, "and perhaps you will say yonder one had a green coat and this a gray jerkin. But his worship, the Provost, knows that they can change their complexions as easily as their jerkins, so that I am still minded he was the same."

"It is enough that you have seen him intermeddle with the course of the King's justice, by attempting to recover an executed traitor," said the officer. — "Trois-Eschelles and Petit-André, dispatch."

"Stay, signior officer!" exclaimed the youth, in mortal agony — "hear me speak — let me not die guiltlessly — my blood will be required of you by my countrymen in this world, and by Heaven's justice in that which is to follow."

"I will answer for my actions in both," said the Provost, coldly; and made a sign with his left hand to the executioners; then, with a smile of triumphant malice, touched with his forefinger his right arm, which hung suspended in a scarf, disabled probably by the blow which Quentin had dealt him that morning.

"Miserable, vindictive wretch!" answered Quentin, persuaded by that action that private revenge was the sole motive of this man's rigor, and that no mercy whatever was to be expected from him.

"The poor youth raves," said the functionary: "speak a word of comfort to him ere he make his transit, Trois-Eschelles; thou art a comfortable man in such cases, when a confessor is not to be had. Give him one minute of ghostly advice, and dispatch matters in the next. I must proceed on the rounds. —Soldiers, follow me!"

The Provost rode on, followed by his guard, excepting two or three, who were left to assist in the execution. The unhappy youth cast after him an eye almost darkened by despair, and thought he heard, in every tramp of his horse's retreating hoofs, the last slight chance of his safety vanish. He looked around him in agony, and was surprised, even in that moment, to see the stoical indifference of his fellow-prisoners. They had previously testified every sign of fear, and made every effort to escape; but now, when secured, and destined apparently to inevitable death, they awaited its arrival with the utmost composure. The scene of fate before them gave, perhaps, a more yellow tinge to their swarthy cheeks; but it neither agitated their features, nor quenched the stubborn haughtiness of their eye. They seemed like foxes, which, after all their wiles, and artful attempts at escape are exhausted, die with a silent and sullen fortitude, which wolves and bears, the fiercer objects of the chase, do not exhibit.

They were undaunted by the conduct of the fatal executioners, who went about their work with more deliberation than their master had recommended, and which probably arose from their having acquired by habit a kind of pleasure in the discharge of their horrid office. We pause an instant to describe them, because, under a tyranny, either despotic or popular, the character of the hangman becomes a subject of great importance.

These functionaries were essentially different in their appearance and manners. Louis used to call them Democritus and Heraclitus, and their master, the Provost, termed them, *Jean-qui-pleure*, and *Jean-qui-rit*.

Trois-Eschelles was a tall, thin, ghastly man, with a peculiar gravity of visage, and a large rosary around his neck, the use of which he was accustomed piously to offer to those sufferers on whom he did his duty. He had one or two Latin texts continually in his mouth on the nothingness and vanity of human life; and, had it been regular to have enjoyed such a plurality, he might have held the office of confessor to the jail, in commendam with that of executioner. Petit-André, on the contrary, was a joyous-looking, round, active, little fellow, who rolled about in execution of his duty as if it were the most diverting occupation in the world. He seemed to have a sort of fond affection for his victims, and always spoke of them in kindly and affectionate terms. They were his poor honest fel-

lows, his pretty dears, his gossips, his good old fathers, as their age or sex might be; and as Trois-Eschelles endeavored to inspire them with a philosophical or religious regard to futurity, Petit-André seldom failed to refresh them with a jest or two, as if to induce them to pass from life as something that was ludicrous, contemptible, and not worthy of serious consideration.

I cannot tell why or wherefore it was, but these two excellent persons, notwithstanding the variety of their talents, and the rare occurrence of such among persons of their profession, were both more utterly detested than perhaps any creatures of their kind, whether before or since; and the only doubt of those who knew aught of them was, whether the grave and pathetic Trois-Eschelles, or the frisky, comic, alert Petit-André was the object of the greatest fear, or of the deepest execration. It is certain they bore the palm in both particulars over every hangman in France, unless it were perhaps their master, Tristan l'Hermite, the renowned Provost Marshal, or *his* master, Louis XI.

It must not be supposed that these reflections were of Quentin Durward's making. Life, death, time, and eternity were swimming before his eyes — a stunning and overwhelming prospect, from which human nature recoiled in its weakness, though human pride would fain have borne up. He addressed himself to the God of his fathers; and when he did so, the little rude and unroofed chapel, which now held almost all his race but himself, rushed on his recollection. "Our feudal enemies gave my kindred graves in our own land," he thought, "but I must feed the ravens and kites of a foreign land, like an excommunicated felon!" The tears gushed involuntarily from his eyes. Trois-Eschelles, touching one shoulder, gravely congratulated him on his heavenly disposition for death, and pathetically exclaiming, "*Beati qui in Domino moriuntur*," remarked, the soul was happy that left the body while the tear was in the eye. Petit-André, slapping the other shoulder, called out, "Courage, my fair son! since you must begin the dance, let the ball open gayly, for all the rebecs are in tune," twitching the halter at the same time, to give point to his joke. As the youth turned his dismayed looks, first on one and then on the other, they made their meaning plainer by gently urging him forward to the fatal tree, and bidding him be of good courage, for it would be over in a moment.

In this fatal predicament, the youth cast a distracted look around him. "Is there any good Christian who hears me," he said, "that will tell Ludovic Lesly of the Scottish Guard, called in this country Le Balafré, that his nephew is here basely murdered?"

The words were spoken in good time, for an Archer of the Scottish Guard, attracted by the preparations for the execution, was standing by, with one or two other chance passengers, to witness what was passing.

"Take heed what you do," he said to the executioners; "if this young man be of Scottish birth, I will not permit him to have foul play."

"Heaven forbid, Sir Cavalier," said Trois-Eschelles; "but we must obey our orders," drawing Durward forward by one arm.

"The shortest play is ever the fairest," said Petit-André, pulling him onward by the other.

But Quentin had heard words of comfort, and, exerting his strength, he suddenly shook off both the finishers of the law, and, with his arms still bound, ran to the Scottish Archer. "Stand by me, countryman," he said, in his own language, "for the love of Scotland and Saint Andrew! I am innocent —I am your own native landsman. Stand by me, as you shall answer at the last day."

"By Saint Andrew! they shall make at you through me," said the Archer, and unsheathed his sword.

"Cut my bonds, countryman," said Quentin, "and I will do something for myself."

This was done with a touch of the Archer's weapon; and the liberated captive, springing suddenly on one of the Provost's guard, wrested from him a halbert with which he was armed; "and now," he said, "come on, if you dare!"

The two officers whispered together.

"Ride thou after the Provost Marshal," said Trois-Eschelles, "and I will detain them here, if I can.— Soldiers of the Provost's guard, stand to your arms."

Petit-André mounted his horse, and left the field, and the other Marshals-men in attendance drew together so hastily at the command of Trois-Eschelles, that they suffered the other two prisoners to make their escape during the confusion. Perhaps they were not very anxious to detain them; for they had of late been sated with the blood of such wretches, and like other

ferocious animals, were, through long slaughter, become tired of carnage. But the pretext was, that they thought themselves immediately called upon to attend to the safety of Trois-Eschelles; for there was a jealousy, which occasionally led to open quarrels, betwixt the Scottish Archers and the Marshal-guards, who executed the orders of their Provost.

"We are strong enough to beat the proud Scots twice over, if it be your pleasure," said one of these soldiers to Trois-Eschelles.

But that cautious official made a sign to him to remain quiet, and addressed the Scottish Archer with great civility. "Surely, sir, this is a great insult to the Provost Marshal, that you should presume to interfere with the course of the King's justice, duly and lawfully committed to his charge; and it is no act of justice to me, who am in lawful possession of my criminal. Neither is it a well-meant kindness to the youth himself, seeing that fifty opportunities of hanging him may occur, without his being found in so happy a state of preparation as he was before your ill-advised interference."

"If my young countryman," said the Scot, smiling, "be of opinion I have done him an injury, I will return him to your charge without a word more dispute."

"No, no! — for the love of Heaven, no!" exclaimed Quentin. "I would rather you swept my head off with your long sword — it would better become my birth, than to die by the hands of such a foul churl."

"Hear how he revileth," said the finisher of the law. "Alas! how soon our best resolutions pass away! — he was in a blessed frame for departure but now, and in two minutes he has become a contemner of authorities."

"Tell me at once," said the Archer, "what has this young man done?"

"Interfered," answered Trois-Eschelles, with some earnestness, "to take down the dead body of a criminal, when the *fleur-de-lis* was marked on the tree where he was hung with my own proper hand."

"How is this, young man?" said the Archer; "how came you to have committed such an offense?"

"As I desire your protection," answered Durward, "I will tell the truth as if I were at confession. I saw a man struggling on a tree, and I went to cut him down out of mere humanity. I thought neither of fleur-de-lis nor of clove gilly-

flower, and had no more idea of offending the King of France than our Father the Pope."

"What a murrain had you to do with the dead body, then?" said the Archer. "You'll see them hanging, in the rear of this gentleman, like grapes on every tree, and you will have enough to do in this country if you go a gleaning after the hangman. However, I will not quit a countryman's cause if I can help it. — Hark ye, Master Marshals-man, you see this is entirely a mistake. You should have some compassion on so young a traveler. In our country at home he has not been accustomed to see such active proceedings as yours and your master's."

"Not for want of need of them, Signior Archer," said Petit-André, who returned at this moment. "Stand fast, Trois-Eschelles, for here comes the Provost Marshal; we shall presently see how he will relish having his work taken out of his hand before it is finished."

"And in good time," said the Archer, "here come some of my comrades."

Accordingly, as the Provost Tristan rode up with his patrol on one side of the little hill which was the scene of the altercation, four or five Scottish Archers came as hastily up on the other, and at their head the Balafré himself.

Upon this urgency, Lesly showed none of that indifference toward his nephew of which Quentin had in his heart accused him; for he no sooner saw his companion and Durward standing upon their defense, than he exclaimed, "Cunningham, I thank thee. — Gentlemen — comrades, lend me your aid. — It is a young Scottish gentleman — my nephew — Lindsay — Guthrie — Tyrie, draw, and strike in!"

There was now every prospect of a desperate scuffle between the parties, who were not so disproportioned in numbers but that the better arms of the Scottish cavaliers gave them an equal chance of victory. But the Provost Marshal, either doubting the issue of the conflict, or aware that it would be disagreeable to the King, made a sign to his followers to forbear from violence, while he demanded of Balafré, who now put himself forward as the head of the other party, "What he, a cavalier of the King's Bodyguard, purposed by opposing the execution of a criminal?"

"I deny that I do so," answered the Balafré. — "Saint Martin! there is, I think, some difference between the execution of a criminal, and the slaughter of my own nephew?"

"Your nephew may be a criminal as well as another, Signior," said the Provost Marshal; "and every stranger in France is amenable to the laws of France."

"Yes, but we have privileges, we Scottish Archers," said Balafré; "have we not, comrades?"

"Yes, yes," they all exclaimed together. "Privileges — privileges! Long live King Louis — long live the bold Balafré — long live the Scottish Guard — and death to all who would infringe our privileges!"

"Take reason with you, gentlemen cavaliers," said the Provost Marshal; "consider my commission."

"We will have no reason at your hand," said Cunningham; "our own officers shall do us reason. We will be judged by the King's grace, or by our own Captain, now that the Lord High Constable is not in presence."

"And we will be hanged by none," said Lindsay, "but Sandie Wilson, the auld Marshals-man of our ain body."

"It would be a positive cheating of Sandie, who is as honest a man as ever tied noose upon hemp, did we give way to any other proceeding," said the Balafré. "Were I to be hanged myself, no other should tie tippet about my craig."

"But hear ye," said the Provost Marshal, "this young fellow belongs not to you, and cannot share what you call your privileges."

"What we *call* our privileges, all shall admit to be such," said Cunningham.

"We will not hear them questioned!" was the universal cry of the Archers.

"Ye are mad, my masters," said Tristan l'Hermite. — "No one disputes your privileges; but this youth is not one of you."

"He is *my* nephew," said the Balafré, with a triumphant air.

"But no Archer of the Guard, I think," retorted Tristan l'Hermite.

The Archers looked on each other in some uncertainty.

"Stand to it yet, comrade," whispered Cunningham to Balafré. — "Say he is engaged with us."

"Saint Martin! you say well, fair countryman," answered Lesly; and raising his voice, swore that he had that day enrolled his kinsman as one of his own retinue.

This declaration was a decisive argument.

"It is well, gentlemen," said the Provost Tristan, who was aware of the King's nervous apprehension of disaffection creep-

ing in among his Guards. — "You know, as you say, your privileges, and it is not my duty to have brawls with the King's Guards, if it is to be avoided. But I will report this matter for the King's own decision; and I would have you to be aware that, in doing so, I act more mildly than perhaps my duty warrants me."

So saying, he put his troop into motion, while the Archers, remaining on the spot, held a hasty consultation what was next to be done.

"We must report the matter to Lord Crawford, our Captain, in the first place, and have the young fellow's name put on the roll."

"But, gentlemen, and my worthy friends and preservers," said Quentin, with some hesitation, "I have not yet determined whether to take service with you or no."

"Then settle in your own mind," said his uncle, "whether you choose to do so, or be hanged — for I promise you that, nephew of mine as you are, I see no other chance of your 'scaping the gallows."

This was an unanswerable argument, and reduced Quentin at once to acquiesce in what he might have otherwise considered as no very agreeable proposal; but the recent escape from the halter, which had been actually around his neck, would probably have reconciled him to a worse alternative than was proposed.

"He must go home with us to our caserne," said Cunningham; "there is no safety for him out of our bounds, whilst these manhunters are prowling about."

"May I not then abide for this night at the hostelry, where I breakfasted, fair uncle?" said the youth — thinking, perhaps, like many a new recruit, that even a single night of freedom was something gained.

"Yes, fair nephew," answered his uncle, ironically, "that we may have the pleasure of fishing you out of some canal or moat, or perhaps out of a loop of the Loire, knit up in a sack, for the greater convenience of swimming — for that is like to be the end on't. — The Provost Marshal smiled on us when we parted," continued he, addressing Cunningham, "and that is a sign his thoughts were dangerous."

"I care not for his danger," said Cunningham; "such game as we are beyond his birdbolts. But I would have thee tell the whole to the Devil's Oliver, who is always a good friend

to the Scottish Guard, and will see Father Louis before the Provost can, for he is to shave him to-morrow."

"But hark you," said Balafré, "it is ill going to Oliver empty-handed, and I am as bare as the birch in December."

"So are we all," said Cunningham. "Oliver must not scruple to take our Scottish words for once. We will make up something handsome among us against the next pay day; and if *he* expects to share, let me tell you, the pay day will come about all the sooner."

"And now for the Chateau," said Balafré; "and my nephew shall tell us by the way how he brought the Provost Marshal on his shoulders, that we may know how to frame our report both to Crawford and Oliver."

CHARLES THE BOLD AND LOUIS XI.

By PHILIPPE DE COMINES.

[PHILIPPE DE COMINES, or COMMINES, French statesman and historian, was born in Flanders in 1445; in 1463 became a palace official of Charles the Bold, Duke of Burgundy; in 1472, being sent by Charles on a mission to Louis XI., the latter saw his value, and made offers which induced him to transfer his services to Louis, — he doubtless also foreseeing the pending downfall of Charles. Louis gave him a valuable fief, and he became by marriage Lord of Argenton. After Louis' death in 1483, Comines was imprisoned by Charles VIII., but ultimately regained favor, and remained in it until his death in 1509, under Louis XII. His "Memoirs" of his own time are the first French history proper.]

A DIGRESSION CONCERNING THE ADVANTAGE WHICH THE KNOWLEDGE OF LETTERS, AND MORE ESPECIALLY OF HISTORY, IS TO PRINCES AND GREAT LORDS.

IT is the highest act of imprudence for any prince to put himself into the power of another, especially if they be at war; and it is no less advantageous to them to be well acquainted in their youth with the passages and surprising accidents of former times; for history shows them at large the success of such assemblies, the frauds, artifices, and perjuries wherewith they have inveigled, imprisoned, and killed such as, relying upon the honor of their enemies, have put themselves into their hands. I do not say that everybody has met with such treach-



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erous dealings, but one example is sufficient to make many people more wise, and teach them to be careful of themselves. It appears to me upon the experience of eighteen years' business (in which I have not only been conversant with great princes, but privy to all the greatest affairs which have been transacted in France or the neighboring states), that one of the greatest means to make a man wise is to have studied the histories of ancient times, and to have learned to frame and proportion our councils and undertakings according to the model and example of our ancestors: for our life is but of short duration, and not sufficient to give us experience of so many things; besides our age is impaired, and the life of man is not so long, nor his body so strong and robust, as formerly; and as our bodies are degenerated and grown weaker, so is our faith and fidelity one towards another, especially among princes, who are altogether wedded to their own humors, without regard to any reason that can be offered; and (which is still worse) they are commonly surrounded by persons whose only aim is to please their masters, and applaud whatever they do or say, whether it be good or bad; and if any wise man interposes, and endeavors to set things in a better light, the whole court is presently in an uproar.

Again, I cannot forbear blaming and discommending illiterate princes, who generally are led by the nose by certain lawyers and priests, whom they keep commonly about them, and indeed not without reason (for as they are very serviceable to a prince, and an ornament to his court, when they are persons of honor and probity, so they are as dangerous if they prove otherwise), who have always some law or precedent in their mouths, which they wrest and pervert as they please: but a wise prince, and one that has read history, will never be deluded; nor will any courtier be so audacious as to tell a lie in his presence. Believe me, God never designed the office of a king to be executed by beasts, or such as glory and pride themselves in giving such answers as these, "I am no scholar, I refer business wholly to my council, and commit all things to their management," and then devote themselves entirely to their pleasures, without further reason or expostulation. Had they been better educated in their youth, they would have been wiser, and have earnestly desired that their person and their virtues might have been valued and esteemed by all good men. I do not say all princes employ such ill-conditioned people, but

most of those whom I had ever the honor to converse with, had always abundance of them.

I have known indeed, upon an exigence of affairs, some wise princes that understood how to cull and select their ministers, and employ them frankly and without complaint; but of this sort I knew none comparable to the king my master, than whom no prince better understood the merit of brave and learned persons, nor more readily advanced such to the highest posts of honor and advantage. He was not unlearned himself; he delighted much in asking questions; and would know a little of everything: his judgment and natural parts were excellent, which is better and more preferable than all that we can learn in this world; for all the books that ever were written, are only so many helps and assistances to our memory by the recapitulation of passages of old. For this reason a man has a greater insight into affairs by reading one single book in three months' time, than can be observed or understood by the age or experience of twenty men living successively one after another. So that, to finish this digression, I am of opinion that God cannot send a greater curse or affliction upon any nation than an unlearned and inconsiderate prince; for from hence all other misfortunes and miseries arise, and in the first place wars and division, by his committing to other persons his own peculiar authority (of which he ought to be more tender than of anything besides); and from this division famine and mortality arise, and all the dreadful consequences attending upon war; by which one may perceive how much all good subjects have reason to lament when they see the education of their young princes so miserably neglected, and left wholly in the power and management of persons of no qualifications nor desert.

The Occasion of the King's being seized and secured in the Castle of Péronne by the Duke of Burgundy. — 1468.

I have already given an account of the arrival of this Burgundian army at Péronne, almost at the same instant with the king; for being in Champagne long before this interview was determined, the Duke of Burgundy had no time to countermand the orders he had given them, and their coming was a great check and impediment, by reason of certain jealousies

and suspicions which were entertained on both sides. However, these two princes deputed some of their ministers of state to meet and negotiate their affairs in the most amicable way that could be thought on. But whilst the treaty was in a fair way of accommodation, and three or four days had been already spent in bringing it to a conclusion, news arrived of a strange turn of affairs at Liège, of which I shall give the following relation.

The king at his coming to Péronne had quite forgot his sending of two ambassadors to Liège to stir them up to a rebellion against the duke, and they had managed the affair with such diligence that they had got together such a considerable number, that the Liégeois went privately to Tongres (where the Bishop of Liège and the Lord of Humbercourt were quartered with more than 2000 men) with a design to surprise them. The bishop, the Lord of Humbercourt, and some of the bishop's servants, were taken, but the rest fled and left whatever they had behind them, as despairing to defend themselves. After which action the Liégeois marched back again to Liège, which is not far from Tongres; and the Lord of Hum bercourt made an agreement for his ransom with one Monsieur William de Ville, called by the French Le Sauvage, a knight, who, suspecting the Liégeois would kill him in their fury, suffered the Lord of Humbercourt to escape, but was slain himself not long after. The people were exceedingly overjoyed at the taking of their bishop. There were also taken with him that day several canons of the church, whom the people equally hated, and killed five or six of them for their first repast; among the rest there was one Monsieur Robert, an intimate friend of the bishop's, and a person I have often seen attending him armed at all points, for in Germany this is the custom of the prelates. They slew this Robert in the bishop's presence, cut him into small pieces, and in sport threw them at one another's heads. Before they had marched seven or eight leagues, which was their full journey, they killed about sixteen canons and other persons, the majority of whom were the bishop's servants; but they released some of the Burgundians, for they had been privately informed that some overtures of peace had already been made, and they were forced to pretend that what they had done was only against their bishop, whom they brought prisoner along with them into their city. Those who fled (as I said before) gave the

alarm to the whole country, and it was not long before the duke had the news of it. Some said all of them were put to the sword; others affirmed the contrary (for in things of that nature, one messenger seldom comes alone); but there were some who had seen the habits of the canons who were slain, and supposing the bishop and the Lord of Humbercourt had been of the number, they positively averred that all that had not escaped were killed, and that they had seen the king's ambassadors among the Liégeois, and they mentioned their very names.

All this being related to the duke, he gave credit to it immediately; and falling into a violent passion against the king, he charged him with a design of deluding him by his coming thither; ordered the gates both of the town and castle to be suddenly shut up, and gave out, by way of pretense, that it was done for the discovery of a certain casket which was lost, and in which there were money and jewels to a very considerable value. When the king saw himself shut up in the castle, and guards posted at the gates, and especially when he found himself lodged near a certain tower in which a Count of Vermandois had caused his predecessor, one of the Kings of France, to be put to death, he was in great apprehension. I was at that time waiting upon the Duke of Burgundy in the quality of chamberlain, and (when I pleased) I lay in his chamber, as was the custom of that family. When he saw the gates were shut, he ordered the room to be cleared, and told us who remained, that the king was come thither to circumvent him; that he himself had never approved of the interview, but had complied purely to gratify the king; then he gave us a relation of the passages at Liège, how the king had behaved himself by his ambassadors, and that all his forces were killed. He was much incensed, and threatened his majesty exceedingly; and I am of opinion that if he had then had such persons about him as would have fomented his passion, and encouraged him to any violence upon the king's person, he would certainly have done it, or at least committed him to the tower.

None were present at the speaking of these words but myself and two grooms of his chamber, one of whom was called Charles de Visen, born at Dijon, a man of honor, and highly esteemed by his master. We did not exasperate, but soothed his temper as much as possibly we could. Some time after he used the same expressions to other people; and the news being

carried about the town, it came at last to the king's ear, who was in great consternation; and indeed so was everybody else, foreseeing a great deal of mischief, and reflecting on the variety of things which were to be managed for the reconciling of a difference between two such puissant princes, and the errors of which both of them were guilty, in not giving timely notice to their ministers employed in their remote affairs, which must of necessity produce some extraordinary and surprising result. . . .

How the King renounced his League with the Liégeois, to be released out of the Castle of Péronne.

I shall now return from my long digression, to speak of the king, who thought himself (as I said before) a prisoner in the Castle of Péronne, as he had good reason to do; for all the gates were shut and guarded by such as were deputed to that office, and continued so for two or three days; during which time the Duke of Burgundy saw not the king, neither would he suffer but very few of his majesty's servants to be admitted into the castle, and those only by the wicket; yet none of them were forbidden; but of the duke's none were permitted to speak with the king, or come into his chamber, at least such as had any authority with their master. The first day there was great murmuring and consternation all over the town. The second, the duke's passion began to cool a little, and a council was called, which sat the greater part of that day and night too. The king made private applications to all such as he thought qualified to relieve him, making them large promises, and ordering 15,000 crowns to be distributed among them; but the agent who was employed in this affair acquitted himself very ill, and kept a good part of the money for his own use, as the king was informed afterwards. The king was very fearful of those who had been formerly in his service, who, as I said before, were in the Burgundian army, and had openly declared themselves for his brother, the Duke of Normandy. The Duke of Burgundy's council were strangely divided in their opinions; the greatest part advised that the passport which the duke had given to the king should be kept, provided his majesty consented to sign the peace as it was

drawn up in writing. Some would have him prisoner as he was, without farther ceremony. Others were for sending with all speed to the Duke of Normandy, and forcing the king to make such a peace as should be for the advantage of all the princes of France. Those who proposed this advised that the king should be restrained, and a strong guard set upon him, because a great prince is never, without great caution, to be set at liberty after so notorious an affront. This opinion was so near prevailing, that I saw a person booted and ready to depart, having already several packets directed to the Duke of Normandy in Bretagne, and he waited only for the duke's letters; and yet this advice was not followed. At last the king caused overtures to be made, and offered the Duke of Bourbon, the Cardinal his brother, the Constable of France, and several others, as hostages, upon condition, that after the peace was concluded, he might return to Compiègne, and that then he would either cause the Liégeois to make sufficient reparation for the injury they had done, or declare war against them. Those whom the king had proposed for his hostages proffered themselves very earnestly, at least in public; I know not whether they said as much in private; I expect they did not: and, if I may speak my thoughts, I believe that the king would have left them there, and that he would never have returned.

The third night after this had happened, the Duke of Burgundy did not pull off his clothes, but only threw himself twice or thrice upon the bed, and then got up again and walked about, as his custom was when anything vexed him. I lay that night in his chamber, and walked several turns with him. The next morning he was in a greater passion than ever, threatening exceedingly, and ready to put some great thing in execution; but, at last, he recollected himself, and it came to this result: that if the king would swear to the peace, and accompany him to Liège, and assist him to revenge the injuries which they had done him and the Bishop of Liège, his kinsman, he would be contented. Having resolved on this, he went immediately to the king's chamber, to acquaint him with his resolutions himself. The king had some friend or other who had given him notice of it before, and assured him that his person would be in no manner of danger provided he would consent to those points; but that if he refused, he would run himself into so great danger that nothing in the world could be greater.

When the duke came into his presence, his voice trembled,

by the violence of his passion, so inclinable was he to be angry again. However, he made a low reverence with his body, but his gesture and words were sharp, demanding of the king if he would sign the peace as it was agreed and written, and swear to it when he had done. The king replied he would; and, indeed, there was nothing added to what had been granted in the treaty at Paris, which was to the advantage of the Dukes of Burgundy or Normandy, but very much to his own; for it was agreed that the Lord Charles of France should renounce the duchy of Normandy, and have Champagne and Brie, and some other places adjacent, as an equivalent. Then the duke asked him if he would go along with him to Liège, to revenge the treachery they had practiced by his instigation, and by means of that interview. Then he put him in mind of the nearness of blood between the king and the Bishop of Liège, who was of the house of Bourbon. The king answered, that when the peace was sworn, which he desired exceedingly, he would go with him to Liège, and carry with him as many or as few forces as he pleased. The duke was extremely pleased at his answer, and the articles being immediately produced and read, and the true cross which St. Charlemagne was wont to use, called the Cross of Victory, taken out of the king's casket, the peace was sworn, to the great joy and satisfaction of all people; and all the bells in the town were rung. The Duke of Burgundy immediately dispatched a courier with the news of this conclusion of peace into Bretagne, and with it he sent a duplicate of the articles, that they might see he had not deserted them, nor disengaged himself from their alliance; and, indeed, Duke Charles, the king's brother, had a good bargain, in respect of what he had made for himself in the late treaty in Bretagne, by which there was nothing left him but a bare pension, as you have heard before. Afterwards the king did me the honor to tell me that I had done him some service in that pacification.

How the King accompanied the Duke of Burgundy in his Expedition against the Liégeois, who were formerly his Allies.

After the conclusion of the peace, the king and the Duke of Burgundy set out the next morning for Cambray, and from thence towards the country of Liège: it was the beginning of winter, and the weather very bad. The king had with him

only his Scotch guards and a small body of his standing forces; but he ordered 300 of his men at arms to join him. The duke's army marched in two columns; one was commanded by the Marshal of Burgundy (of whom I have spoken before), and with him were all the Burgundians, the above-mentioned nobility of Savoy, and a great number of forces out of Hainault, Luxembourg, Namur, and Limburg; the other body was led by the duke himself. When they came near the city of Liège, a council of war was held in the duke's presence, in which it was the opinion of some of the officers that part of the army should march back, since the gates and walls of that city had been demolished the year before, and no hopes were left them of being relieved; for the king was with us in person, and had made some overtures for them, which was almost as much as was demanded of them: but the duke was not at all pleased with this proposition, and it was well he was not, for never prince was nearer his ruin, and it was only his suspicion of the king which was the occasion of his rejecting it. Certainly they who proposed it, out of an opinion of their too great strength, were very ill advised; it was a great instance of their folly or pride, and I have often heard of such counsel having been given, but it was always by such officers as were either ignorant of what was fit to be done, or such as had a mind to be esteemed for their courage; but our king (whom God pardon!) understood an affair of this nature excellently well. He was slow and timorous in undertaking any action of importance, but when once he had begun, he provided so well that it was hardly possible for his designs to miscarry.

The Marshal of Burgundy was ordered, with the brigade under his command, to advance before us and possess himself of the city; if he was refused entrance, he was ordered to force it if he could, for there were already several deputies from the city coming and going about an accommodation. The marshal advanced as far as Namur, and the king and duke arriving the next day, he removed and marched on. As soon as he approached the city, the poor inconsiderate citizens made a sally, but were easily defeated (at least a good part of them), and the rest retired. During this confusion in the town, the bishop made his escape, and came to our army. There was at that time a legate sent from the Pope to pacify their disputes, and to inquire into the difference between the bishop and the people; for they remained still under excommunication for the

above-mentioned reasons and offenses. This legate exceeding his commission, and hoping to make himself bishop of that city, favored the people, advised them to take arms, and to stand upon their defense, and other foolish counsels he gave them besides: but finding what danger the town was in, he endeavored to make his escape, and got away with his whole train (consisting of five and twenty persons very well mounted); but they were all retaken. The duke, having notice of it, sent word to those who had taken him, that they should carry him somewhere out of the way (without acquainting him with it), and make him pay as great a ransom for his liberty as they could get; because if it came publicly to his knowledge, the honor he was obliged to pay to the apostolic see would not suffer him to detain him a prisoner. They could not take his advice, but fell out among themselves, and some who pretended to a share, coming to the duke with their complaints, as he was sitting publicly at dinner, he sent to have the legate delivered into his hands, took him from them, showed him abundance of respect, and treated him very honorably. The great body of forces which were in the vanguard, under the command of the Marshal of Burgundy and the Lord of Humbercourt, presuming they should carry their point, marched directly to the city, and (moved by their avarice), they thought it better to plunder it, than to accept of a treaty which was offered: supposing there was no necessity of staying for the king (who was seven or eight leagues behind), they advanced until just about night they arrived at the suburbs, into which they entered in a part that led directly to one of the gates which had been lately repaired by the citizens; some parley there passed between them, but nothing was concluded on. Night came upon them, and it grew very dark before they had taken up their quarters; so that not knowing where to dispose themselves, they were in great disorder; some walked up and down, others called out for their masters, their comrades, and their captains. Monsieur Jehan de Vilde and other officers in the town, perceiving their folly and confusion, took courage, and (the inconvenience of having had their walls thrown down being now of great advantage to them) they sallied through the ruins and out of the breaches in the walls as they pleased upon those who were in the front; but they attacked the pages and servants (who were left with the horses at the farther end of the suburbs, where they entered) by the way of the vineyards and hillocks, and

slew many of them, but a greater number fled (for the night knows no shame): in short, they attacked us so vigorously that in this action they slew above 800 men, of whom 100 were men at arms. But the wiser and more courageous of that vanguard kept themselves together in a body (the greatest part of them being men at arms and persons of good family), and marched up with their colors directly to the gate, imagining if there was a sally, it would be that way. A continued rain had made the ways prodigiously miry, and the men at arms being dismounted, stood up to their ankles in mud and dirt. All the inhabitants that remained in the town resolved to make a general sally at once, and, with great shouts and a vast number of torches, they were marching through the gate, when our men (who were not far off, and had four good pieces of cannon with them) fired up the street among them two or three times, and made such a slaughter that they retired out of the suburbs, and shut up their gates. Whilst this dispute lasted in the suburbs, those who had sallied by the walls, being near the town, had got together some few carts and wagons, with which they fortified themselves, and reposed (though but indifferently, for they continued out of the town from two o'clock in the morning till six): but as soon as the day began to break, and we were able to discover where they lay, we immediately repulsed them. In this action, Monsieur Jehan de Vilde was wounded, and died in the town two days after, and two or three officers of note besides.

Of the Storming, Taking, and Plundering the City of Liège; together with the Ruin and Destruction of the Very Churches.

The king, to free himself from these doubts, about an hour after his return from the sally (which I mentioned before) to his quarters, sent for some of the duke's officers that had assisted at the council of war, to know the result of it; they told him it was resolved that the town should be stormed next morning in the manner that was concerted before. The king made several grave and judicious objections, and such as the duke's officers approved of very well; for they were all apprehensive of the assault, in respect of the great numbers of people in the town, and the signal proofs they had given of their courage not two hours before; so that the officers seemed inclinable

rather to defer it for some days longer, and to endeavor to have taken it by composition. They came immediately to the duke's quarters, and made a report of all the king had said unto them, and it was my fortune to be present. They represented all the king's fears, and their own too, but supposing the duke would not take it so well from them, they fathered it all upon his majesty. The duke took it extremely ill, and replied that the king raised those difficulties only to preserve the town: besides, he told them that it was impossible his design should miscarry, because they had no artillery within, nor walls without, to defend them; that their fortifications and their gates were demolished, and therefore he was resolved to delay no longer, but to storm the town, as had been concluded before. However, if the king pleased, he might retire to Namur, and stay there till the town was taken; but for his own part he would not stir till he saw what would be the event of this enterprise. The whole army dreaded this assault, and therefore none of the officers were pleased with this resolution, which was communicated to the king, not bluntly but in the mildest terms imaginable. The king knew what the duke would be at, but dissembled it, and declared he would not go to Namur, but take his fortune the next morning with the rest. My opinion is that if he had been willing to make his escape, he might have done it that night, for he had with him 100 archers of his guards, several gentlemen of his retinue, and not much fewer than 300 men at arms; but when his honor lay at stake, he scorned to do it, lest the world should have upbraided him with want of courage.

In expectation of day, the whole army reposed themselves in their arms for some time, and several went to their devotions, for it was looked upon as a very dangerous enterprise. As soon as it was broad day, and the hour had come for the assault (which as I said before was eight in the morning), the duke ordered the signal to be given, and the great guns to be fired successively, as was agreed on, to give them notice who were in our vanguard on the other side of the town (at a great distance to go about, though through the town it was but a little way). The vanguard heard the signal, and immediately prepared to storm the town; the duke's trumpets began to sound, the colors advanced to the walls, and the soldiers marched after in very good order. The king was at that time in the middle of the street, well attended with his 300 men at

arms, his guards, and some lords and officers of his household. When we came so near that we expected to be immediately at push of pike, we found no resistance at all, and not above two or three men upon the guard; for supposing, because it was Sunday, that we would not have attacked them, they were all gone to dinner, and we found the cloth laid in every house that we entered. A multitude is seldom formidable, unless commanded by some officer whom they hold in reverence and fear; yet there are certain hours and seasons in which their fury is terrible.

Before this assault the Liégeois were much fatigued and dispirited, as well for the loss they had sustained in their two sallies (in which all their chief officers were slain), as for the great pains and hard service which they had endured for eight days successively; for nobody was exempted from being upon the guard. They being blocked up on both sides (as I stated before), I suppose they thought that Sunday might have been a day of rest to them (but they were mightily mistaken), for they did not make the least defense, either on our side, or on the other, where the Burgundians of our vanguard made their attack, and entered before us; they killed but few, for the people fled over the Maes into the forest of Ardennes, and from thence into such places of refuge as they thought most proper to secure themselves in. On that side of the town where I was, I saw but three men and one woman dead; and I believe there were not above 200 killed altogether, the rest having all fled, and got into the houses or churches for sanctuary. The king marched at his own leisure (for he saw there was no opposition), and the army (consisting by my computation of about 40,000 men) entered at both ends of the town. The duke, having advanced a good way into the city, turned back to meet the king, conducting him as far as the palace, and then returned to the great church of St. Lambert, into which his soldiers were forcing their way for the sake both of the prisoners and the plunder; for though he had posted a battalion of his guards there to secure the church, yet the soldiers could not be restrained, but fell upon them, and attempted to break open the doors. I saw the Duke of Burgundy kill one man himself at his arrival, upon which the soldiers retreated, and the church was preserved for that time; but at length all the men that had fled thither for sanctuary were made prisoners, and all the furniture was taken away.

The rest of the churches, which were very numerous (for I have heard the Lord of Humbercourt, who knew the town very well, say that there were as many masses said in it every day as in Rome), were most of them plundered under pretense of searching for prisoners. I myself was in none but the great church, but I was told so, and saw the marks of it, for which a long time after the Pope excommunicated all such as had any goods belonging to the churches in that city, unless they restored them; and the duke appointed certain officers to go up and down his country, to see the Pope's sentence put in execution. After the taking and plundering the city, about noon the duke returned to the palace; the king had dined before he came, but expressed much joy at his good fortune, and highly applauded his magnanimity and conduct; for he knew well enough it would be carried to the duke, and he had in his heart a longing desire to be at home in his own kingdom. After dinner the king and the duke were very merry together, and if the king had been lavish in his commendations behind his back, he extolled his actions much more to his face, and the duke was not a little pleased to hear it.

But I am obliged to make a small digression, and give an account of the calamities of those miserable people who fled out of the town, that I may confirm what I said in the beginning of these Memoirs, when I spoke of the misfortunes and dreadful consequences which I have observed to follow those who are defeated in battle, whether king or prince, or any other potentate whatever.

These miserable creatures fled through the country of Ardennes with their wives and children. A gentleman in those parts (who till that time had been of their side) fell upon and cut off a great party of them; and to ingratiate himself with the duke, he wrote him an account of what he had done, and represented the number both of the prisoners and slain to be much greater than in reality it was, though indeed it was very great; but, however, he made his own peace with the duke by that action. Others fled to Mézières, which is a French town upon the Maes. Two or three of their ringleaders were taken and presented to the duke (one of whom was named Madoulet), whom he ordered immediately to be put to death; and several of the rest died with hunger, or cold, or watching.

How the Duke of Burgundy, by rejecting the Counsel of Several of his Officers, was defeated and slain in a Battle between him and the Duke of Lorraine, not far from Nancy. — 1477.

The King of Portugal had not left the Duke of Burgundy's camp above a day, before the Duke of Lorraine and his army of Germans broke up from St. Nicholas, and advanced towards the Duke of Burgundy, with a resolution to give him battle. The Count of Campobasso joined them that very day, and carried off with him about eightscore men at arms; and it grieved him much that he could do his master no greater mischief. The garrison of Nancy had intelligence of his design, which in some measure encouraged them to hold out; besides, another person had got over the works, and assured them of relief, otherwise they were just upon surrendering, and would have capitulated in a little time, had it not been for the treachery of this count; but God had determined to finish this mystery.

The Duke of Burgundy, having intelligence of the approach of the Duke of Lorraine's army, called a kind of council, contrary to his custom, for generally he followed his own will. It was the opinion of most of his officers that his best way would be to retire to Pont-à-Mousson, which was not far off, and dispose his army in the towns about Nancy, affirming that as soon as the Germans had thrown a supply of men and provisions into Nancy, they would march off again; and the Duke of Lorraine being in great want of money, it would be a great while before he would be able to assemble such an army again; and that their supplies of provisions could not be so great but before half the winter was over, they would be in the same straits as they were now; and that in the mean time the duke might raise more forces, and recruit himself: for I have been told by those who ought to know best, that the Duke of Burgundy's army did not then consist of full 4000 men, and of that number not above 1200 were in a condition to fight. Money he did not want; for in the Castle of Luxembourg (which was not far off), there were in ready cash 450,000 crowns, which would have raised men enough. But God was not so merciful to him as to permit him to take this wise counsel, or discern the vast multitude of enemies who on every side surrounded him. Therefore he chose the worst plan, and like a rash and

inconsiderate madman, resolved to try his fortune and engage the enemy with his weak and shattered army, notwithstanding the Duke of Lorraine had a numerous force of Germans, and the king's army was not far off.

As soon as the Count of Campobasso arrived in the Duke of Lorraine's army, the Germans sent him word to leave the camp immediately, for they would not entertain such traitors among them. Upon which message he retired with his party to Condé, a castle and pass not far off, where he fortified himself with carts and other things as well as he could, in hopes, that if the Duke of Burgundy were routed, he might have an opportunity of coming in for a share of the plunder, as he did afterwards. Nor was this practice with the Duke of Lorraine the most execrable action that Campobasso was guilty of; but, before he left the army, he conspired with several other officers (finding it was impracticable to attempt anything against the Duke of Burgundy's person) to leave him just as they came to the charge; for, at that time, he supposed it would put the army into the greatest terror and consternation; and if the duke fled, he was sure he could not escape alive, for he had ordered thirteen or fourteen sure men, some to run as soon as the Germans came up to charge them, and others to watch the Duke of Burgundy, and kill him in the rout; which was well enough contrived, for I myself have seen two or three of those who were thus employed to kill the duke. Having thus settled his conspiracy at home, he went over to the Duke of Lorraine upon the approach of the German army; but, finding they would not entertain him, he retired to Condé, as I said before.

The German army marched forward, and with them a considerable body of French horse, whom the king had given leave to be present in that action. Several parties lay in ambush not far off, that if the Duke of Burgundy were routed, they might surprise some person of quality, or take some considerable booty. By this every one may see into what a deplorable condition this poor duke had brought himself, by his contempt of good counsel. Both armies being joined, the Duke of Burgundy's forces, which had been twice beaten before, and were weak and ill-provided besides, were quickly broken and entirely defeated. Many saved themselves by flight; the rest were either taken or killed; and among them the Duke of Burgundy himself was killed on the spot. Not having been in the battle myself, I will say nothing of the manner of his death; but I was told by

some, that they saw him beaten down, but, being prisoners themselves, were not able to assist him; yet, whilst they were in sight, he was not killed, but a great body of men coming that way afterwards, they killed and stripped him in the throng, not knowing who he was. This battle was fought on the 5th of January, 1476, upon the eve of Twelfth-day.

A Digression concerning the Virtues of the Duke of Burgundy, and the Time of his House's Prosperity.

I saw a seal ring of his, after his death, at Milan, with his arms cut curiously upon a sardonyx that I have often seen him wear in a riband at his breast, which was sold at Milan for two ducats, and had been stolen from him by a varlet that waited on him in his chamber. I have often seen the duke dressed and undressed in great state and formality, and by very great persons; but, at his last hour, all this pomp and magnificence ceased, and both he and his family perished (as you have heard already) on the very spot where he had delivered up the constable not long before, out of a base and avaricious motive; but may God forgive him! I have known him a powerful and honorable prince, in as great esteem and as much courted by his neighbors (when his affairs were in a prosperous condition), as any prince in Europe, and perhaps more so; and I cannot conceive what should have provoked God Almighty's displeasure so highly against him, unless it was his self-love and arrogance, in attributing all the success of his enterprises, and all the renown he ever acquired, to his own wisdom and conduct, without ascribing anything to God: yet, to speak truth, he was endowed with many good qualities.

No prince ever had a greater desire to entertain young noblemen than he; or was more careful of their education. His presents and bounty were never profuse and extravagant, because he gave to many, and wished everybody should taste of his generosity. No prince was ever more easy of access to his servants and subjects. Whilst I was in his service he was never cruel, but a little before his death he became so, which was an infallible sign of the shortness of his life. He was very splendid and pompous in his dress, and in everything else, and, indeed, a little too much. He paid great honors to all ambassadors and foreigners, and entertained them nobly. His ambitious desire

of glory was insatiable, and it was that which more than any other motive induced him to engage eternally in wars. He earnestly desired to imitate the old kings and heroes of antiquity, who are still so much talked of in the world, and his courage was equal to that of any prince of his time.

But all his designs and imaginations were vain, and turned afterwards to his own dishonor and confusion, for it is the conquerors and not the conquered that win renown. I cannot easily determine towards whom God Almighty showed his anger most, whether towards him who died suddenly, without pain or sickness, in the field of battle, or towards his subjects, who never enjoyed peace after his death, but were continually involved in wars against which they were not able to maintain themselves, upon account of the civil dissensions and cruel animosities that arose among them; and that which was the most insupportable was that the very people to whom they were now indebted for their defense and preservation were the Germans, who were strangers and not long since had been their enemies. In short, after the duke's death, there was not a man who wished them to prosper, whoever defended them. And by the management of their affairs, their understanding seemed to be as much infatuated as their master's was just before his death; for they rejected all good counsel, and pursued such methods as directly tended to their destruction; and they are still in great danger of a relapse into calamity, and it will be well if it turn not in the end to their utter ruin.

I am partly of the opinion of those who maintain that God gives princes, as He in His wisdom thinks fit, to punish or chastise their subjects: and He disposes the affections of subjects to their princes, as He has determined to exalt or depress them. Just so it has pleased Him to deal with the house of Burgundy; for after a long series of riches and prosperity, and sixscore years' peace under three illustrious princes, predecessors to Duke Charles (all of them of great prudence and discretion), it pleased God to send this Duke Charles, who continually involved them in bloody wars, as well winter as summer, to their great affliction and expense, in which most of their richest and stoutest men were either killed or taken prisoners. Their misfortunes began at the siege of Nuz, and continued for three or four battles successively, to the very hour of his death; so much so, that at the last, the whole strength of the country was destroyed, and all were killed or taken prisoners who had any zeal or affection

for the house of Burgundy, or power to defend the state and dignity of that family; so that in a manner their losses equaled, if they did not overbalance, their former prosperity; for as I had seen these princes puissant, rich, and honorable, so it fared with their subjects: for I think I have seen and known the greatest part of Europe, yet I never knew any province or country, though of a larger extent, so abounding in money, so extravagantly fine in their furniture, so sumptuous in their buildings, so profuse in their expenses, so luxurious in their feasts and entertainments, and so prodigal in all respects, as the subjects of these princes in my time; and if any think I have exaggerated, others who lived in my time will be of opinion that I have rather said too little.

But it pleased God, at one blow, to subvert this great and sumptuous edifice, and ruin this powerful and illustrious family, which had maintained and bred up so many brave men, and had acquired such mighty honor and renown far and near, by so many victories and successful enterprises, as none of all its neighboring states could pretend to boast of. A hundred and twenty years it continued in this flourishing condition, by the grace of God, all its neighbors having, in the mean time, been involved in troubles and commotions, and all of them applying to it for succor or protection: to wit, France, England, and Spain, as you have seen by experience of our master the King of France, who in his minority, and during the reign of Charles VII., his father, retired to this court, where he lived six years, and was nobly entertained all that time by Duke Philip the Good. Out of England I saw there also two of King Edward's brothers, the Dukes of Clarence and Gloucester (the last of whom was afterwards called King Richard the Third); and of the house of Lancaster, the whole family or very near, with all their party. In short, I have seen this family in all respects the most flourishing and celebrated of any in Christendom: and then, in a short space of time, it was quite ruined and turned upside down, and left the most desolate and miserable of any house in Europe, as regards both prince and subjects. Such changes and revolutions of states and kingdoms, God in His providence has wrought before we were born, and will do again when we are dead; for this is a certain maxim, that the prosperity or adversity of princes depends wholly on His Divine disposal.

A Comparison of the Troubles and Sorrows which King Louis suffered, with those he had brought upon Other People; with a Continuation of his Transactions till the Time of his Death. — 1483.

He was continually discoursing on some subject or another, and always with a great deal of sense and judgment. His last illness (as I said before) continued from Monday to Saturday night. Upon which account I will now make comparison between the evils and sorrows which he brought upon others, and those which he suffered in his own person: for I hope his torments here on earth have translated him into Paradise, and will be a great part of his purgatory: and if, in respect of their greatness and duration, his sufferings were inferior to those he had brought upon other people, yet, if you consider the grandeur and dignity of his office, and that he had never before suffered anything in his own person, but had been obeyed by all people, as if all Europe had been created for no other end, but to serve and be commanded by him; you will find that little which he endured was so contrary to his nature and custom that it was more grievous for him to bear.

His chief hope and confidence was placed in the good hermit I spoke of (who was at Plessis, and had come thither from Calabria); he sent continually to him, believing it was in his power to prolong his life if he pleased, for, notwithstanding all his precepts, he had great hopes of recovering; and if it had so happened, he would quickly have dispersed the throng he had sent to Amboise, to wait upon the new king. Finding his hopes rested so strongly upon this hermit, it was the advice of a certain grave divine, and others who were about him, that it should be declared to him that there was no hope left for him but in the mercy of God; and it was also agreed among them, that his physician, Master James Coctier (in whom he had great confidence), should be present when this declaration was made him. This Coctier received of him every month ten thousand crowns, in the hope that he would lengthen his life. This resolution was taken to the end that he should lay aside all other thoughts and apply himself wholly to the settlement of his conscience. And as he had advanced them, as it were, in an instant, and against all reason, to employments beyond their capacities, so they took upon them fearlessly to tell him a thing

that had been more proper for other people to communicate; nor did they observe that reverence and respect towards him which was proper in such a case, and would have been used by those persons who had been brought up with him, or by those whom, in a mere whim, he had removed from court but a little before. But, as he had sent a sharp message of death to two great persons whom he had formerly beheaded (the Duke of Nemours, and the Count of St. Paul), by commissioners deputed on purpose, who in plain terms told them their sentence, appointed them confessors to arrange their consciences, and acquainted them that in a few hours they must resolve to die; so with the same bluntness, and without the least circumstance of introduction, these imprudent persons told our king: "Sire, we must do our duty; do not place your hopes any longer in this holy hermit, or anything else, for you are a dead man. Think therefore upon your conscience, for there is no remedy left." Every one added some short saying to the same purpose; to which he answered, "I hope God will assist me, for perhaps I am not so ill as you imagine."

What sorrow was this to him to hear this news! Never man was more fearful of death, nor used more means to prevent it. He had, all his life long, commanded and requested his servants, and me among the rest, that whenever we saw him in any danger of death, we should not tell him of it, but merely admonish him to confess himself, without ever mentioning that cruel and shocking word Death; for he did not believe he could ever endure to hear so cruel a sentence. However, he endured that virtuously, and several more things equally terrible, when he was ill; and indeed he bore them better than any man I ever saw die. He spoke several things which were to be delivered to his son, whom he called king; and he confessed himself very devoutly, said several prayers suitable to the sacraments he received, and called for the sacraments himself. He spoke as judiciously as if he had never been ill, discoursed of all things which might be necessary for his son's instruction, and among the rest gave orders that the Lord des Cordes should not stir from his son for six months; and that he should be desired to attempt nothing against Calais, or elsewhere, declaring that though he had designed himself to undertake such enterprises for the benefit of both the king and the kingdom, yet they were very dangerous, especially that against Calais, because the English might resent it; and he left it in especial charge that for

five or six years after his death they should, above all things, preserve the kingdom in peace, which during his life he had never suffered. And indeed it was no more than was necessary; for, though the kingdom was large and fertile, yet it was grown very poor, upon account of the marching and countermarching of the soldiers up and down, in their passage from one country to another, as they have done since, to an even worse extent. He also ordered that nothing should be attempted against Bretagne, but that Duke Francis should be suffered to live in peace; that both he and his neighbors might be without fear, and the king and kingdom remain free from wars, till the king should be of age, to take upon himself the administration of affairs.

You have already heard with what indiscretion and bluntness they acquainted the king with his approaching death; which I have mentioned in a more particular manner, because in a preceding paragraph I began to compare the evils which he had made others suffer, who lived under his dominion, with those he endured himself before his death; that it might appear that, though they were not perhaps of so long a duration, yet they were fully as great and terrible, considering his station and dignity, which required more obedience than any private person, and had found more; so that the least opposition was a great torment to him. Some five or six months before his death, he began to suspect everybody, especially those who were most capable and deserving of the administration of affairs. He was afraid of his son, and caused him to be kept close, so that no man saw or discoursed with him, but by his special command. At last he grew suspicious of his daughter, and of his son-in-law the Duke of Bourbon, and required an account of what persons came to speak with them at Plessis, and broke up a council which the Duke of Bourbon was holding there, by his order.

At the time that the Count of Dunois and the said Duke of Bourbon returned from conducting the ambassadors, who had been at Amboise to attend the marriage of the Dauphin and the young queen, the king being in the gallery at Plessis, and seeing them enter with a great train into the castle, called for a captain of the guards, and commanded him to go and search the servants of those lords to see whether they had any arms under their robes, and ordered him to do it in discourse, so as no notice might be taken. Behold, then, if he had caused

many to live under him in continual fear and apprehension, whether it was not returned to him again; for of whom could he be secure when he was afraid of his son-in-law, his daughter, and his own son? I speak this not only of him, but of all other princes who desire to be feared, that vengeance never falls on them till they grow old, and then, as a just penance, they are afraid of everybody themselves; and what grief must it have been to this poor king to be tormented with such terrors and passions?

He was still attended by his physician, Master James Coctier, to whom in five months' time he had given fifty-four thousand crowns in ready money, besides the bishopric of Amiens for his nephew, and other great offices and estates for himself and his friends; yet this doctor used him very roughly indeed; one would not have given such outrageous language to one's servants, as he gave the king, who stood in such awe of him that he durst not forbid him his presence. It is true he complained of his impudence afterwards, but he durst not change him as he had done all the rest of his servants; because he had told him after a most audacious manner one day, "I know well that some time or other you will dismiss me from court, as you have done the rest; but be sure (and he confirmed it with a great oath) you shall not live eight days after it;" with which expression the king was so terrified that ever after he did nothing but flatter and bribe him, which must needs have been a great mortification to a prince who had been humbly obeyed all his life by so many good and brave men.

The king had ordered several cruel prisons to be made; some were cages of iron, and some of wood, but all were covered with iron plates both within and without, with terrible locks, about eight feet wide and seven high; the first contriver of them was the Bishop of Verdun, who was immediately put in the first of them that was made, where he continued fourteen years. Many bitter curses he has had since for his invention, and some from me as I lay in one of them eight months together in the minority of our present king. He also ordered heavy and terrible fetters to be made in Germany, and particularly a certain ring for the feet, which was extremely hard to be opened, and fitted like an iron collar, with a thick weighty chain, and a great globe of iron at the end of it, most unreasonably heavy, which engines were called the King's Nets. However, I have seen many eminent and deserving persons in

these prisons, with these nets about their legs, who afterwards came forth with great joy and honor, and received great rewards from the king. Among the rest, a son of the Lord de la Grutuse, in Flanders (who was taken in battle), whom the king married very honorably afterwards, made him his chamberlain, and seneschal of Anjou, and gave him the command of a hundred lances. The Lord de Piennes, and the Lord de Vergy, both prisoners of war, also had commands given them in his army, were made his or his son's chamberlains, and had great estates bestowed on them. Monsieur de Richebourg, the constable's brother, had the same good fortune, as did also one Roquebertin, a Catalonian, likewise prisoner of war; besides others of various countries, too numerous to be mentioned in this place.

This by way of digression. But to return to my principal design. As in his time this barbarous variety of prisons was invented, so before he died he himself was in greater torment, and more terrible apprehension than those whom he had imprisoned; which I look upon as a great mercy towards him, and as part of his purgatory; and I have mentioned it here to show that there is no person, of what station or dignity soever, but suffers some time or other, either publicly or privately, especially if he has caused other people to suffer. The king, towards the latter end of his days, caused his castle of Plessis-les-Tours to be encompassed with great bars of iron in the form of thick grating, and at the four corners of the house four sparrow nests of iron, strong, massy, and thick, were built. The grates were without the wall on the other side of the ditch, and sank to the bottom. Several spikes of iron were fastened into the wall, set as thick by one another as was possible, and each furnished with three or four points. He likewise placed ten bowmen in the ditches, to shoot at any man that durst approach the castle before the opening of the gates; and he ordered they should lie in the ditches, but retire to the sparrow nests upon occasion. He was sensible enough that this fortification was too weak to keep out an army, or any great body of men, but he had no fear of such an attack; his great apprehension was that some of the nobility of his kingdom, having intelligence within, might attempt to make themselves masters of the castle by night, and having possessed themselves of it, partly by favor, and partly by force, might deprive him of the regal authority, and take upon themselves

the administration of public affairs, upon pretense he was incapable of business, and no longer fit to govern.

The gate of the Plessis was never opened, nor the drawbridge let down, before eight o'clock in the morning, at which time the officers were let in ; and the captains ordered their guards to their several posts, with pickets of archers in the middle of the court, as in a town upon the frontiers that is closely guarded : nor was any person admitted to enter except by the wicket and with the king's knowledge, unless it were the steward of his household, and such persons as were not admitted into the royal presence.

Is it possible then to keep a prince (with any regard to his quality) in a closer prison than he kept himself ? The cages which were made for other people were about eight feet square ; and he (though so great a monarch) had but a small court of the castle to walk in, and seldom made use of that, but generally kept himself in the gallery, out of which he went into the chambers on his way to mass, but never passed through the court. Who can deny that he was a sufferer as well as his neighbors, considering how he was locked up and guarded, afraid of his own children and relations, and changing every day those very servants whom he had brought up and advanced ; and though they owed all their perferment to him, yet he durst not trust any of them, but shut himself up in those strange chains and inclosures. If the place where he confined himself was larger than a common prison, he also was much greater than common prisoners.

It may be urged that other princes have been more given to suspicion than he, but it was not in our time ; and, perhaps, their wisdom was not so eminent, nor were their subjects so good. They might too, probably, have been tyrants, and bloody-minded ; but our king never did any person a mischief who had not offended him first, though I do not say all who offended him deserved death. I have not recorded these things merely to represent our master as a suspicious and mistrustful prince ; but to show that by the patience which he expressed in his sufferings (like those which he inflicted on other people), they may be looked upon, in my judgment, as a punishment which our Lord inflicted upon him in this world, in order to deal more mercifully with him in the next, as well in regard to those things before mentioned, as to the distempers of his body, which were great and painful, and much

dreaded by him before they came upon him; and, likewise, that those princes who may be his successors may learn by his example to be more tender and indulgent to their subjects, and less severe in their punishments than our master had been: although I will not censure him, or say I ever saw a better prince; for though he oppressed his subjects himself, he would never see them injured by anybody else.

After so many fears, sorrows, and suspicions, God, by a kind of miracle, restored him both in body and mind, as is His divine method in such kind of wonders; for He took him out of this miserable world in perfect health of mind, and understanding, and memory; after having received the sacraments himself, discoursing without the least twinge or expression of pain, and repeating his paternosters to the very last moment of his life. He gave directions for his own burial, appointed who should attend his corpse to the grave, and declared that he desired to die on a Saturday of all days in the week; and that he hoped Our Lady would procure him that favor, for in her he had always placed great trust, and served her very devoutly. And so it happened; for he died on Saturday, the 30th of August, 1483, at about eight in the evening, in the Castle of Plessis, where his illness seized him on the Monday before. May Our Lord receive his soul, and admit it unto His kingdom of Paradise!

A Digression concerning the Miseries of Mankind, especially of Princes, by the Example of those who reigned in the Author's Time, and chiefly of King Louis.

Small hopes and comfort ought poor and inferior people to have in this world, considering what so great a king suffered and underwent, and how he was at last forced to leave all, and could not, with all his care and diligence, protract his life one single hour. I knew him, and was entertained in his service in the flower of his age, and at the height of his prosperity, yet I never saw him free from labor and care. Of all diversions he loved hunting and hawking in their seasons; but his chief delight was in dogs. As for ladies, he never meddled with any in my time; for about the time of my coming to his court he lost a son, at whose death he was extremely

afflicted, and he made a vow to God in my presence never to have intercourse with any other woman but the queen; and though this was no more than what he was bound to do by the canons of the church, yet it was much that his self-command should be so great that he should be able to persevere in his resolution so firmly, considering that the queen (though an excellent princess in other respects) was not a person in whom a man could take any great delight.

In hunting, his eagerness and pain were equal to his pleasure, for his chase was the stag, which he always ran down. He rose very early in the morning, rode sometimes a great distance, and would not leave his sport, let the weather be never so bad; and when he came home at night he was often very weary, and generally in a violent passion with some of his courtiers or huntsmen; for hunting is a sport not always to be managed according to the master's direction; yet, in the opinion of most people, he understood it as well as any prince of his time. He was continually at these sports, lodging in the country villages to which his recreations led him, till he was interrupted by business; for during the most part of the summer there was constantly war between him and Charles Duke of Burgundy, and in the winter they made truces.

He was also involved in some trouble about the county of Roussillon, with John, King of Arragon, father of Peter of Castile, who at present is King of Spain; for though both of them were poor, and already at variance with their subjects in Barcelona and elsewhere, and though the son had nothing but the expectation of succeeding to the throne of Don Henry of Castile, his wife's brother (which fell to him afterwards), yet they made considerable resistance; for that province being entirely devoted to their interest, and they being universally beloved by the people, they gave our king abundance of trouble, and the war lasted till his death, and many brave men lost their lives in it, and his treasury was exhausted by it; so that he had but a little time during the whole year to spend in pleasure, and even then the fatigues he underwent were excessive. When his body was at rest his mind was at work, for he had affairs in several places at once, and would concern himself as much in those of his neighbors as in his own, putting officers of his own over all the great families, and endeavoring to divide their authority as much as possible. When he was at war he labored for a peace or a truce, and when he had obtained it he

was impatient for war again. He troubled himself with many trifles in his government, which he had better have let alone: but it was his temper, and he could not help it; besides, he had a prodigious memory, and he forgot nothing, but knew everybody, as well in other countries as in his own.

And, in truth, he seemed better fitted to rule a world than to govern a single kingdom. I speak not of his minority, for then I was not with him; but when he was eleven years old, he was, by the advice of some of the nobility, and others of his kingdom, embroiled in a war with his father, Charles VII., which lasted not long, and was called the Praguerie. When he was arrived at man's estate, he was married, much against his inclination, to the King of Scotland's daughter; and he regretted her existence during the whole course of her life. Afterwards, by reason of the broils and factions in his father's court, he retired into Dauphiny (which was his own), whither many persons of quality followed him, and indeed more than he could entertain. During his residence in Dauphiny he married the Duke of Savoy's daughter, and not long after he had great disputes with his father-in-law, and a terrible war was begun between them. His father, King Charles VII., seeing his son attended by so many good officers, and raising men at his pleasure, resolved to go in person against him, with a considerable body of forces, in order to disperse them. While he was upon his march he put out proclamations, requiring them all, as his subjects, under great penalties, to repair to him; and many obeyed, to the great displeasure of the Dauphin, who, finding his father incensed, though he was strong enough to resist, resolved to retire, and leave that country to him; and accordingly he removed, with but a slender retinue, into Burgundy, to Duke Philip's court, who received him honorably, furnished him nobly, and maintained him and his principal servants (as the Count de Comminges, the Lord de Montauban, and others), by way of pensions, and to the rest he gave presents, as he saw occasion, during the whole time of their residence there. However, the Dauphin entertained so many at his own expense, that his money often failed, to his great disgust and mortification; for he was forced to borrow, or his people would have forsaken him, which is certainly a great affliction to a prince who was utterly unaccustomed to those straits. So that during his residence at the court of Burgundy he had his anxieties, for he was constrained to cajole the duke and his ministers, lest they should think he

was too burdensome, and had lain too long upon their hands, for he had been with them six years, and his father, King Charles, was constantly pressing and soliciting the Duke of Burgundy, by his ambassadors, either to deliver him up to him, or to banish him out of his dominions. And this, you may believe, gave the Dauphin some uneasy thoughts, and would not suffer him to be idle. In which season of his life, then, was it that he may be said to have enjoyed himself? I believe from his infancy and innocence to his death, his whole life was nothing but one continued scene of troubles and fatigues; and I am of opinion that if all the days of his life were computed in which his joys and pleasures outweighed his pain and trouble, they would be found so few, that there would be twenty mournful ones to one pleasant. He lived about sixty-one years, yet he always fancied he should never outlive sixty, giving this for a reason, that for a long time no king of France had lived beyond that age. Some say, since the time of Charlemagne; but the king our master was far advanced in his sixty-first year.

What ease or what pleasure did Charles, Duke of Burgundy, enjoy more than our master King Louis? In his youth, indeed, he had less trouble, for he did not begin to enter upon any action till nearly the two and thirtieth year of his age; so that before that time he lived in great ease and quiet. His first quarrel was with his father's chief officers; and as his father took their part, he immediately withdrew from court and retired into Holland, where being well received, he fell immediately into intelligence with the Gantois, and went and visited his father sometimes. He had no allowance from his father; but Holland, being a rich country, made him great presents, as did several other great towns, hoping thereby to insinuate themselves into his favor, and reap the advantage after Duke Philip's death. And it is the common custom of the world to worship the rising sun, and court him whose future authority will be great, rather than him who is already at the height of his fortune, and can never be higher. For this reason, when Duke Philip was informed that the Gantois had expressed great kindness for his son, and that he understood how to manage them, he answered, "They always love him who is to be their sovereign; but as soon as he is their lord they will hate him." And his saying was true, for from the time of Duke Philip's death and Charles' accession, their love began to decline, and they

showed it openly, and he, on the other side, cared as little for them; yet they did more mischief to his posterity than they could possibly do to him.

COPLAS DE MANRIQUE.

(Longfellow's Translation.)

[Don Jorge Manrique, the author of the following poem, flourished in the last half of the fifteenth century. He followed the profession of arms, and died on the field of battle. Mariana, in his "History of Spain," makes honorable mention of him, as being present at the siege of Uclés; and speaks of him as "a youth of estimable qualities, who in this war gave brilliant proofs of his valor. He died young, and was thus cut off from long exercising his great virtues, and exhibiting to the world the light of his genius, which was already known to fame." He was mortally wounded in a skirmish near Cañavete, in the year 1479. The name of Rodrigo Manrique, the father of the poet, Conde de Paredes and Maestre de Santiago, is well known in Spanish history and song. He died in 1476; according to Mariana, in the town of Uclés, but according to the poem of his son, in Ocaña. It was his death that called forth the poem upon which rests the literary reputation of the younger Manrique.]

O let the soul her slumbers break,
Let thought be quickened, and awake;
Awake to see
How soon this life is past and gone,
And death comes softly stealing on,
How silently!

Swiftly our pleasures glide away,
Our hearts recall the distant day
With many sighs;
The moments that are speeding fast
We heed not, but the past, — the past, —
More highly prize.

Onward its course the present keeps,
Onward the constant current sweeps,
Till life is done;
And, did we judge of time aright,
The past and future in their flight
Would be as one.

Let no one fondly dream again,
That Hope and all her shadowy train
Will not decay;

Fleeting as were the dreams of old,
Remembered like a tale that's told,
They pass away.

Our lives are rivers, gliding free
To that unfathomed, boundless sea,
The silent grave!
Thither all earthly pomp and boast
Roll, to be swallowed up and lost
In one dark wave.

Thither the mighty torrents stray,
Thither the brook pursues its way,
And tinkling rill.
There all are equal. Side by side
The poor man and the son of pride
Lie calm and still.

I will not here invoke the throng
Of orators and sons of song,
The deathless few;
Fiction entices and deceives,
And, sprinkled o'er her fragrant leaves,
Lies poisonous dew.

To One alone my thoughts arise,
The Eternal Truth, — the Good and Wise, —
To Him I cry,
Who shared on earth our common lot,
But the world comprehended not
His deity.

This world is but the rugged road
Which leads us to the bright abode
Of peace above;
So let us choose that narrow way,
Which leads no traveler's foot astray
From realms of love.

Our cradle is the starting place,
In life we run the onward race,
And reach the goal;
When, in the mansions of the blest,
Death leaves to its eternal rest
The weary soul.

Did we but use it as we ought,
This world would school each wandering thought
To its high state.
Faith wings the soul beyond the sky,
Up to that better world on high,
For which we wait.

Yes, — the glad messenger of love,
To guide us to our home above,
The Savior came;
Born amid mortal cares and fears,
He suffered in this vale of tears
A death of shame.

Behold of what delusive worth
The bubbles we pursue on earth,
The shapes we chase,
Amid a world of treachery!
They vanish ere death shuts the eye,
And leave no trace.

Time steals them from us, — chances strange,
Disastrous accidents, and change,
That come to all;
Even in the most exalted state,
Relentless sweeps the stroke of fate;
The strongest fall.

Tell me, — the charms that lovers seek
In the clear eye and blushing cheek,
The hues that play
O'er rosy lip and brow of snow,
When hoary age approaches slow,
Ah, where are they?

The cunning skill, the curious arts,
The glorious strength that youth imparts
In life's first stage;
These shall become a heavy weight,
When Time swings wide his outward gate
To weary age.

The noble blood of Gothic name,
Heroes emblazoned high to fame,
In long array;

How, in the onward course of time,
The landmarks of that race sublime
Were swept away!

Some, the degraded slaves of lust,
Prostrate and trampled in the dust,
Shall rise no more;
Others, by guilt and crime, maintain
The scutcheon, that, without a stain,
Their fathers bore.

Wealth and the high estate of pride,
With what untimely speed they glide,
How soon depart!
Bid not the shadowy phantoms stay,
The vassals of a mistress they,
Of fickle heart.

These gifts in Fortune's hands are found;
Her swift revolving wheel turns round,
And they are gone!
No rest the inconstant goddess knows,
But changing, and without repose,
Still hurries on.

Even could the hand of avarice save
Its gilded baubles, till the grave
Reclaimed its prey,
Let none on such poor hopes rely;
Life, like an empty dream, flits by,
And where are they?

Earthly desires and sensual lust
Are passions springing from the dust,—
They fade and die;
But, in the life beyond the tomb,
They seal the immortal spirit's doom
Eternally!

The pleasures and delights, which mask
In treacherous smiles life's serious task,
What are they, all,
But the fleet coursers of the chase,
And death an ambush in the race,
Wherein we fall?

No foe, no dangerous pass, we heed,
Brook no delay, — but onward speed
With loosened rein;
And, when the fatal snare is near,
We strive to check our mad career,
But strive in vain.

Could we new charms to age impart,
And fashion with a cunning art
The human face,
As we can clothe the soul with light,
And make the glorious spirit bright
With heavenly grace, —

How busily each passing hour
Should we exert that magic power!
What ardor show,
To deck the sensual slave of sin,
Yet leave the freeborn soul within,
In weeds of woe!

Monarchs, the powerful and the strong,
Famous in history and in song
Of olden time,
Saw, by the stern decrees of fate,
Their kingdoms lost, and desolate
Their race sublime.

Who is the champion? who the strong?
Pontiff and priest, and sceptered throng?
On these shall fall
As heavily the hand of Death,
As when it stays the shepherd's breath
Beside his stall.

I speak not of the Trojan name,
Neither its glory nor its shame
Has met our eyes;
Nor of Rome's great and glorious dead,
Though we have heard so oft, and read,
Their histories.

Little avails it now to know
Of ages passed so long ago,
Nor how they rolled;

Our theme shall be of yesterday,
Which to oblivion sweeps away,
Like days of old.

Where is the King, Don Juan? Where
Each royal prince and noble heir
Of Aragon?
Where are the courtly gallantries?
The deeds of love and high emprise,
In battle done?

Tourney and joust, that charmed the eye,
And scarf, and gorgeous panoply,
And nodding plume, —
What were they but a pageant scene?
What but the garlands, gay and green,
That deck the tomb?

Where are the highborn dames, and where
Their gay attire, and jeweled hair,
And odors sweet?
Where are the gentle knights, that came
To kneel, and breathe love's ardent flame,
Low at their feet?

Where is the song of Troubador?
Where are the lute and gay tambour
They loved of yore?
Where is the mazy dance of old,
The flowing robes, inwrought with gold,
The dancers wore?

And he who next the scepter swayed,
Henry, whose royal court displayed
Such power and pride;
O, in what winning smiles arrayed,
The world its various pleasures laid
His throne beside!

But O! how false and full of guile
That world, which wore so soft a smile
But to betray!
She, that had been his friend before,
Now from the fated monarch tore
Her charms away.

The countless gifts, — the stately walls,
The royal palaces, and halls
All filled with gold;
Plate with armorial bearings wrought,
Chambers with ample treasures fraught
Of wealth untold;

The noble steeds, and harness bright,
And gallant lord, and stalwart knight,
In rich array, —
Where shall we seek them now? Alas!
Like the bright dewdrops on the grass,
They passed away.

His brother, too, whose factious zeal
Usurped the scepter of Castile,
Unskilled to reign;
What a gay, brilliant court had he,
When all the flower of chivalry
Was in his train!

But he was mortal; and the breath,
That flamed from the hot forge of Death,
Blasted his years;
Judgment of God! that flame by thee,
When raging fierce and fearfully,
Was quenched in tears!

Spain's haughty Constable, — the true
And gallant Master, whom we knew
Most loved of all.
Breathe not a whisper of his pride, —
He on the gloomy scaffold died,
Ignoble fall!

The countless treasures of his care,
His hamlets green, and cities fair,
His mighty power, —
What were they all but grief and shame,
Tears and a broken heart, when came
The parting hour?

His other brothers, proud and high,
Masters, who, in prosperity,
Might rival kings;

Who made the bravest and the best
The bondsmen of their high behest,
Their underlings;

What was their prosperous estate,
When high exalted and elate
With power and pride?
What, but a transient gleam of light,
A flame, which, glaring at its height,
Grew dim and died?

So many a duke of royal name,
Marquis and count of spotless fame,
And baron brave,
That might the sword of empire wield,
All these, O Death, hast thou concealed
In the dark grave!

Their deeds of mercy and of arms,
In peaceful days, or war's alarms,
When thou dost show,
O Death, thy stern and angry face,
One stroke of thy all-powerful mace
Can overthrow.

Unnumbered hosts, that threaten nigh,
Pennon and standard flaunting high,
And flag displayed;
High battlements intrenched around,
Bastion, and moated wall, and mound,
And palisade,

And covered trench, secure and deep, —
All these cannot one victim keep,
O Death, from thee,
When thou dost battle in thy wrath,
And thy strong shafts pursue their path
Unerringly.

O World! so few the years we live,
Would that the life which thou dost give
Were life indeed!
Alas! thy sorrows fall so fast,
Our happiest hour is when at last
The soul is freed.

Our days are covered o'er with grief,
And sorrows neither few nor brief
Veil all in gloom;
Left desolate of real good,
Within this cheerless solitude
No pleasures bloom.

Thy pilgrimage begins in tears,
And ends in bitter doubts and fears,
Or dark despair;
Midway so many toils appear,
That he who lingers longest here
Knows most of care.

Thy goods are bought with many a groan,
By the hot sweat of toil alone,
And weary hearts;
Fleet-footed is the approach of woe,
But with a lingering step and slow
Its form departs.

And he, the good man's shield and shade,
To whom all hearts their homage paid,
As Virtue's son, —
Roderic Manrique, — he whose name
Is written on the scroll of Fame,
Spain's champion;

His signal deeds and prowess high
Demand no pompous eulogy, —
Ye saw his deeds!
Why should their praise in verse be sung?
The name, that dwells on every tongue,
No minstrel needs.

To friends a friend; — how kind to all
The vassals of this ancient hall
And feudal fief!
To foes how stern a foe was he!
And to the valiant and the free
How brave a chief!

What prudence with the old and wise:
What grace in youthful gayeties;
In all how sage!

Benignant to the serf and slave,
He showed the base and falsely brave
A lion's rage.

His was Octavian's prosperous star,
The rush of Cæsar's conquering car
At battle's call;
His, Scipio's virtue; his, the skill
And the indomitable will
Of Hannibal.

His was a Trajan's goodness, — his
A Titus' noble charities
And righteous laws;
The arm of Hector, and the might
Of Tully, to maintain the right
In truth's just cause;

The clemency of Antonine,
Aurelius' countenance divine,
Firm, gentle, still;
The eloquence of Adrian,
And Theodosius' love to man,
And generous will;

In tented field and bloody fray,
An Alexander's vigorous sway
And stern command;
The faith of Constantine; ay, more,
The fervent love Camillus bore
His native land.

He left no well-filled treasury,
He heaped no pile of riches high,
Nor massive plate;
He fought the Moors, and, in their fall,
City and tower and castled wall
Were his estate.

Upon the hard-fought battle ground,
Brave steeds and gallant riders found
A common grave;
And there the warrior's hand did gain
The rents, and the long vassal train,
That conquest gave.

And if, of old, his halls displayed
The honored and exalted grade
His worth had gained,
So, in the dark, disastrous hour,
Brothers and bondsmen of his power
His hand sustained.

After high deeds, not left untold,
In the stern warfare, which of old
'Twas his to share,
Such noble leagues he made, that more
And fairer regions, than before,
His guerdon were.

These are the records, half effaced,
Which, with the hand of youth, he traced
On history's page;
But with fresh victories he drew
Each fading character anew
In his old age.

By his unrivaled skill, by great
And veteran service to the state,
By worth adored,
He stood, in his high dignity,
The proudest knight of chivalry,
Knight of the Sword.

He found his cities and domains
Beneath a tyrant's galling chains
And cruel power;
But, by fierce battle and blockade,
Soon his own banner was displayed
From every tower.

By the tried valor of his hand,
His monarch and his native land
Were nobly served; —
Let Portugal repeat the story,
And proud Castile, who shared the glory
His arms deserved.

And when so oft, for weal or woe,
His life upon the fatal throw
Had been cast down;

When he had served, with patriot zeal,
Beneath the banner of Castile,
His sovereign's crown;

And done such deeds of valor strong,
That neither history nor song
Can count them all;
Then, on Ocaña's castled rock,
Death at his portal came to knock,
With sudden call, —

Saying, "Good Cavalier, prepare
To leave this world of toil and care
With joyful mien;
Let thy strong heart of steel this day
Put on its armor for the fray, —
The closing scene.

"Since thou hast been, in battle strife,
So prodigal of health and life,
For earthly fame,
Let virtue nerve thy heart again;
Loud on the last stern battle plain
They call thy name.

"Think not the struggle that draws near
Too terrible for man, — nor fear
To meet the foe;
Nor let thy noble spirit grieve,
Its life of glorious fame to leave
On earth below.

"A life of honor and of worth
Has no eternity on earth, —
'Tis but a name;
And yet its glory far exceeds
That base and sensual life, which leads
To want and shame.

"The eternal life, beyond the sky,
Wealth cannot purchase, nor the high
And proud estate;
The soul in dalliance laid, — the spirit
Corrupt with sin, — shall not inherit
A joy so great.

"But the good monk, in cloistered cell,
Shall gain it by his book and bell,
His prayers and tears;
And the brave knight, whose arm endures
Fierce battle, and against the Moors
His standard rears.

"And thou, brave knight, whose hand has poured
The lifeblood of the Pagan horde
O'er all the land,
In heaven shalt thou receive, at length,
The guerdon of thine earthly strength
And dauntless hand.

"Cheered onward by this promise sure,
Strong in the faith entire and pure
Thou dost profess,
Depart, — thy hope is certainty, —
The third — the better life on high
Shalt thou possess."

"O Death, no more, no more delay:
My spirit longs to flee away,
And be at rest;
The will of Heaven my will shall be, —
I bow to the divine decree,
To God's behest.

"My soul is ready to depart,
No thought rebels, the obedient heart
Breathes forth no sigh;
The wish on earth to linger still
Were vain, when 'tis God's sovereign will
That we shall die.

"O thou, that for our sins didst take
A human form, and humbly make
Thy home on earth;
Thou, that to thy divinity
A human nature didst ally
By mortal birth,

"And in that form didst suffer here
Torment, and agony, and fear,
So patiently;

By thy redeeming grace alone,
And not for merits of my own,
O, pardon me!"

As thus the dying warrior prayed,
Without one gathering mist or shade
Upon his mind;
Encircled by his family,
Watched by affection's gentle eye
So soft and kind;

His soul to Him who gave it rose;
God lead it to its long repose,
Its glorious rest!
And, though the warrior's sun has set,
Its light shall linger round us yet,
Bright, radiant, blest.

PROLOGUE TO THE RECUEIL DES HISTOIRES DE TROYE.

By WILLIAM CAXTON.

[William Caxton, English printer-author, was born in Kent between 1411 and 1422. He became a mercer in Bruges; in 1465 was governor of the Company of Merchant Adventurers operating in the Low Countries; and arranged a commercial treaty with Charles the Bold. He entered the service of Charles' Duchess, sister of Edward IV., engaged in translating and learned the printing business, and in 1476 set up a press at Westminster, England. From this on he was very industrious in translating and printing till his death in 1491, and his work had important effects on the English language.]

Here beginneth the volume entitled and named the *recueil* of the histories of Troy, composed and drawn out of divers books of Latin into French, by the right venerable person and worshipful man, Raoul le Fevre, priest and chaplain unto the right noble, glorious, and mighty prince in his time, Philip, duke of Bourgoyne, of Brabant, etc., in the year of the incarnation of our Lord God one thousand four hundred sixty and four, and translated and drawn out of French into English by William Caxton, mercer of the city of London, at the commandment of the right high, mighty, and virtuous princess, his redoubted lady Margaret, by the grace of God Duchess of



CAXTON READING THE FIRST PROOF SHEET FROM HIS PRINTING PRESS
IN THE ALMONRY, WESTMINSTER

From a painting by E. H. Wenhert

Bourgoyne, of Lotryk, of Brabant, etc., which said translation and work was begun in Bruges in the County of Flanders, the first day of March, the year of the incarnation of our said Lord God one thousand four hundred sixty and eight, and ended and finished in the holy city of Cologne the 19th day of September, the year of our said Lord God one thousand four hundred sixty and eleven, etc.

And on that other side of this leaf followeth the prologue.

When I remember that every man is bounden by the commandment and counsel of the wise man to eschew sloth and idleness, which is mother and nourisher of vices, and ought to put myself unto virtuous occupation and business, then I, having no great charge of occupation, following the said counsel, took a French book and read therein many strange and marvelous histories wherein I had great pleasure and delight, as well for the novelty of the same as for the fair language of French, which was in prose so well and compendiously set and written, which methought I understood the sentence and substance of every matter. And forsomuch as this book was new and late made and drawn into French, and never had seen it in our English tongue, I thought in myself it should be a good business to translate it into our English, to the end that it might be had as well in the realm of England as in other lands, and also for to pass therewith the time, and thus concluded in myself to begin this said work. And forthwith took pen and ink and began boldly to run forth as blind Bayard, in this present work which is named the *Recueil* of the Trojan histories. And afterward when I remembered myself of my simpleness and unperfectness that I had in both languages, that is, to wit, in French and in English, for in France was I never, and was born and learned mine English in Kent in the Weald where, I doubt not, is spoken as broad and rude English as in any place of England, and have continued, by the space of thirty years, for the most part in the countries of Brabant, Flanders, Holland, and Zeeland ; and thus when all these things came tofore me after that I had made and written a five or six quires, I fell in despair of this work and purposed no more to have continued therein, and those quires laid apart, and in two years after labored no more in this work. And was fully in will to have left it, till on a time it fortuned that the right high, excellent, and right virtuous princess, my right redoubted lady, my lady Margaret, by the grace of God sister unto the King of England and of

France, my sovereign lord — Duchess of Bourgoyne, of Lotryk, of Brabant, of Lymburgh, and of Luxembourg, Countess of Flanders and Artois and of Bourgoyne, Palatine of Hainault, of Holland, of Zeeland, and of Namur, Marchioness of the holy empire, lady of Fries, of Salins, and of Mechlin — sent for me to speak with her good grace of divers matters. Among the which, I let her highness have knowledge of the foresaid beginning of this work, which anon commanded me to show the said five or six quires to her said grace, and when she had seen them, anon she found a default in mine English, which she commanded me to amend, and moreover commanded me straitly to continue and make an end of the residue then not translated; whose dreadful commandment I durst in no wise disobey, because I am a servant unto her said grace, and receive of her yearly fee, and other many good and great benefits, and also hope many more to receive of her highness; but forthwith went and labored in the said translation after my simple and poor cunning; also, nigh as I can, following mine author, meekly beseeching the bounteous highness of my said lady that of her benevolence list to accept and take in *gree* this simple and rude work here following. And if there be anything written or said to her pleasure, I shall think my labor well employed, and whereas there is default that she *arette* it to the simpleness of my cunning which is full small in this behalf, and require and pray all them that shall read this said work to correct it, and to hold me excused of the rude and simple translation. And thus I end my prologue.

EPILOGUE TO THE DICTES AND SAYINGS OF THE PHILOSOPHERS.

By WILLIAM CAXTON.

Here endeth the book named the dictes or sayings of the philosophers, imprinted by me, William Caxton, at Westminster, the year of our Lord 1477. Which book is late translated out of French into English, by the noble and puissant lord, Lord Anthony, Earl of Rivers, lord of Scales and of the Isle of Wight, Defender and Director of the *siege* apostolic for our holy Father the Pope, in this realm of England, and governor of my lord

Prince of Wales. And it is so that at such time as he had accomplished this said work, it liked him to send it to me in certain quires to oversee, which forthwith I saw and found therein many great, notable, and wise sayings of the philosophers, according unto the books made in French which I had oft afore read, but certainly I had seen none in English till that time. And so afterward, I came unto my said lord, and told him how I had read and seen his book, and that he had done a meritory deed in the labor of the translation thereof into our English tongue, wherein he had deserved a singular laud and thank, etc. Then my said lord desired me to oversee it and, whereas I should find fault, to correct it; wherein I answered unto his lordship that I could not amend it, but if I should so presume I might apaire it, for it was right well and cunningly made and translated into right good and fair English. Notwithstanding he willed me to oversee it, and showed me divers things which, as him seemed, might be left out, as divers letters missives sent from Alexander to Darius and Aristotle and each to other, which letters were little pertinent unto the dictes and sayings aforesaid forasmuch as they specify of other matters, and also desired me, that done, to put the said book in print. And thus, obeying his request and commandment, I have put me in devoir to oversee this his said book, and behold, as nigh as I could, how it accordeth with the original, being in French. And I find nothing discordant therein, save only in the dictes and sayings of Socrates. Wherein I find that my said lord hath left out certain and divers conclusions touching women. Whereof I marvel that my said lord hath not written them, nor what hath moved him so to do, nor what cause he had at that time. But I suppose that some fair lady hath desired him to leave it out of his book, or else he was amorous on some noble lady, for whose love he would not set it in his book, or else for the very affection, love, and good will that he hath unto all ladies and gentlewomen, he thought that Socrates spared the sooth and wrote of women more than truth, which I cannot think that so true a man and so noble a philosopher as Socrates was should write otherwise than truth. For if he had made fault in writing of women, he ought not nor should not be believed in his other dictes and sayings. But I apperceive that my said lord knoweth verily that such defaults be not had nor found in the women born and dwelling in these parts nor regions of the world. Socrates was a Greek born in a far country from hence, which country is all of other conditions

than this is. And men and women of other nature than they be here in this country. For I wot well, of whatsomever condition women be in Greece, the women of this country be right good, wise, pleasant, humble, discreet, sober, chaste, obedient to their husbands, true, secret, stedfast, ever busy and never idle, attemperate in speaking, and virtuous in all their works, or at least should be so. For which causes so evident my said lord, as I suppose, thought it was not of necessity to set in his book the sayings of his author Socrates touching women. But forasmuch as I had commandment of my said lord to correct and amend whereas I should find fault, and other find I none save that he has left out these dictes and sayings of the women of Greece. Therefore in accomplishing his commandment, forasmuch as I am not in certain whether it was in my lord's copy or not, or else peradventure that the wind had blown over the leaf, at the time of translation of his book, I purpose to write those same sayings of that Greek Socrates, which wrote of the women of Greece and nothing of them of this realm, whom I suppose he never knew. For if he had, I dare plainly say that he would have reserved them in especial in his said dictes. Alway not presuming to put and set them in my said lord's book, but in the end apart in the rehearsal of the works, humbly requiring all them that shall read this little rehearsal that if they find any fault to *arette* it to Socrates and not to me.